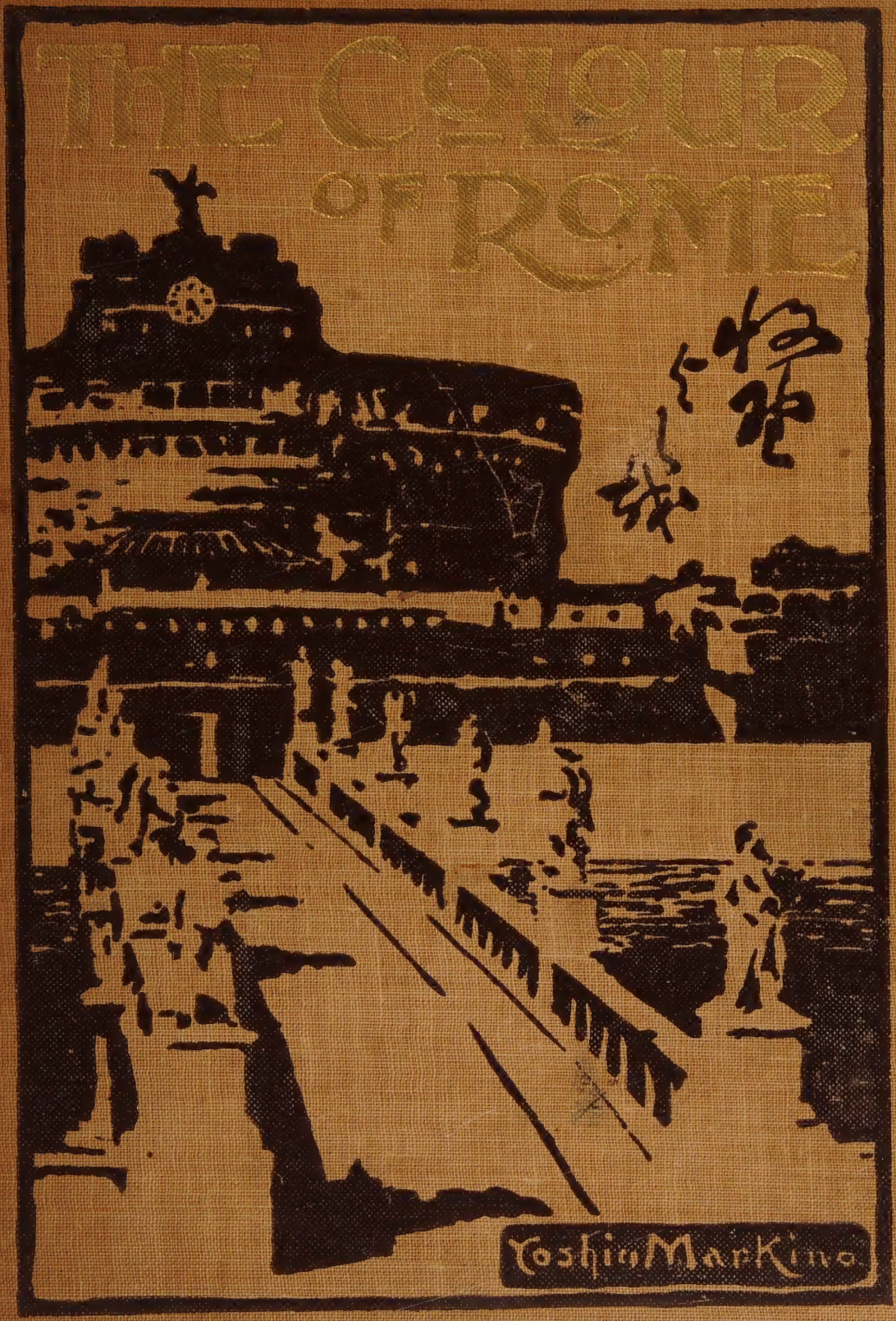
THE COLOUR OF ROME
Toshio Markino

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THE COLOUR OF ROME

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SANTA MARIA IN ARA COELI

THE COLOUR OF ROME

HISTORIC, PERSONAL, & LOCAL

BY OLAVE MURIEL POTTER. WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY YOSHIO MARKINO, AN INTRODUCTION BY DOUGLAS SLADEN, AND AN ESSAY BY THE ARTIST

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
MCMIX

INTRODUCTION

ROME is a city of colour: it is full of relics—relics of the Ancient Rome, Republican and Imperial, which ruled the world—relics of the Mediæval Rome which grew up round the Popes who so nearly succeeded in establishing a universal spiritual Empire—relics of the wealth and pomp of the Cardinals of the decline and fall of the spiritual Roman Empire.

In every quarter of the city you find intimate touches of her ancient greatness—and this book in its dozen chapters aims at bringing before the reader the unusual variety which he will find to interest him in Rome. He will naturally look first for the remains of Ancient Rome, some notable for their perfectness, some for their vastness, some for the picturesque aspect of their ruins. In this book the descriptions of these are not smothered with archæological details. They are treated either from the spectacular point of view or from the point of view of human interest. Interest is, in fact, the keynote of the book. It is the interesting features which are described and their points of interest that are dwelt on. The remains of Ancient Rome are chiefly grouped in the chapters on The Forum, The Seven Hills, and The Walls. But a very engrossing section of them comes into the chapter on The Colour of the

Churches. For half-a-dozen classical buildings have been preserved entire in churches—one need only cite the Pantheon and the Tomb of Constantine's daughter. The churches form an unbroken chain between the Empire which Constantine transferred to Constantinople and the kingdom which Victor Emmanuel brought back to Rome. No attempt has been made to describe all the interesting churches, but few of the churches which enchain the attention of all visitors have been omitted, whether they are interesting as preserving the original features of a Christian basilica like S. Clemente; or are very ancient and very superb like S. Maria Maggiore; or are full of glowing mosaics like S. Prassede; or have a wonder-working image like the Holy Bambino of Aracoeli, glorious frescoes like S. Maria sopra Minerva, inspired mediæval cloisters like the Lateran.

And the churches are not only treated as architectural monuments, but as the scenes of splendid festivities and the pathetic simplicity of the life of the poor. St. Peter's and the Lateran and the glories of the Palace of the Vatican have a chapter to themselves, as forming all that is left of the temporal kingdom of the Pope.

St. Peter's and the Vatican are subjects of which it is almost vain to attempt to give more than the Colour—they are so immense that any attempt to describe them exhaustively must fail. For St. Peter's, all one can do is to try and bring out its spaciousness and majesty, and the part it plays in the life of the world. One cannot enumerate the treasures of the Vatican,

one can do little more than present their spectacular effect as the possessions of a sovereign whose predecessors held almost universal power; and, in the case of the sculpture, show how these fair images of gods and men have crystallized for us the joyous life of Ancient Greece.

The island and the farther bank of the Tiber have plenty of colour to fill their chapter—antiquity dies hard on the banks of the Tiber.

A fresh element of colour comes into the chapter entitled "Of the Heart of Rome," for here we have mediæval inns; and majestic palaces belonging to the princely families founded by those who could have no children of their own; and can trace the footsteps of men like Rienzi in the narrow streets leading from the banks of the river, "which never seem to emerge from the shadow of the Middle Ages."

One chapter is devoted to the beautiful and romantic gardens of Rome, and the unique piazzas which with their splashing fountains are epitomes of Roman life. The gardens of the Pincian with their magnificent views over the city; and the Villa Borghese with its ilexes and stone-pines; as well as certain of Rome's lesser pleasaunces, like the gardens of the Colonna on the slopes of the Quirinal, and the Garden of the Knights of Malta on the Aventine, are described; so are such characteristic piazzas as the Piazza di Spagna with its world-famous Spanish Steps, its flowers and its memories; the Piazza del Popolo; and the Piazza Navona. Everyone has a tender feeling for the romantic fountain

of Trevi with its gushing streams; for the Tartaruga full of the joyousness of the Renaissance; and for the Triton of the Piazza Barberini, who sings the gayest song of all the fountains of Rome.

The Museums and Galleries of the Vatican; the Museums of the Capitol with their memories of ancient Rome; the beautiful Villa Papa Giulio, devoted to the mysterious Etruscans; the Museo Barracco built like an ancient Greek house; the Museo delle Terme housed in the centre of the vastest ruin in Rome; the Lateran and Kircherian Museums; as well as the various private collections, are treated entirely from the spectacular and romantic point of view.

Chapter XI. deals with The Street Life of Rome. It pictures the life of the streets, and touches on their characteristics. In the Corso, the noblest and one of the most ancient streets in Rome, it gives the gay café life, the Carnival, and the passeggiata or afternoon parade of Roman Society. It deals also with the markets, like the Rag Fair and the real Campo de' Fiori, crowded with peasants from the Campagna in their vivid and picturesque costumes. This chapter might be called "The Colour of Living Rome."

Mr. Markino's pictures are full of the Colour of Rome. The colours in which he excels are the colours of Roman masonry and the colours of Roman mists and sunshine. The whole gamut of colour is represented in the former, for there are bricks and stones and cements of every age, stained by damp, faded by sun; and these are Mr. Markino's favourite materials for pictures.

INTRODUCTION

The glowing reds of the Baths of Caracalla, the lucid greys of the Temple of Mars, the rich ochre (which is the colour of Rome) of the houses round the Pantheon, show what a master of colour Mr. Markino is, while the daring originality of his treatment of the Pantheon, the Colosseum, S. Giorgio in Velabro, the Palatine, and the King's Palace, prove him to be the most interesting illustrator that Rome has yet found. In Rome he had a subject after his own heart. There is such a likeness between the Italian and the Japanese genius that Mr. Markino seems to have an hereditary aptitude for depicting Italy.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

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AN ESSAY BY THE ARTIST

MY very first journey to the Eternal City was a comical one. I was intending to go there with the authoress of this book and her friends, but, owing to their private affairs, I had to start first, so I travelled with a guide of Thomas Cook's. I had many comical incidents through my ignorance of the languages. All my friends laughed at me when I told them my experiences on the way. I cannot write these things on the limited pages of this book. On the eve of the fourth day I arrived at the station at last. I expected to meet a friend there. When I got off the train I heard someone shouting: "Markino." I thought that was my friend. I was going to that direction where the voice came from; then I heard another voice "Markino" from the opposite direction. After a few minutes so many people shouted, "Markino, Markino," I said to myself, "I am sure I have not so many friends in Rome." I saw all the railway porters were hastening towards the voices. It puzzled me very much, and I felt I lost myself. I stretched my feet and stood on my toes to look between the passengers' shoulders. Then my real friend came and caught my arm. I was told

they were calling *Facchino*, and not me. I have come to my own conscience at last. We arrived at an English pension at midnight. The next day was raining. My very first impression of Rome was not so enthusiastic as it was later on. Rome is not very pretty in the rain. I began the sight-seeing of the streets at once. It is so different from the modern cities like London or Paris. It is almost impossible for a stranger to find out the subjects to paint. I went to the embankment of the Tiber, and I wanted to come back to my pension at Piazza Barberini. I walked through many narrow streets for a long while, and I expected to be near the pension; then I found out myself on the embankment again. I tried to walk and walk, and came out to the same embankment again and again. I must say the Roman streets are a maze.

One afternoon I took a walk round the old wall from Porta Pinciana to Porta Pia. Then the day was getting dark, and when I went to a vast campagna (now I know it was Pretorian Hill) I entirely lost Rome. There was not a single light. I did not know in which direction to walk so to find out Rome again. I was standing amid the lonely fields for a while, and then I heard the whistling of the train at last. I thought it must be the station, so I walked in that direction. Suddenly I fell into a ditch, some eight feet deep. It was so difficult to climb out of those slippery edges after the rain. All my face, hat, coat, trousers, and boots were covered with the splash of grey mud. I found myself just like a paperhanger when I came out to a lamp-post near Porta

Tiburtina. I sighed deeply, and said to myself: "Impossible to do anything in Rome without a guide." On some fine days I had more successful tours around the Eternal City. But once while I was walking along one of those narrow streets which have no pavement, to my great astonishment, a carriage-horse came out suddenly from a crossing-street and kissed my face. The driver shouted a few words loudly; I was thankful I did not understand the Italian—I was sure they were not the parliamental words.

At this time I have written some of my first impressions of Rome to Miss Potter. Here is an extract: "I am rather disappointed with Rome. All the historical ruins are buried among ordinary buildings in such uncomfortable narrow streets, and most hideous electric trams are running through those streets. I went to Monte Pincio yesterday. It was a little raining. The effect was awfully bad. I prefer Newcastle-on-Tyne far better. Perhaps I like the Forum best. But why did all my English friends in London tell me of Rome taking off their breath or grasping their hands? I feel nothing of that sort. Rome is just like an old lion's den, where its own dwellers passed away a long time ago, and now you cannot see even a single bone of lions, only small mice are playing fearlessly in it. The Roman people are no different from us. They are all fed with cow's milk, just as we are, and no one takes the wolf's milk nowadays. I say, please come to Rome at once, or else I cannot make a single sketch."

To my greatest delight, the authoress and her friends

came to Rome after five weeks. I felt myself as if a blind man had got a stick to walk with. The very next day we went to the Roman Forum and the Palatine. They have explained me everything. The morning sun seemed to me ever so much brighter. I watched the face of the authoress. She was in most serious mood. I was just like her dog, never understanding what its mistress meant by all that, but quite willing to walk wherever she walked and to stop wherever she stopped. I wagged the tail and jumped with joy, not with that joy its mistress had in her heart and head, but the joy with the colour which I could see with my own eyes.

Before I went to Rome I was always thinking that Rome must be the city full of sadness with all those ancient ruins; but now I found her out the gayest city—not immorally gay as Paris, but artisticly, poeticly, and seriously gay. Who could feel sad seeing those milk-white walls splashed with vermilion and emerald green, the sun throwing his happy rays on them, while the shadow received the cobalt blue of the sky; or those strong chrome walls with ochre roofs, or those colossal brown ruins tossing against the evening sky, just like some pewter set in mother-o'-pearl ?

I used to open half shutters of my bedroom window, and it was one of my greatest delights to see the neighbour's white house catching the light of the rising sun in the cobalt blue sky every morning when I open my eyes in my bed. I had much the happiest and brightest time in my life.

Here I think I need to mention that the history of

BY THE ARTIST

Rome has so little influence on me, a Japanese. To the European, Rome is the revelation of their ancestors. To us Japanese, Rome is only a strange town. Of course, I studied the Roman history when I was a schoolboy, but that was only for the purpose to pass the examination; and the next day after the examination I had quite forgotten it. Last year, just before I left London for Rome, I have read the History of Rome by Merivale. But such a study in a few evenings was something like the grill-room cooking: it was quite cool when I reached to Rome. I regret to say I could not have that deep yet sweet feeling (?) like Europeans. But when the Europeans visit our country it will be just same as with me in Rome. While I was in that English pension with my English friends, my brother in Japan sent me a photo of my home, which he has taken himself. On the back of the photo he has written a little pathetic note with a poetry. This is the translation:

"This is the old pine-tree which our ancestor planted himself. Once there was a beautiful castle. You remember when you and I were children there were two foxs' holes in the ruins. Since you left home they were once more turned like this."

Then the poetry goes on thus:

"The benevolent pine-tree never changes the colour of its leaves, and the green mosses on the stone makes one's heart broken.

"Our ancestor has past away long ages ago and never will come back;
For whom those blossoms are welcoming spring?"

When I read this, my tears flowed freely. But all my English friends seeing this photo, they said in one voice: "What a charming and delightful view it is!" They have been my friends for several years, and when

I was in London with them I always felt as if they were my sisters and brothers. But on so many occasions in Rome I noticed there was a wide ocean between them and me. I said to myself : "They are Occidental, and I am Oriental by all means."

Notwithstanding my ignorance of the Roman history, I loved the modern Rome as she is now as much as all my English friends did.

As the weather was getting warmer I used to have promenade at night, and those enormous dark ruins silhouetted against the pure sky, and peeping above the modern buildings, seemed to tell me something of their own histories. I stopped on the spot and tried to listen to them. I had nothing in my head to respond to their signals. I dare not go deeply into my imagination, as my imagination was sure to be wrong. I said to them : " Nay, do not ask anything to me, but leave all your questions to your faithful European visitors. I myself only love your colour. That is all !"

My first disappointment of " too narrow streets with their irregular uncomfortable surface " was turned to a great admiration of them. Surely they add some feeling of antiquity ! Nobody could help appreciating the narrowness of the street, especially when the summer comes. They give us the most comfortable cool shadows. Those famous Roman pavements, just like the back skin of crocodiles, are so suitable for pictures. Only my poor boots were worn out so quick. And what I have called on the first day the " hideous modern electric tram running in the ancient street,"

was only turned into my gratefulness when I began to be so busy to go round for sketching. There is nothing I would change. Rome, as it is now, is a quite charming city altogether.

While I was staying in Rome, I always had the impression of her as the gayest city, which suddenly changed when I arrived in Paris on the way back to London. There I had a walk from my friend's house in Rue de Caumartin to Place de la Concord and along the Champs Elyssée to Arc de Triomph. There I saw all the utmost luxuries of the modern life. The brilliant motors and elegant carriages with their most fashionable owners were flowing endlessly on the Boulevards. The modern beautiful houses with the modern wealthy dwellers are standing on each side of the street. Everything is actually living amidst this actually living city. I shut my eyes, and lo ! my mental visions of the Roman city appeared in front of me. Those ghost-like columns of the Forum of Trajan in the night, or those monstrous ruins of Therme Caracalla in the moonlight, or those innumerous broken tombs standing in rows on the Via Appia at the sunset time !

What a difference between these two cities ! I said to myself: " It was too unsympathetic and too heartless of me to say Rome is only a gay city." But there is one promising thing to make Rome happy. That is that half-finished monument of King Vittorio Emmanuele (*padre della patria*). I heard many tourists saying : " What a pity to pull down those old houses for it !" From the artistic point of view I cannot say any word

too easily, but I am sure it will be the best monument for the new rising country, and all the Italian nation ought to be proud of it. I must sincerely cry, " Banzai," for the kingdom of the great Italy! *Che Roma, rimanga sempre la città eterna!*

Perhaps the place where I paid my sincerest homage was Keats' grave. Some six years ago, while I was struggling for my daily bread in one of the lodging-houses at Brixton, my Japanese poet friend, Yone Noguchi, arrived, and he stayed with me. He, too, was poor then. One long winter evening we lit a small candle in our bedroom, and we two sat down on the floor. I was too poor to buy cigarettes enough, so I picked up some cigarette ends and rolled them into one paper, to make a fresh one. While enjoying smoking them, he told me all about the most pathetic history of Keats.

He seemed as if he was talking alone. He was so sensitive of the poet's life, and quite forgot that I was listening to him, although I was the most earnest auditor. In the middle of his story, the candle was gone out, and half the story was told in darkness—now and then the coal fire in the stove giving a splash of light on his face.

Since then some six winters returned, but I never forgot that night. When I went to Rome I was so eager to visit the poet's grave. My English friend, Miss B., took me to the grave one of the beautiful spring mornings. As soon as I arrived in front of that very simple grave, it renewed the memory of our Brixton evening so vividly.

KEATS' GRAVE

I was told that the gravestone used to be inclined to the left way, but when I saw it, it was restored to the right position. The simpleness of the gravestone added more to my pathetic feeling. A few modest violets around the grave blossomed so timidly and drooped their necks so humbly, hiding themselves in the leaves. I tried to express my emotion in a seventeen-syllable Japanese poetry :

" Kimi ga na wa
Mizu ni nagarete
Nihon made."

The translation :

" Your honourable name
Floating upon the water
To the shore of Japan."

Again, thirty-one syllable :

" Yono naka wa
Itzu ki te mitemo
Kawaranedo.
Kimi ni Okureshi
Ware zo Kanashiki."

The translation :

" Whenever we are born,
There is no change in this world ;
But how sad I am to come too late to meet you !"

It was strange to say that I received news from Noguchi a few days after my visit to Keats' grave. The news was after two years' silence.

A friend of mind in London used to tell me that Italy is a European Japan. I found out the climate was so similar to our country; accordingly, the trees and grasses

were almost similar too. But that was not all that was like Japan ; they have many dishes so much like Japanese, or at least suitable to the Japanese taste. The fireflies on the summer field, the bells on the waggon horses, or the hard charcoal made me quite home-sick too.

Moreover, the life of the poor people made me to recollect my home country very much.

I always have the idea that I have so much to learn from the cool blood and well-reserved John Bulls. But when I have met with the warm hearts of the Southern people I could not help being rejoiced. The song of praise for an ancient Chinese, King Shun, came to my mind:

> " When the warm southern breeze blows, it melts the nation's anger ;
> When the warm southern breeze sends its fragrance, it makes the nation's heart sweeter."

It is not easy for me to express my gratefulness toward all my Italian friends, even the landladies of the pensions, for their utmost kind and warm welcome. I feel myself a savage being not able to accept their kind reception every time, only owing to my very busy life.

Wherever I travel the first thing I try to study is about the relation between the different sexes. This relation is the corner-stone of each family, and if each family is peaceful, the whole nation ought to be peaceful. Once a friend of mine asked me why do I not study the religion of each nation first of all. That I could not agree. The religions could not always control the rela-

tions of the different sex. Therefore we often hear most astonishing ugly news come out from the so-called "most religious peoples." Of course my short staying in Rome, without the knowledge of the language, was not enough to judge anything definitely. But at the same time I cannot be silent with my little observation there. I was very often told that the Italians are "so immoral." I don't think that is right judgment. The English moral is very beautiful indeed. It is something like a most beautiful box, outside of which is ornamented with all sorts of jewels; but it is well locked. A stranger like myself is quite unable to see the inside. I believe, or at least I expect, there are some precious jewels inside. But who could tell if there were dead shells instead? The Italian moral is different. I dare say they all are not pearls, but their boxes are quite open, and anyone can see the inside. In one word, the Italians are more natural.

I know some dreadful love tragedies often come out in Italy. Certainly I call them crimes. But worst crimes are more often committed in England. They do even worse wickedness than those simple and natural Italians, and drive their poor defenceless victims into misery, or even to death, in the meanest way, instead of using knives or revolvers; and so escape themselves from their national law like cunning snakes, and yet shamelessly face the public and call themselves "gentlemen." What hypocrites they are!

The love of the Italians is something like the "revival" of the newest Protestant Christians, and it seemed to me all the boys and girls are "Pauls and Virginias."

As the results of my conversation with my Italian friends about the human philosophy, I may write a few interesting things that they told me.

That "in those modern countries the people are so busy for money-making, and they never think of love. Perhaps most of them have no heart at all. But your country, Japan, is as old as Italy, so you may understand that we are a nation of 'before Christ,' and think of heart very deeply."

That "the English are generally very frivolous. They say they are all right; but we have so often witnessed that they bring a great trouble to a peaceful family, and they themselves feel a great pain too, all through their own flirtations. So to our Italian eyes they are not at all right."

That "we [my Italian friends] are not Jewish by any means; but we always admire Jewish families. The bond of each member of family is so tight, and their devotion to each other is most admirable."

That much I agree with them thoroughly. But here is something, so strange to my ears that they told me:

"The English often say they could control their own hearts; but if they could control them, that is because they have no hearts. Nobody could overrule their real hearts."

How strange that in Japan we have many sayings quite opposite. "Dry eyes have deeper hearts than wet eyes." Or "*Cigalas* cry for nothing, while fireflies burn themselves in silence."

The Italian women have generally very good figures,

and they carry themselves so well. They understand the colours and styles for themselves; they follow faithfully after the French fashions, and quite right thing, too. Seeing some Italian society ladies in the French fashion, our old proverb came into my mind: "This is blue, but bluer than blue grass."

Italy is the country of macaroni. The officers wear macaroni on their shoulders. To talk more seriously, their uniforms with the white epaulettes on their shoulders are very beautiful. They themselves are so handsome. At cafés, on the piazzas, or on the streets they are great fascinations. I often wished to ask them, "From what stage are you?" instead of asking from what regiment. But I sincerely hope that, if something happens to their country, they will be always ready to dye their most beautiful uniform with their own blood.

I did not know until I saw St Peter's that most of the modern fashionable restaurants or hotels are such faithful copies of the inside of St Peter's. I liked all other *basilica* churches very much indeed, but I regret to say they are wanting that solemn dignity of the Gothic. I wished I had money enough to buy one of those *basilicas* for my own studio.

Those Baroque churches everywhere in Rome were my nightmare. They are as ugly as could be, just like the heads of stag-beetles.

My seven months' life in Rome was the busiest time in my life. I could not spare the time to see any galleries. One of my most illustrious friends in London wrote to me: "What! have you not seen any gallery, being in

the heart of all arts in the whole world (excepting, of course, Japan) ?"

I have made sixty sketches, and I have seen only sixty places, and that was all. Some of them I have sketched sitting in a cab, as I could not spare the time to get off. Such was the life of a poor "commissioned artist" in Rome. Indeed, this was my very first impression of Rome, and my impression was in such a stage that I and Rome just exchanged our names to each other and shook hands. Any deeper love-making shall be done on my next visit. On the very last evening before I left Rome I went to Trevi and threw a coin in the fountain with my most earnest and faithful wish.

YOSHIO MARKINO.

THE COLOUR OF ROME

CHAPTER I
The Colour of Rome

PART I

ROME is the most beautiful web that the hands of man have ever woven. On the loom of the Seven Hills a bright and changeful tapestry has hung from the day when the descendants of Romulus first threw their shuttle from the city on the Palatine to the crest of the Capitol. The Forum Romanum grew in the hollow between, and from the Palatine Kings, Consuls, and Emperors helped to spread the web over the encircling hills. Thus Rome grew. To-day its frayed edges extend far into Trastevere and over the Campagna, but every century has seen some new design woven on the loom of the Septimontium. Rome has been desolated by fires without number; ravished again and again by barbarians; stripped of her riches by the Popes of the Renaissance, who were possessed of the building mania as sorely as mad Caligula, whose short-lived bridge spanned the space from the Palatine to the Capitoline. When you follow the intricacies of the strange design which has been taking form for

twenty-six centuries on the warm red earth of Rome, you are amazed at every step you take.

From the beginning of history the world has paid tribute at the shrine of Rome—not only the tribute of gold and bronze and precious marbles; not only the spoils of Emperors, the triumphal fêtes of conquerors: these died down in spirit when great Cæsar passed away in the purple dawn of Imperial Rome; and their ghosts grew faint when Constantine transferred the throne to the shores of the Bosphorus. But as unceasingly as the water, which was the gift of dead Kings and Emperors to the ancient city, flows joyously from a hundred fountains, every day a procession of pilgrims passes into the gates of Rome to worship at her many shrines. It is the triumph of antiquity that the ashes of the Empire claim as many pilgrims as the steady flame which burns at the high altar of Christianity—the cathedral of the Popes.

The modern traveller who enters Rome by the railway cannot know the joy which thrilled the heart of the pilgrim from the north, when he approached the city by the old Flaminian Way, and beheld the dome of St Peter's hanging like a mirage before his weary eyes over the slopes of the Campagna. Perhaps he saw it as the peasant sees it every day from Monte Parioli, floating above the dark ilexes of Roman gardens like a vision created out of the dreams of men which will perish with the breath of dawn.

In the hollows of the Seven Hills you can forget St Peter's. There are so many domes in the city that perspective robs the cupola beyond the Tiber of its im-

mensity ; but from far off, when Rome is only a shadow on the sward of the Campagna, and her hills are but ripples on a purple sea, St Peter's rides triumphantly above the sky-line, like the emblem of Christianity anchored in the harbour of the Eternal City.

But even on the railway the approach to Rome is different from that of other cities. You wake to find the train rushing through the Campagna; and near Palo, the station for the Etruscan city of Cære, the Mediterranean curves inland under a sky full of eager dawn. Palo is but an hour's run from Rome, and minute by minute the day grows clear, till the sun peeps over the hills of the Campagna, and bathes its purple and brown slopes in a haze of golden light. And every moment you draw near Rome. You know it by the little farms dotted here and there in the wide plain, framing vistas of misty hills in their loggias of rough brown brick. In front of them are goat-herds and goats, resting as they must have rested the day before they were driven into the walls of Rome as Hannibal came up from the south. Most European capitals have unprepossessing approaches ; more often than not they have battalions of unlovely houses stretching to right and left of the railroad. Rome has none of these. Instead, there are gentle slopes, cypress-crowned, with white villas climbing their sides; stone-pines and the aqueducts of the Cæsars; a glimpse of the yellow Tiber; vistas of the Aurelian Wall, majestic and imperious; the gates of Rome and the statue-crested Lateran. It does not matter that the station is dark and smoky like any other station; that the *facchini*, in their blue linen

clothes, wrangle as they wrangle all over the Continent; that there is an Octroi in Rome as there is an Octroi in Paris and Berlin. You have seen the ancient city that men have loved, for whom they have prayed and fought and died, smiling in her unconquerable beauty through the Italian dawn. Outside, the air is crisp and sparkling; in the sunny Piazza delle Terme fountains are splashing; the yawning mouths of the baths of Diocletian hold stables and forges and wood-yards; the tawny façade of S. Maria degli Angeli is built into the old brickwork of the Empire; and the hemicycle of tall modern buildings divided by the Via Nazionale preserves the form of the *esedra* of Diocletian. This is Rome—a capital of contrasts, ancient and modern; a city of dreams and a city of crisp delights. If you would be sad you must go away from Rome, for as surely as she laughs from a hundred fountains into her sapphire sky, so surely will she win you to a smile. The world has never had a mistress so gay and confident as Rome, the city which was once its conqueror.

There are some women who have immortal charm. Rome is as one of these—gay, careless, laughter-loving Rome, who is so white and gracious in the morning, so golden in the sunny afternoon, and so mysteriously blue when the waning moon gathers her marble columns one by one out of the shadows to glow with mystic light, and smiles on them as tenderly as she who welcomes back some long-lost love, and scans his features with her lantern raised.

Memphis and Heliopolis, Babylon and Nineveh, have

S. MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

slipped away with hosts of other cities that we never knew; Athens rests uneasily beneath her monuments on the Ægean shore; but Rome still lives and moves, and from five hundred fountains babbles songs of joy, forgetting the bitter tears, the woes unutterable, the tragedy and the shame of her long history.

The beauty of Rome cannot be judged by the beauty of other cities. It has been the playground of the gods. Mars made its strength; but, resting on his laurels, listened to the laughing whisper of Venus. She took it from him, and worked its ruin with beautiful thoughtless hands, teaching the Romans the art of living softly, and showing them luxury and riches until they forgot the golden shields of Mars, and fell a prey to the barbarians. Then Venus rose and fled away to the isles, and the Bishops of the Universal God dwelt in the city and restored its temporal greatness.

Rome, the Eternal City, to whom the eyes of Western civilization have turned since the rumour of her glory was spread across the world by her legions, is still trying to fit herself to her new estate, and behave as the capital of Italy. She is no longer a city of antiquity, beautiful and idle, whose sole duty it is to guard the flame of Christianity in St Peter's, and to light a fire of inspiration in the breasts of a multitude of poets, artists, sculptors, musicians, and men and women who do not lay their offerings at the feet of any of the Muses. She is still an ancient city, but young life is stirring in her veins. With her repose she has laid aside a grace and loveliness that all who knew her best do not cease to regret. She clothes

herself with the garment of modern capitals, and faces the traveller searching for beauty with pretentious hotels and fashionable houses which familiarity has robbed even of the infinite variety of ugliness.

But her individuality shines out through it all. Ancient cities which stood till have vanished in the wake of Time, or have become mere memories and ruins. Rome has welcomed change from the beginning. Kings, Consuls, Emperors, and Popes have ruled within her walls, and each in turn has broken down the monuments of his predecessor, and built himself a palace with their marbles. Stagnation would have spelt death a hundred times for Rome during the dark days of her Middle Ages. Battle and murder, famine and oppression, stalked through her streets till Gregory XI took back the Papacy to Rome, after its long sojourn in the gay and artistic capital on the Rhone, and died within the year of a broken heart in his gloomy stronghold on the Tiber. The Popes did more damage to Rome than the barbarians; but they changed her from an insanitary and ill-famed wreck, without proper water-supply, whose inhabitants were swept off yearly by plague and fever, to a city of the Renaissance. We can echo the cry of Raffaelle's impassioned letter to Leo X imploring him to venerate the monuments of the old city, which were being torn to pieces every day for their marbles and tufa, when we see the gardens of Rome uprooted to be replaced by dusty squares and modern tenements, and the Mausoleum of Augustus losing its few remaining features in a new concert-hall. But the cry even of the

foreigner who comes to Rome because it is the Mecca of Christianity cannot often be justly raised against the modern governors of the ancient city. It is true that the building boom of a generation ago did much damage to the picturesqueness of Rome, but the world must blame the spirit of speculation for that; it is equally true that many new buildings, like the Palace of Justice, are baroque, and that they intrude on classic groups. They are an expression of their age. The Barberini Palace would never have been built if the builders of the Renaissance had refrained from quarrying the Colosseum. Artists and poets grumble at the new embankment—it is not beautiful, but it was very necessary; they complain of the Ministry of Finance, but Diocletian built his baths; they are sad, and no one can blame them, because the new broom of Rome's municipality is sweeping away some of her most picturesque slums. But is Rome to die to please a generation of artists? Young Rome has made mistakes: it has done things which it is difficult for anyone to understand; but it has made Rome one of the healthiest cities in Europe, and one of the safest, and at least it has a respect for antiquity. We grumble at the inroads of modernity at the moment when we realize and even demand its comforts. It is not improbable that under every circumstance there would be people to complain of Rome: we know that Raffaelle did so with good cause, and Horace with less clear a case.

It is inevitable that the picturesqueness of Papal rule should be regretted; but before the Kings of Italy, with

their motto of " Avanti Savoia !" infused fresh life into the city, Rome counted for nothing in the forward movement of the world. She was a city of inspirations sleeping in the southern sunshine ; a city of old men dreaming about the past—very beautiful, but fallen on the sere and yellow leaf. The time had come when the Rosicrucian of capitals was to change her features ; and when Victor Emmanuel marched into Rome by the Porta Pia, and Pius IX retreated to the Vatican, the old order of things was changed.

It is never easy to judge the trend of recent events; but with the perspective of years it will be seen that the Papal Rome of the nineteenth century was incapable of coping with the growing spirit of Republicanism in Italy. I say republicanism advisedly, for the rule of the House of Savoy is more practically democratic than the democracy of the Papacy. Italy is as modern as Germany in its cities, and as unspoilt as the East in its villages; but Rome is not, and never will be, a modern city. It has its electric trams, its motors, its new quarters like the Ludovisi—a network of American hotels with wide modern streets—and the district of the Prati between the Piazza del Popolo and St Peter's. Here for a while you can forget that you are in Rome, and think of Turin or Milan, or any large and prosperous Italian town. But a few steps from the uniform, uninteresting houses of the Via Veneto, with its population of Americans, you have the Piazza Barberini. Here the magnificent bulk of the Barberini Palace towers above a group of houses facing the Piazza ; in the centre of the square Bernini's bronze

THE QUIRINAL

Triton blows eternal streams of water from his conch, and the open cabs of Italy wait drowsily for fares in the shade of the tall houses. Here Rome asserts herself again. Wine-carts are standing before *osterie;* mules are resting after their steep climb up the Via del Tritone, with scarlet tassels hanging from their harness and scarlet cloths over their backs; bakers are hurrying to and fro with trays of spicy cakes on their heads, which leave a trail of appetizing odours; the sellers of flowers are making bouquets at the fountain; priests and monks, nuns and soldiers, peasants and carabinieri, thread their way across the piazza; and on the crest of the Quirinal are the slate roofs and tawny walls of the palace of Victor Emmanuel III, with the red, white, and green flag of Italy streaming out in the breeze. To be sure, trams cross the Via del Tritone at the bottom of the hill, where the ugly new hostel so expressively named "The Select Hotel" has almost reached completion; but up the narrow street the grey oxen of the Campagna may still be seen drawing gigantic barrels of wine for the cellar of an *osteria;* and when, as often happens, the road is blocked by a mule determined to rest before carrying its load of bricks any farther, the cheerful Roman drives his cab on to the pavement amid the ironical cheers of the passers-by.

Order is preserved everywhere by the stately carabinieri who patrol the city in their swinging cloaks and cocked hats. The sanitation is excellent, and only the musical cry of the water-seller with his *fiaschi* of "Aqua Cetosa" is left to remind the citizen of the day when his water-supply depended on the Tiber.

In the ancient tower on the Capitol, from which Rienzi rang the Patarina to summon the citizens of Rome against the nobles, are the apartments of the Sindaco of Rome. From the windows of the tower you look down upon the Valley of the Forum, with its columns and arches, its broken temples and its emerald slopes; and you see the Colosseum looming up in the sunlight against the distant hills, as blue as sapphires in the morning mist. But the Sindaco, who is himself one of the anomalies of Rome—an English Jew born in London and educated at Oxford—as he stands in the ancient tower of the Capitol and sees the glorious vision of old Rome lying at his feet, turns without regret to his inner chamber, where a large map of new Rome hangs on the wall with sketches of the auctioneering plans of the Municipality for the enlargement of the city. Or it may be that he is like Monsignor Merry del Val, the Pope's Secretary of State, when he used to reside in the beautiful Borgia apartments in the Vatican, whose ceilings and walls are lined with the masterpieces of Pinturicchio, painted for the splendour-loving Alexander VI. One day he was asked what was the effect on his mind of constantly regarding such wonderful beauty. He parried the question with equal simplicity or skill. "I never have any time to look up." Perhaps "Mister Nathan," as the Roman caricaturists write his name, has no time to look down on the magnificence of the ancient city.

According to the municipal plans, Rome is to have her games still. From the Pincian to the Ponte Molle, all along the ancient Flaminian Way, is to be a shady

avenue of cypresses and ilexes, with the music of fountains to delight the ear. Here the people will play their games, and enjoy the spectacle of horse-racing on the modern racecourse, which is to flaunt the shades of Constantine and Maxentius near the Ponte Molle. Not only this; for some day before the year 2000 the much-needed railway to Ostia is to be laid down, so that the citizens may enjoy once more the full advantages of the lovely spot which was once the port of Rome.

Change is inevitable in a city where the new and the old have always been inextricably mingled; and Rome herself has a capricious temperament which suits her complex character, for she may welcome you with the smiling grace of May, and at the next moment drive you to shelter from hail-storms and bitter winds. Rome has many moods. She is too old a city to be always gay. Sometimes she sits with bowed head under a storm of memories and listens to the voices of dead years calling to her upon the wings of the tempest. When the tawny river swirls below its bridges under the hiss of driving rain, and the Aventine is shrouded with the mist floating among its cypresses; when the wolves of the Capitol crouch sullenly in the shadows of their cave, and the Ancient Way of the Gods is clean-swept by storms, the spirits of the past throng her streets and wander up the slopes of her seven hills. "Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound," and the dim population, like wind-blown drift, searches in the mazes of the Rome that is for the many Romes that have been. Night comes down, and the mysterious cloak of twilight veils the city, blot-

ting out tower and dome and cypress-tree. Rome seems to weep herself to sleep impotent in the grip of memory; the sobbing storm-rain and the ceaseless drip of the eaves turn the melody of her fountains into a long lament. But it is never long before Aurora comes back in all the glory of Guido's fresco, with Phœbus mounting high upon the clouds.

Rome is the ideal centre of the world. When Corinth fell Rome became the treasure-house of Greek art; when Constantinople fell Nicholas V. made her the treasure-house of Greek literature. She became the centre of the religion of the exiled Jews, because the legions of Titus desecrated Jerusalem and brought the sacred treasures of Israel to the Roman capital; she has been the axis of the Christian faith since the days of the Apostles, because Christ taught the necessity of rendering unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and because St Peter, the representative of Christ, dwelt in the Imperial Babylon, and his successors made Rome their temporal city. Rome absorbed not only the arts but the religions of the nations with whom she came into contact. As early as 192 B.C. a temple was built on the Palatine to the Phrygian goddess, Cybele, the great Mother of the Gods; and there is hardly a museum in the city without its relief of Mithras, the Persian Sun-God, or without statues and reliefs from the Temple of Isis, the divine spouse of Osiris.

At the beginning of our era Rome was the capital of the world; she has never ceased to be its centre. Greece was the University of the ancient world. Horace spent his youth there; and the young Octavian was in Apollonia

THE TIBER AND THE AVENTINE

with Mæcenas and Agrippa when news reached him of the murder of his uncle. But it was to Rome, as it ever has been, that the eyes of men were turned. In the Middle Ages, Paris and Oxford were the great Universities, but it was to Rome that the giants who moved the world made their pilgrimages. It was so from the beginning. Only a few years after the death of Christ Paul wrote to the Romans: "Unceasingly I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request, if by any means now at length I may be prospered by the will of God to come unto you. . . . And I would not have you ignorant, brethren, that oftentimes I purposed to come unto you (and was hindered hitherto)."

Rome has been the City Beautiful for two thousand years; she has been the inspiration of the world from the day that the republic of the Scipios and the Metelli diluted its uncouth strength, its *prisca virtus*, with the gracious influence of Greece.

PART II

ROME is as cosmopolitan as Paris, and, being decidedly smaller than Paris, she shows more of the cloven hoof than the gay city of the Seine. Roughly speaking, she has a floating population of thirty thousand strangers. The Ludovisi quarter, with the exception of the palace of Queen Margherita and the remnant of the Ludovisi Villa, is almost entirely given over to foreigners; the Via dei Condotti and the Piazza di Spagna, the Via Sistina and the Via Babuino, are their shopping centres. Here the tourist will buy his

Roman pearls, his Roman scarfs, his photographs, his bronze and marble mementoes; here he may regale himself at the famous German Conditorei in the Condotti, or gregariously drink his tea in the English tea-rooms at the foot of the Spanish Steps, where he will not only be surrounded by English-speaking people, but will even be asked to pay smart English prices. At Miss Wilson's he can buy his newspapers and change his library books; Cook, across the square, is probably his banker; and at Piale's he can read the papers and glean all the news that he has not already gathered at Cook's or in the English Library.

But the call of the past is too insistent in Rome for the world to ignore it. The Corso, the Bond Street of Rome, is an avenue of memories; the very names of the little winding streets where Romans shop in the Campo Marzio are full of romance; the Knights of Malta still own a palace in the Via Condotti, which has been in their possession since the foundation of their Order. And though you lunch in one of the most sumptuous hotels in Europe, whose every detail speaks of Paris and London, when you emerge from its portals the bells of the Capuchin monastery close at hand may tempt you into the medieval horrors of their chapel of bones; or the smiling afternoon sunshine may incline you to pass under the Porta Pinciana—Belisarius's seal on the walls of Rome—to linger in the faded splendour of the Villa Borghese. But you may lunch appetizingly off excellent macaroni and other homely dishes in an *osteria* in the Baths of Diocletian, where the family of the *padrone* dine at a

large table in the middle of the hall, and the *fiaschi*, with their bright paper corks, are ranged in a pyramid against the wall of the *esedra*, gay with flamboyant sunsets and flowers. It will be no drawback that the kitchen, with its large bull's horns — apparently an insignia of the *cuisine* in Rome—its copper saucepans, and its frying-pans, occupies one side of the hall, or that a dressmaker is ironing the skirt of the pretty daughter of the *padrona* in the opposite corner. You do not even mind the cats who wander promiscuously under the tables, because, from the wooden cockle-shell of a bedroom clinging precariously to the lofty vault overhead, down to the beggar who drinks *Frascati* with his excellent three-course lunch, everything is as natural and simple as it was in the much-regretted days of the Papal rule.

There is a large artist colony in Rome, from the French School of Art in the beautiful Villa Medici, on the Pincian Hill, to the studios of the Via Margutta, a nondescript road running parallel with the Via Babuino, between it and the Pincian. It is a narrow paved street, lined with pale non-committal houses, whose basements give the impression of being for the most part taken up with stables and garages; but they all have studios above them, and many of them are charming old residences, with terrace gardens and quaint odd-shaped rooms. The Via Margutta has always a siesta aspect, but to those who know it well its silent solitude is full of romance, for in its studios painters and sculptors are working at their canvases and plaster with the earnest absorption of the pilgrims of art, seeking, as of old, to

immortalize the inspiration they have drawn from the soul of the ancient city. It is a story often retold. As the afternoon wanes, carriages of Princes of the State and Princes of the Church break the silence, and for a little while the tide of life flows into that quiet street to pay the ancient homage of the world to Art.

It is only the Roman who "gently does nothing" in Rome, though even the Roman is becoming imbued with the restless energy of the Northern Italian. You recognize it when you are oppressed by the old evil of giantism and architectural excess, which has always been a failing of the Roman; you recognize it in the Villa Medici, where gay young Frenchmen are studying the vexed question of Art, with the glamour of the classics waiting for them in the laurel groves of their garden; you recognize it in the studios of the cosmopolitan artists in the Via Margutta, or their poorer brethren scattered throughout the city; and most of all you recognize it in the schools of young priests who swarm through the ancient city to their theological studies or to attend religious ceremonies. They have thoughtful faces, these young men, whether they are clad in the scarlet cassocks of the German school or the blue and orange of the Roumanian school, or the purple of Scotland. Before you are accustomed to it, it is a strange sight to see file after file of these serious boys raising their black beavers with quiet dignity to each other as they pass on their different ways. In this age of unreality, when half the world owns no creed and half the remainder worships Mammon, when science

THE CAPITOL OF VICTOR EMMANUEL

and philosophy have taken the place of faith, and left a difficult gap in the lives of a race whose primal instinct is to worship, Rome is still earnest. Giotto did not draw his sheep more hopefully on a smooth stone by the wayside than many an artist in the studios of Rome to-day; St Dominic did not struggle more earnestly with himself and his faith than many a boy-priest still struggles in the Catholic capital; among the theological students, at any rate, religion is as vital in Rome to-day as it was when Savonarola preached the new gospel to Italy.

Rome is still a city of endeavour. The difference between Rome and other modern capitals is that here more than in any other city men continue to strive after their ancient ideals—the Golden Calf has never stood triumphant upon the hills of Rome.

Not that she is a student-city or a pilgrim centre, either for archæologists or *religieuses*. Half the tide which sweeps every year into the gates of Rome is froth and bubble. People come there for pleasure and amusement, just as they go to Switzerland or the Riviera. There is excellent hunting under the ægis of the English, but if the enthusiast is belated in the Campagna, he must not be surprised if the homely *contadino* at whose farm he asks for food begs to be allowed to supply as the *pièce de résistance* an excellent young fox! There is golf on a course where the eye sweeps from the fortress-tomb of Cæcilia Metella to the broken line of the aqueducts stumbling across the plain from the walls of Rome to the blue Sabine and Apennine Mountains. In the city itself, beside the inevitable

pastime of sight-seeing, there are the opera and the theatre, excellent restaurants, and a large society whose entertainment consists in the main of an inordinate amount of tea and dinner parties.

Rome is unmoved through it all. Perhaps she knows her power, for even the most worldly-minded frivoller within her gates owns to her charm, her crystal brightness, her limpid atmosphere, her gift of inspiration. She has the air of a woman who has always been loved, not only as a woman, but as a mother and an ideal. She is still an ideal ; perhaps the glamour of the dreams of those men and women who for two thousand years have poured out their souls to her at the zenith of their lives, and their art, has given to her that veil of inexplicable beauty through which her eyes gleam with eternal youth.

The palimpsest of Rome has yielded so many treasures to mankind that the world will never tire of searching between the lines of the modern manuscript for traces of the writing of the past which the fingers of Time have not obliterated. The modern rulers of Italy are covering the ancient script with bold letters that threaten to render illegible unrealized treasures of Antiquity; the story of the Renaissance and of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may still be traced ; but the Gothic writing of the Middle Ages has been too often erased for its romances to be clearly descried, because men have sought under its fine characters for the writing of the Romans. The Forum has become an open book within the last century; the House of

Augustus, on the Palatine, is soon to be released from the bondage of the earth; and within the last two years a Syrian temple of the Imperial epoch has been discovered on the southern slope of the Janiculum. I visited this latest landmark in the story of Rome on a March afternoon, when the wind was blowing drearily across the hills, driving curtains of rain before it. The ugly gap in the wet clay of the hillside was unprotected except for a wooden shelter over the *cella*. The beautiful marble and bronze statues of Dionysus and Zeus Cronius, which were discovered almost intact, with the gilding still preserved on the ornaments of the Mithraic deity, had, of course, been removed. The Imperial walls of *opus reticulatum* were as grey as the oozing clay; the chief hall, which we traversed on scaffolding, was open to the sullen sky, and broken amphoræ and terra-cotta drains were the only objects visible. Presently we stumbled upon a row of uncovered graves, whose gruesome occupants, with mouldered bones laid out all decently and in order, grinned mirthlessly up at the grey world. Nature herself seemed to grudge the wresting of this secret from her. But there were other and more grisly secrets that the casual eye of a mere observer could not glean, for the consecration of this unnamed temple to the Syrian gods had a red dew of human sacrifice.

According to the *Roman Mail*, Professor Dieulafoy "has drawn a parallel between the temples discovered on the Janiculum and the temples of the Mazdeists, known in ancient times in Persia by the name *dajtio-*

gatus. He has shown that in the one and the other case there are two distinct sanctuaries, and with the same identical disposition, separated by a large court. In Persia one of these two sanctuaries is called the *Izechir-Khan*—that is, the 'House of Prayer'—where the symbolical sacrifices are made in presence of the Mazdeists assembled in the court. The second sanctuary is called the *Ayadana*, and has a system of double doors arranged in such a manner that it is impossible for anyone to see into the interior. In a special room of this *Ayadana*, called *atechia*, there burns on the altar the sacred fire, or *bahram*. Without wishing to identify the cult celebrated in Rome in the temples on the Janiculum with the Mazdeist cult, Dieulafoy shows that, however this may be, the Roman temples and those of the Mazdeists coincide *in toto* and in detail."

Of all the views in Rome—and Rome is essentially a city of views—the most comprehensive is the world-famous view from S. Pietro in Montorio, where the Alma Città lies at your feet like a mosaic upon the purple floor of the Campagna. On the horizon, snow-capped Soracte soars above the Apennines, and the misty Sabines are linked with the Alban Mount in a chain of beauty. The Seven Hills of Rome seem to have vanished; the Palatine is but a mound of ilexes and stone-pines above the brown ruins of the Septizonium and the Circus Maximus; the triple arches of the Constantinian Basilica bring the valley of the Forum to the level of the hills; only the Villa Medici in the Pincian sea of pines seems raised above the towers of the city. But in the same way

that you see Rome of the ancients from the Capitol, you see Rome—not modern Rome, or Rome of the Popes, but Rome the Eternal City, from the Castle of Sant' Angelo, the enormous pile which was first the tomb of the art-loving and scholarly Hadrian, and later the rock on which the waves of civil warfare broke through all the stormy Middle Ages. Here you are in the centre of the city, on the banks of the immortal Tiber, yet raised above the valley by the Mole of Hadrian. The Apennines and Sabines, as misty as shadows, creep up to the Alban Mount, whose volcanic eruption drove the shepherds who came before Romulus to take refuge on the banks of the river. Below, and stretching towards the distant hills, is the tumbled sea of Rome's brown roofs, with the crested wave of the Capitol rising above them. Rome has as many domes as a city of the Orient, and they soar luminously from the blue mist which sometimes hangs over the city like a delicate veil. Though its gilt bronze tiles were stripped from it by the Emperor Constans, who carried them to Syracuse to fall into the hands of the Saracens, the mound of the Pantheon's dome—the giant mole-hill of all the gods—gleams in the sunshine, as though the bricks had caught a gilding from the contact of its tiles, which neither the hand of Time nor the hand of man could take away. To the left is the long line of the tawny Quirinal, the palace of the Savoyard Kings of Italy, and beyond it is the forest of statues on the façade of the Lateran. Below Sant' Angelo the Tiber makes a grand sweep round the Janiculum, on whose crest the great bronze statue of Garibaldi is silhouetted

against the sky among the stone-pines of the Passeggiata Margherita. To the right is the Borgo, with its converging lines of tall houses marching from the Ponte Sant' Angelo to St Peter's. Their roofs swallow up the vast piazza ; but above them, and above the long walls of the Vatican, which contain the palace of the Pope—above the whole city—floats the Dome of St Peter's.

And if the Pope, looking from his windows, sees the red and white and green flag of Italy fluttering in the crystal sunshine above the Quirinal, and thinks of his voluntary imprisonment, perhaps the head of the House of Savoy reads as clear a message from the " Servant of the Servants of God " in the transcendent beauty of the crown of the greatest cathedral in Christendom.

CHAPTER II
Of the Forum Romanum

ROME is a palimpsest, imperfectly erased. So many men have written their names upon the red soil of the fraction of the earth which we call Rome that when we try to grasp the meaning of one sentence in the ancient manuscript, shadows throng round us, shutting out the light, and murmuring like a never-silent sea. Rome smiles upon the traveller whichever way he enters through her gates, but on her head she wears a chaplet woven of cypresses, stone-pines, and dusky ilexes; and in her heart—the Forum—she hides the tomb of her glory and her Republic. It lies like a scar below the cliff of ruined palaces from which the Cæsars sold their Empire with the same madness that moved Tarpeia when she sold her city to the Sabines from the rock of the Capitol. When the holy fire of Rome was only burning clearly in the breasts of one or two in the whole of her domain; when her Emperors discarded her for Constantinople, and the stain of her mad tyrants rusted the sword of her Republic, she heaped ashes over the ruins of her greatness.

So it came about that the Forum returned to its ancient use again, and became a field for cattle and an open space where shepherds tended their flocks.

To-day this wilderness of marble has blossomed like a rose. Emerald moss has spread a carpet everywhere, and fresh young plants, violets and blue irises, cluster round

broken columns; myrtle, pomegranate, and oleander are twined by roses into a classic garland for the homeless gods, and the laurels of Daphne weave an immortal wreath above the funeral pyre of Cæsar.

When you walk in the Forum Romanum, and tread the old stones of the Via Sacra, you find yourself drifting insensibly away from the present. The afternoon sun gilds the three columns of Castor and Pollux, which soar into the blue dome of the sky from their lofty podium. Perhaps a lark, thrilling its heart out overhead, may set you dreaming as a lark's song ever will. As you listen, fallen into a meditation, the marbles of the Forum vanish silently, leaving a track of land, half marsh, half pasture, through which a babbling brook, with willows bending over it, and fringed with reeds, hurries to join the strong tide of the Tiber. Cattle are lowing on the Palatine, and in the shelter of the hillside is the rough hut where young girls keep the sacred fire of the community alight.

Later the vision changes. Tullus Hostilius, the third King of Rome, builds a Comitium at the foot of the Capitoline, and adds to it the Curia Hostilia or Senate-House. Then the proud Etruscan Kings crown the Capitol with a temple to Jupiter, and imprison the busy little brook in solid walls, so that it drains the marshy ground, and renders it good for building. The agger of the City of the Seven Hills encloses the waste space: it is no longer used as a burial-ground, but becomes the centre of the life of Rome.

The vision changes quickly now. Temples are built to Saturn and Vesta; to the immortal brothers, Castor

and Pollux; to Janus and the other Roman gods. Booths line the Forum, and the tide of political life divides into streams which battle ceaselessly against each other. Weakened by strife, Rome falls to the Gauls, and there is desolation for a little, followed by more struggles between Patricians and Plebeians for rights, and at last there is a temple of Concord erected by Camillus, the conqueror of the Gauls, on the slopes of the Capitoline. The Rostra is decorated with the beaks of ships captured from the Volscians of Antium, and the booths of butchers and vegetable-dealers are removed, and their place taken by money-changers.

Temples are burnt and rebuilt, basilicas are erected; the tide of Roman life sways up to the Rostra, and falls back in tumultuous waves; battles are fought and fortunes are made in the crowded hub of the Republic. Cæsar, whom Sulla calls "the ill-girt boy," descending the Clivus Capitolinus, looks on with eagle eyes, and, seeing so small a centre for so great a nation, plans out the Forum that he will build before his mind has dreamt of empires.

Under Cæsar's guidance the Forum is extended in the direction of the Campus Martius. Augustus and Nerva follow Cæsar's path and build outside the Forum of the Republic; Trajan completes Cæsar's long-forgotten plans by joining the Fora to the Campus Martius. So that, just as the Republic grew into the Empire with Cæsar, the heart of Republican Rome was swollen by the buildings of the Emperors.

Temples and fires—more temples and more fires. The

gods flee and the earth drifts over the stones of the Sacred Way. Churches are built in ruined temples and arches, and buried marbles turn deaf ears to the chanting which they did not know in the sunshine of their glory. Once more cattle graze in the Forum and men speak of the Campo Vacchino. Rienzi wanders here searching for inscriptions, and reaping the only pure joy that he ever garnered in the harvest of his ambitions.

The scene shifts again. Men dig round the old columns, and wrest marbles and tufa from their sleep under the earth. The world forgets the Forum : Dante only alludes to it in passing ; Goethe does not mention it at all. Not till the end of the eighteenth century is it excavated for archæological purposes. Then little by little men push back the earth, and the sun shines again on fragments of mutilated temples and the worn round stones of the Via Sacra.

The lark finishes his song and drops down behind the atrium of Vesta ; wide cool shadows lie on the marble floor of the Julian Basilica, and the restless bells of Rome are flinging echoes from belfry and dome and throbbing into silence.

Rome is a dream-city after rain. Her silken robe of mist, blue as the heaven above, makes her a city of desires. She seems to brood upon the past, gazing with veiled eyes over the sunlit spaces of the Campagna from her throne of hills. It is on days like this that you should leave the modern city and go down into the Forum, not with guide-book in hand to sight-see and search out painfully in indexes for temple and basilica and arch,

ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

but to let the magic of the moment give you an impression that will beautify your life for always.

There is not the clear shining after rain that the Psalmist sings of; but blue sky, blue mist, and floods of sunshine bathing the silver marbles of desecrated temples. The dark mysterious palaces of the Cæsars rise in echelon on the Palatine behind the sun-haze. On the Capitoline is the brown mass of the Tabularium, now the Municipality of Rome, with its multitude of eyes and its solitary portal. Above, the tall tower of the Capitol frames blue sky in its tiers of open arches. To the right are the old tiled roofs of Aracœli and the long line of scaffolding that hides the columns of Italy's monument to Victor Emmanuel. To the left are the tall ochre houses of Rome, narrow and shuttered, crowding over the Tarpeian Rock, with every roof at a different elevation from its neighbours. On the lower slope of the hill above the ancient Clivus Capitolinus, now the modern road where wine-carts jingle to and from the Campagna, are the three graceful fluted columns of the Temple of Vespasian, supporting a beautifully carved fragment of an architrave. Beside it are the reconstructed columns of the Temple of the Twelve Gods, which Prætextatus restored when paganism was dying out, in the hope of reviving the Romans' reverence for their ancient deities. The dome of SS. Martina e Luca, the baroque façade of the little church which rises over the old prison of the Etruscan Kings, and S. Adriano in the Curia of Julius Cæsar attest the failure of his efforts.

Of the Curia and Comitium of Hostilius nothing

remains; but the brown façade of S. Adriano preserves the line of the Curia which Julius Cæsar erected almost on the site of the Senate-House of the Kings.

In front of S. Adriano, but separated from it by the ill-defined site of the Comitium, is the arch of Septimius Severus. Its massive bulk, which rises from the midst of some of the most ancient and interesting sites in Rome, must have completely hidden the columns of the Temple of Concord when it stood in its perfection on the lower slope of the Capitoline. Its tastelessness can only be explained by the fact that Septimius Severus was an African possessed of colossal vanity, a *parvenu* even among the Emperors of Rome. In form it is the least beautiful and the most arrestive of all the monuments in the Forum; but its marbles are stained and bronzed to such glowing colours that the decadence of its art can well be forgiven.

The African Emperor chose the site of his triumphal arch with precision. Below its southern wall is the rubble and brick core of the Umbilicus Romæ, which, after the fashion of the Greeks and Romans, marked the ideal centre of the city. No fragment of its marble casing remains; the rough brickwork is crusted with green plants; but it is impossible not to feel a thrill as you stand at the axis of Rome and the ancient world. Close by the leviathan of Septimius Severus, between the Comitium of the third King of Rome and the marble Rostra of the first of her Emperors, is the Lapis Niger, which marks the burial-place of one of the founders of Rome. Its meaning has been a point of interest and dis-

cussion since the beginning of our era. Verrius Flaccus, a contemporary of Augustus, and a celebrated antiquary, remarks that the black stone in the Comitium was considered an unlucky spot. He goes on to mention that, while some people believe that Hostus Hostilius, the grandfather of King Tullus, was buried there, he himself regards it as the burial-place of Faustulus, the foster-father of Romulus. The majority of people, however, believed that the first King of Rome was buried here between the two stone lions whose plinths can still be seen below the level of the Forum of the Empire. It does not matter very much to-day whether Romulus, or his foster-father, or the founder of the Comitium lay under the black marble pavement which Julius or Augustus put to mark so holy a site when they raised the level of the Forum. It is enough to know that nearly two thousand years ago the founders of the Empire of Rome perpetuated the memory of one of the shepherd rulers of the Palatine, whose rough tufa monument had already been defaced by the Gauls, who swarmed through Rome three hundred years before.

Even in the decadent days of the African Emperor, the burial-place of Romulus must have been held sacred. But without it this narrow corner of the Forum was sanctified by the Altar of Vulcan, cut out of the virgin rock of the Capitoline to mark the spot where Romulus and Titus Tatius, the King of the Sabines, made their memorable peace. Here stood the ancient lotus-tree, older than Rome itself, on whose branches the newly-elected Vestal hung her hair as a votive offer-

ing when it was cut off at the ceremony of her inauguration. And almost in the centre of Rome stood the Rostra of the early Empire.

It is preserved in its ancient form, and some of the marble steps of the hemicycle of the western wall remain *in situ*. From here you look down upon the Forum itself, whose travertine stones, if they could speak, might tell more of the story of ancient Rome than all her poets and historians. Multitudes have struggled and groaned and cheered and sobbed, swayed whichever way the speaker from the Rostra chose, upon these stones which never more will know the tread of sandalled feet.

Here the populace of Rome, always eager for a holiday, witnessed magnificent ceremonies in which the Emperor and his suite occupied the Rostra of the speakers. Here Nero received the Parthian King Tiridates, when he had accepted the conditions of peace imposed upon him by the Emperor's general, and crowned him as he made obeisance. The historian relates that the people of Rome, whose delegates filled the centre of the Forum, clad in white robes with laurel wreaths on their heads, when they saw the great ruler bowing before their Emperor, were seized with wild enthusiasm and shouted so loudly that Tiridates believed that he was about to be killed.

In the pavement of the Forum, close to the bases where the colossal equestrian statues of Domitian and Constantine stood, is the Lacus Curtius. The swamp or marsh which, up to the time of Augustus, marked the place where a Sabine leader once fell and almost lost his

life when he was leading a charge against Romulus, has dried up. Its site is marked by a rectangular hollow, round which tradition has woven the legend of Marcus Curtius. A mysterious chasm had opened in the middle of the Forum, which threatened to engulf the whole city, till Marcus Curtius, a noble Roman in full armour, and mounted on his charger, plunged into the abyss to appease the gods, because he held that there was nothing more precious to Rome than one of her soldiers fully armed.

To turn from a spot impregnated with the spirit of ancient Rome to the column of Phocas, the cruel low-born man elected by the Byzantine army as their Emperor after he had slain Mauricius and his five sons, is to point the contrast between Roman honour and Roman shame. The last monument of Imperial Rome, a column rifled from an early temple, has survived the robberies of antiquity where all its fellow monuments have perished. The ghost of ill-visaged Phocas must smile to see it standing alone among the ruins of the marbles which Rome erected to her bravest men when she was ruler of the world. The irony of Time's jest would please the grim humour of the murderer whose memory tarnished the glory of Rome.

The Forum Romanum is a history written in stone. Below the Clivus Capitolinus the Temple of Saturn towers up into the sky with pagan imperiousness. Here is no sanctity of ruined altar or sadness of decay, but the proud unyielding spirit of old Rome caught and held defiantly against the rush of Time. Before the birth of

Rome, Saturn was worshipped as a divinity by the agricultural Latins. They raised an altar to him on the slopes of the Capitol, which they called the Saturnian Hill. Here, after many years, a temple was built, and, when that was burnt or ruined, another was built on the same site, and yet another, in the manner of Roman temples. So that to-day, below the Hill of Saturn, the temple of the god rears the eight columns which are left of its portico, above the oldest sanctuary of Rome. Grass grows over the core of its podium, and in January the golden stars of Sicilian marigolds gleam between the columns, in memory of the tapers which in that month played so large a part in the Saturnalia of ancient Rome.

Of the Basilica Julia there is little remaining except the wide steps down to the Sacra Via and the pavement of the portico. It seems as though Cæsar had more than a premonition that he would not live to see his plans for the improvement of the Forum completed, for he dedicated the basilica before it was finished. Two years later, the smoke was curling up from his funeral pyre at the foot of the Velian. Pliny speaks of the "carpet of marble" in the Basilica Julia, and it was one of the first of the Roman buildings to be paved with rare stones quarried in far lands to make Rome beautiful. There are only a few traces of the magnificent pavement of the central court *in situ* to-day, but on many of the white marble stones of the portico are interesting *graffiti* of the games with which the Roman populace beguiled its time even on the threshold of the law-courts.

On the other side of the Forum, and adjoining the

Comitium of Julius Cæsar, is the Basilica Æmilia. Here, again, fires and the vandalism of the Renaissance have swept away almost the whole of the basilica of the Republic, and left very little above ground of the many restorations which the Gens Æmilia effected in a building regarded by them as a family monument. The pavement of the central hall glows with exquisite marbles—*porta santa* and *cipollino*, *marmor africanus* and *giallo antico*, which sometimes has the rare colour and bloom of a peach. Traces of one of the fires which devastated Rome are dramatically evident in the bronze coins which have been fused into the marble flags, and which, as they mostly belong to the age after Constantine, point to the fact that the fire was due to Alaric and his Goths. The basilica was restored under Honorius, but the workmen of that day, instead of removing the old pavement, laid another over it, thus preserving an interesting and beautiful witness of the days when Rome wept tears of bronze as the barbarians swept with fire and sword through her halls.

The Cloaca Maxima enters the Forum under the Basilica Æmilia; and below the steps of its portico is the base of the small circular shrine of Cloacina, the Goddess of Drainage. The shrine of Cloacina is the sign and seal of the ingenuity of Etruscan engineers; but there is another and more romantic reason for regarding it with interest, for it was here that Virginius bade farewell to his daughter, taking her aside from the tribunal of the Decemvirs and leading her to the *tabernæ novæ*, where he snatched a knife from a butcher's stall and killed her

before the eyes of Appius Claudius and the horrified populace.

Women have always influenced the destiny of Rome. The Sabine women made peace between their husbands and their fathers; the rape of Lucretia was the death-warning of the Kings; the outrage on Virginia was the signal for the deposing of the Decemvirs; Julia, with her nocturnal revels in the Forum, was the prototype of Imperial infamy.

Perhaps the most romantic spot in the whole Forum is the temple of the divine Julius. Here, on the actual site of the tufa altar, the body of Cæsar was burnt on an extemporized pyre, which the populace, excited to frenzy by Antony's impassioned speech, improvised from the tribunal of the Prætor. The curious formation of the façade can still be traced in the rough concrete core of the substructure. The *pronaos* was built with a semicircular niche to contain an altar, and was arranged in such a manner that it could be used for a rostra. It was even decorated with the beaks of ships, trophies of the fleet of Cleopatra after the Battle of Actium, probably in remembrance of Cæsar's plan for transferring the rostra to the lower end of the Forum, which his death prevented him from carrying out. The altar in the niche has been preserved because a tufa wall was built across the front, it is thought by Christians, who feared that people might worship at the shrine of the great Roman in the dark days of Rome's degeneracy. Perhaps some men did worship his memory and suffered for it, as their forefathers suffered when they were hurled from

THE ARCH OF TITUS IN THE MOONLIGHT

the Tarpeian Rock for sacrificing at his altar in the days before the Triumvirs, to avert the wrath of the people, built a temple to the divine Julius, *parenti patriæ*.

Inside the core are six young laurel-trees, which soar above the brown concrete walls. Their branches form a roof; and in the cool, damp shade the acanthus has spread its shining leaves over some fallen columns, as though Nature would crown them with the original which inspired the Corinthian capital. It is a quiet and solemn place, full of shadows; it has less material beauty and more of the spirit of antiquity than any of the temples in the congeries of the Forum.

Close to the Temple of Cæsar are the glorious columns of the Temple of Castor, rising over the core of one of the oldest shrines of Republican Rome. They glow against the Roman sky with the soft radiance of *giallo antico*, but once they were as white as the Dioscuri, Helen's immortal brothers, when they rode to the eastern gate of the city and told the waiting multitudes of the victory of the legions at Lake Regillus.

"Hail to the great Asylum!
Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!

"Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, 'The day is ours!'
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

"And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
Alone found voice to speak:
'The gods who live for ever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph,
Who in the hour of fight
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses
In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.

Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.' "

It was in memory of the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Regillus, and in honour of Leda's twin sons, that the knights of Rome, in their purple robes and crowned with olive, rode from the Temple of Mars without the walls, to the Temple of Castor in the Forum, every 5th of July while the Republic lasted.

Below the three tall columns, which are all that remain of the Temple of the Twin Brethren, is the sacred pool of Juturna and her shrine. From the podium of Castor you can see into the atrium of the Vestals, where the broken statues of the Virgins look down upon the mysterious octagon in the centre of the court in which it is thought they buried their secret, unprofaned even by the eyes of Heliogabalus, in the hour of the suppression of their Order and their flight.

Maidenhair grows in the marble-lined pool of Juturna, and roses and creepers clamber over the *sacellum* and the small rooms filled with fragments of marble which surround it. There are all manner of nooks, where flowers pour down the old brown masonry on to silver marbles in a flood of colour; and candytuft pushes its way everywhere. Here all things are gentle and sweet; fragrant memories linger near the sacred spring at which the Vestal Virgins came to draw water. The stupendous walls of the Library and Temple of Augustus screen off the rays of the afternoon sun, already sinking in the west, as though they were out-

works of the Palatine, as, indeed, they were when Caligula threw his bridge across their roofs to the Temple of Jove on the Capitoline. In their shelter is the little Church of S. Maria Antiqua, which was abandoned in the ninth century because the palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine so overhung its site that Leo IV believed it to be unsafe.

From the ordered calm of the Library of Augustus it is well to pass to the ruined Regia, in which the Pontifex Maximus of Republican Rome had his office, though he dwelt in the Domus Publica, on the other side of the lane. Near by is the core of the round Temple of Vesta, into which the Dioscuri vanished when they had watered their horses at the well of Juturna, and the little reconstructed *sacellum* in which the statue of the goddess stood. Behind, under the shadow of the palaces of the Emperors, are the atrium and house of the Vestal Virgins, whose lives were devoted to keeping the holy fire burning on the hearth of Rome. There is no spot in the Forum more romantically beautiful than the peaceful court, where white-clad maidens, daughters of noble Romans, lived their pure and lovely lives beneath the menacing cliff of the Domus Tiberiana. Writers of all ages, classical and modern, have told their story; it is written on the stones themselves.

In the spring the air here is full of song and heavy with fragrance, for there are always larks in the Forum, as there are in the Campagna; and when the broom is flowering on the slopes of the Velian, and yellow jas-

FORUM AUGUSTUS

mine throws up its spray against column and arch, slender young almond-trees pour their delicate incense on the evening air, and blue and golden irises weave a tapestry of fantastic beauty in the grass. In April, red roses have woven a fence round the long water-basin in the centre of the *peristylium*.

On the slopes of the Velia outside, where flowers riot on the edge of little gurgling streamlets, stood the crowded booths of goldsmiths and silversmiths, jewellers, makers of musical instruments, and fruit-sellers. Here excited bargainers would raise their voices above the noise of the Via Sacra, with its constant tide of passers-by, its hawkers, and its musicians ; but the flame on the hearth of the Vestals never flickered. The silence in its spacious courts would be unbroken as girls in white, with the small, proud heads of daughters of patricians, passed through with their jars of water drawn from the Sacred Pool.

In the rooms of the south aisle, opening off a corridor, you can see their bakery, the lava-mill in which they ground their meal, and the staircase leading to their dwelling-rooms and bathrooms. Many of the chambers have exquisite marble pavements, which have been preserved under a later flooring, and some are raised on little columns of brick, or even on half amphoræ, to render them less damp by the free passage thus left for dry air to circulate underneath. In the kitchen of the Vestals, on the south side of the atrium, are amphoræ and vessels preserved in a vault which was probably used for storage purposes, and great ovens like those of

Pompeii, where they prepared their food and the *mola salsa** used during the celebration of the Lupercalia.

The Clivus Sacer, as it winds up the Velian towards the Arch of Titus, leads you past the temple which Antoninus built to his wife Faustina when the Senate elevated her among the gods. The baroque façade of S. Lorenzo in Miranda towers above its tall podium; but the cipollino columns of the portico support a fragment of elegantly carved frieze. Sunlight and rain have bronzed the cipollino to rare colours with waves of green and gold. Towards nightfall the setting sun bathes the columns in golden light, and casts long shadows on the emerald grass which carpets the portico. Here is a broken statue, perhaps Faustina herself; at her feet violets are growing. Sometimes the men who are excavating the archaic necropolis near at hand warm themselves with a bonfire of dried leaves below the steps of the temple, and the blue smoke drifts between the columns like the smoke of incense.

Further along the Via Sacra is the circular heroön which Maxentius built in memory of his young son Romulus. Its masonry has been tanned to a rich golden-brown; two glowing porphyry columns support the entablature above its famous bronze door, now coated with verdigris—one of the few bronze portals of the Imperial epoch still *in situ*.

Beyond it, and beyond Vespasian's Forum of Peace, a violet-scented spot, is the great basilica which Maxentius commenced to build and Constantine finished and stamped with his name. The three gigantic arches of

* A primitive salt-cake made from the first ears of standing corn.

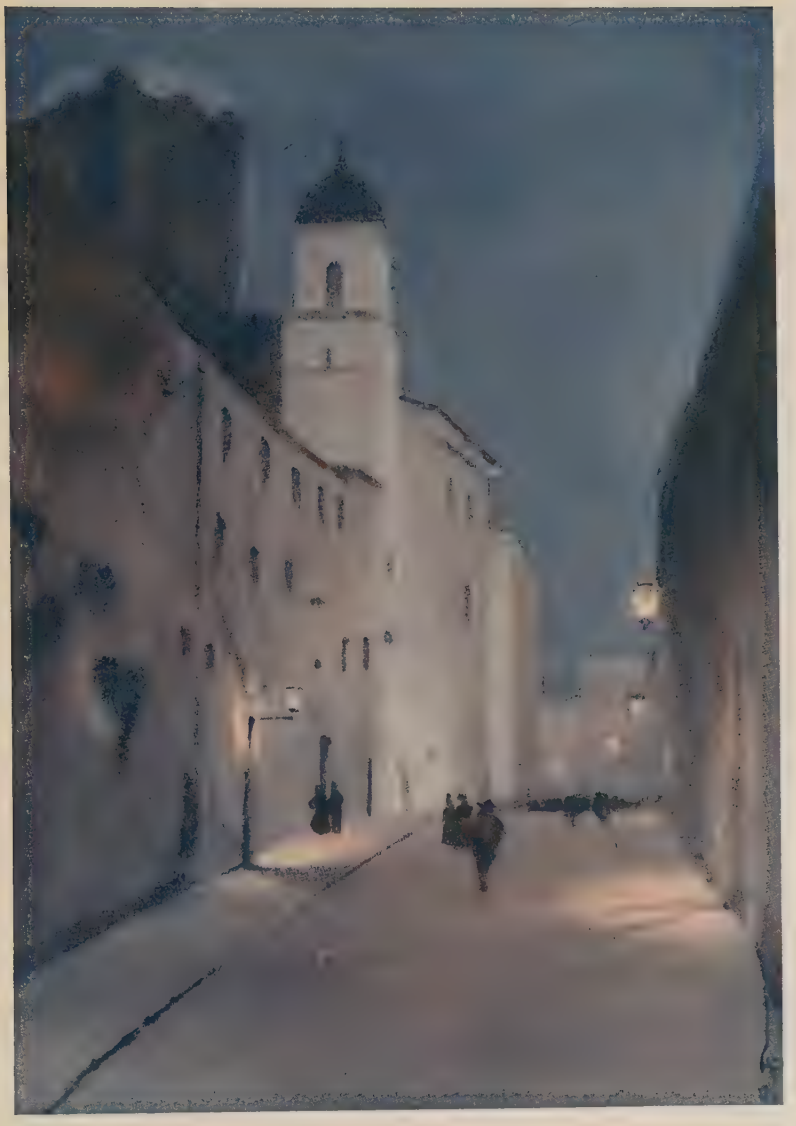
its tribunes and the red-brown masonry with which it is built play a considerable part in the picturesqueness of the eastern extension of the Forum. At right angles to the Imperial basilica is the façade of the basilica of S. Francesca Romana, its creamy plaster in excellent contrast with the warm brickwork of the Empire. The statues on its tympanum, the tall thirteenth-century tower, with its arcades and its green majolica tiles, and the loggia of the convent behind, make the little group of buildings, defaced on the southern side by Professor Boni's new museum, picturesque and typically Roman. The body of Francesca, the most beloved of all the Roman saints, rests in the *pronaos* of Hadrian's temple of Venus and Rome; but of the temple itself hardly anything remains except an apse facing the Colosseum, though it is not difficult to imagine how majestic this marble temple of the art-loving Hadrian must have been, crowning the slopes of the Velia.

As you pursue your way along the Sacra Via, you pass the silver Arch of Titus, the eastern gate of the Forum, on the crest of the Velia. But the grace which makes it one of the most beautiful monuments in the whole valley is lost at close quarters, and only its reliefs claim your attention. For it was decreed to the short-lived Titus when he brought his Judæan war to a victorious close; and its reliefs illustrating his triumphal entry into Rome have preserved for us the features of the Ark of the Covenant and the seven-branched candlestick, and the other lost *hiera* of the Jews, which he took from the ruined Temple of Jerusalem.

When you stand at the ancient Porta Mugonia, the

junction of the Via Sacra and the Via Nuova, you no longer hear the lowing of cattle, from which it took its name. Only the song of the fountain gushing from the walls of the Domus Tiberiana will break the breathless sirocco silence of the evening. In the ruined halls of the great substructures of the house of Tiberius are mossy steps so crumbled with age that they have almost gone back to the earth; here and there a slender almond-tree, frosted with pink blossom, fills the air with fragrance. The sunset gilds the Colosseum and turns the letters of the inscription on the Arch of Titus into gold; it reddens the beautiful arcaded tower of S. Francesca Romana, and the broad arches of the basilica of Constantine. Shadows creep over the old churches of the Forum, which have the most gloriously lichened roofs of all Roman churches, emerald and gold, like the tiles of Spain; the earth sends up its subtle fragrance like a song of thanksgiving after the heat of the day; and the birds in the ilexes on the Palatine sing their evensong while the bells of the city ring for vespers.

If there is still time, ascend the lofty *podium* of Castor and Pollux, and while the glow of the sunset fades from gold to blue, and the cornice of Faustina's temple is black with birds, listen to the distant voices of Rome—the slow creak of the homeward-going carts, and the jangle of their bells as they pass along the Clivus Capitolinus. It may happen that when you ascend the broken marble steps you will see a tiny wren perched on the corner of some shattered frieze, with his little throat swelling with music as he sings his evensong to the



SALITA DEL GRILLO AND THE TOWER OF NERO

immortal Brothers. The soft flutings of the three columns of the temple, still suffused with pink light, melt into the faint eastern sky. In the shadows of the Library of Augustus a white owl flaps his silent wings. Suddenly a bell clangs, echoing in the Temple of Augustus, and startling the birds on the Temple of Faustina.

The wren finishes his song triumphantly, and flies away to the shadows of the Palatine; and you pass out of the Forum, where the pools in the pavement of the Julian Basilica, reflecting the afterglow, shine like *giallo antico*.

The Clivus Capitolinus will be full of sleepy evening bustle. Peasants will pass by on their way out of the city to their lonely Campagna homes; files of young Benedictines will march by on their way to S. Anselmo, on the Aventine; and the gentle sadness of twilight will brood over the city.

Night steals graciously into the Forum. The shadows deepen; the sky turns from a pallid half-tone to the brilliant blue of Roman twilights; the Arch of Titus and the Columns of Castor glow with unearthly radiance; bats flap hurriedly from temple to temple.

But as you traverse the Via Bonella a faint beam from a dim old lantern illuminates the shrine in the tower behind the Curia; and the stream of light from the open shops which line the street—sometimes a humble oil-lamp, but more often the glaring incandescent gas of the *pizzicheria*, with its dried fish, its goat-milk cheeses, its barrels, and its tins—shines on the

pathetic stream of workers coming home under the majestic columns of Mars Ultor.

It is a shabby place, the Forum of Augustus, in spite of the giant columns of the victorious Mars: cats prowl in its cellars; at night the air is full of bats; the dim lamp in the archway only serves to throw light on the weary passers-by and the torn posters on its walls. But it is not as noisy and desolate as the remnant of the Forum of Nerva, lurking in the shade of a narrow street which echoes with the clamorous voices of electric trams.

When you pass under the archway of Augustus's Forum, and stand outside its mighty walls, you leave Imperial Rome for the medieval city. The insistent bell of the convent in the Forum of the first Emperor warns you of the fact even before you find yourself under the shadow of the Torre delle Milizie, from which anachronistic chronicles say that Nero watched the burning of Rome.

CHAPTER III
Of the Seven Hills

THE tides of Time have silted up the Septimontium till the ancient face of the city is no more. Rome has shifted her ground many times; she has almost levelled the least of her Seven Hills, and has built up another on the eastern bank of the Tiber. She has grown beyond the wall of Aurelian, as she had already grown beyond the wall of Servius Tullius at the beginning of her Empire; to-day she numbers among her hills, beside the seven *monti* of her early kingdom, the nameless hill of the Ludovisi, Monte Testaccio, the Janiculum, the Pincian, and Monte Vaticano, the hill of ill-repute, which under the hands of the Popes became the rival of the Palatine, and after the fall of Constantinople became the centre of culture and learning throughout the Christian world. St Peter's dome floats above the Vatican like a pearl in Rome's diadem of hills, but the Palatine is the most beautiful of all her *monti*, as it is the ancient Hill of Rome, the Sacred Mount of Romulus.

Climb up the Palatine on a sunny morning, and let the ghosts of Rome tell you about the past. In this deserted garden of the gods the air is full of the song of birds, and every hollow and ivy-covered mound is a sentence in the history of Rome. Under the cliffs of the Palace of Tiberius, whose substructures tower above the south-western corner of the hill, are crumbling

masses of the wall of Romulus, looking in their decay like natural rock. Farther along the winding path is the altar of the *genius loci*, sometimes called the Altar of the Unknown God. It is shaded by two young laurels, and is surrounded by a low hedge of crimson roses, as though the handmaidens of Ceres, the happy girls from whom Proserpine strayed on the Plain of Enna, had kindled a vestal fire before the altar of the genius of Rome, who is loth to leave his sanctuary on the hill. The spirit of Ancient Rome still wanders on the Palatine. In vain do roses and laurels, twined in one embrace, jealously veil the ruins of the Empire ; in vain are tiny marigolds, the golden coinage of the Italian spring, sown broadcast on the grassy slopes, with blue-starred periwinkles and narcissi and sheets of lake anemones. These flowered slopes are but the tribute heaped by Nature before the birthplace of the Eternal City.

When Romulus singled out the Palatine as he watched over his flocks by night, did he dream that such a city as Rome could arise ? Did he see with prophetic eyes that from the rough and massive stones of his Roma Quadrata, the quadrangular settlement of only twenty-four acres, for which he slew his brother, should spring a city destined to be the inspiration of the world ? The Roman sun gilds and warms these old, old stones ; they are full of the majesty of the Beginning of Things. They are crumbling with age, and the great blocks are becoming indistinct, and are slowly melting back to Mother Earth, so that they look like an aged man waiting in the sun and sleeping while he waits. But they are invested with the virility

of the first Roman who conceived the possibility of Rome.

When you stand among the ruins of the city of Romulus, which even the Emperors of Rome, who built with a free hand on the Palatine, would not destroy, you see the blocks of tufa which, according to tradition, are the foundations of the house of Romulus at the head of the Scalæ Caci. It is true that from this point traces of the stairway leading from the Latin village to the valley of the Velabrum, which Plutarch called "the steps of the beautiful shore," are visible; but, like the legend of the cornel-tree which shaded them, and which, according to the ancients, sprang from the spear thrown by Romulus from the Aventine, its position is largely a matter of conjecture. There is more certainty about the site of the Temple of Cybele, the great mother of the gods, whose broken walls rise from the hillside between the so-called Casa Romuli and the substructures of the Palace of Tiberius. Cybele remained a favourite deity to the last days of pagan worship in Rome; but her walls are almost levelled to the ground, and ilexes grow in her halls, whose shady groves, where sunlight only filters in narrow rays, resound with the song of countless birds.

But although roses run riot over the Palatine, and the sunny silence is only broken by the songsters of the South, there are the footsteps of tragedy in the shadows of the cypresses and ilexes and laurels of the Orti Farnesini over the ruined Palace of Tiberius. In the row of cells in the substructures of the Domus Tiberiana—gloomy places enough!—the soldiers of the Imperial *corps de garde*

have inscribed their names on plaster walls, and wiled away the time by coining epigrams and making rough sketches of the Emperors. The house of Germanicus, once the residence of the father of Tiberius, is gay with frescoes and mosaics of flowers and fruit and fountains and mythological scenes to brighten the dwelling-place of the ill-fated Agrippina, the mother of Caligula, and the younger Agrippina, the infamous wife of Claudius. It needed brightening, for there are few histories in the tragedies of the Cæsars more pathetic than that of the elder Agrippina. Her husband was the idol of his legions, her son their darling, nicknamed by them Caligula because of the military boots he wore, miniatures of their own. But at the death of Germanicus, one of the many foul deeds of the early Empire, she was forced to return to Rome and live with her children in the humble house on the Palatine under the shadow of the palace of her enemy, with the jealous eyes of half the court upon her. The flying figures of the murderers of Caligula haunt his mother's house—poor young Caligula, who, mad with the sudden possession of power, met his fate in the gloomy cryptoporticus which led to his palace from the Domus Augustana.

The first of the Emperors of Rome, like the first of her Kings, made his home on the Palatine. Augustus, indeed, was born there in a house near the eastern corner of the hill in a lane named Ad Capita Bubula. His Imperial palace grew out of private property purchased on the crest of the hill, like the house of Hortensius, the orator, and the house of Catilina. This magnificent residence, which was not large enough for his successors, was de-

THE STADIUM AND THE VILLA MILLS ON THE PALATINE

stroyed in the great fire of Nero's reign, with the exception " of the room in which the founder of the Empire slept for forty years." The world has seen little of the Palace of Augustus or of his temple to Apollo. His palace, at least, is still buried beneath the Villa Mills, which till recently was occupied by the Nuns of the Visitation. But at last steps are being taken to explore the hidden palace of the first Emperor of Rome, and the empty Villa Mills stands like a ghost of itself among the stone-pines and roses and fragrant oleanders of its beautiful tangled garden.

Tiberius and Caligula built palaces of their own on the Palatine, enlarging the hill on the north and west by their substructures; Claudius dwelt on the Cœlian; Nero's Golden House swept from the Palatine over the valley and up the slopes of the Cœlian and Esquiline. It was not until the accession of the Flavian family that the Emperors turned their attention to the Palatine again. The Palace of the Flavian Emperors was one of the most magnificent of the palatial residences of Imperial Rome. To-day its vast halls lie on the crest of the hill open to the sunshine. Archæologists can trace the extent and name the original use of almost all its public chambers, but it is more to the taste of the wanderer on the Palatine to pass through the ruined halls of the Palace of Domitian, with their fragments of rich balustrading and their columns of rare marble, and let the careless breeze, playing with the ferns on the nymphæum of the dead Emperor, speak to him of the malevolent brother of Titus, and paint pictures of the past upon the canvas of his imagination.

Beyond the Villa Mills, whose garden encroaches upon the halls of the Flavian Emperors, is the Stadium of Domitian. A sunny silence dwells in the deserted Xystum; roses pour down its walls; and Hadrian's *esedra*, which still bears traces of its red and gold Pompeian frescoes, is veiled in creepers blowing curtainwise in the wind. Here you can forget the gloomy passages which thread the hill; you are no longer oppressed by the tragedies of the Cæsars; for the crystal clearness of a Roman spring breathes its message over the Ancient Hill, and S. Bonaventura, with its palm-tree, crowns the emerald slopes of the Vigna Barberini. The Apennines linked about the Campagna may still be crested with snow, but on the sunny ruins of the Septizonium of Septimius Severus green lizards, spotted with gold and black, will be sunning themselves in wild olive-trees after their winter sleep—true harbingers of summer.

There are no ruins on the Palatine so impressive as the great Palace of Septimius Severus. It rises like a natural rock above the south-east corner of the hill, and frowns across the valley at the broken walls of the Baths of Caracalla. Septimius Severus possessed the overweening conceit of the African. He crowded his colossal arch into the most sacred and ancient corner of the Forum; he did not hesitate to destroy the beautiful Palace of Hadrian, already crowning the Palatine, in order to secure a striking position for himself in the eyes of all who entered Rome from the port of Ostia. He chose a sunny spot, this child of Africa, for almost all day long the sun pours through the ruined arches of his Septi-

zonium, which dwarfs all the other Imperial buildings on the Palatine. Wild olives and figs sprout from the old brown masonry, and birds nest in the silent ruins, whose arches frame vistas of Ancient and Medieval Rome. From its summit you look down upon the Cœlian and the Aventine, and the broken links of the great aqueduct of Septimius Severus. It was from his palace on the Imperial Hill that Septimius set forth with his two profligate sons to Britain. He never returned. He died at York, and his joint heirs brought his ashes back to the capital with jealousy and hatred of each other in their hearts. All through the long journey Caracalla sought to slay his brother, but Geta warded off the evil blow, till Caracalla, mad with passion, rushed with his soldiers into his mother's chamber, and slew him in her arms. Tragedy lurked in the giant palace then, and Caracalla dared not face the silence of its halls, but sought forgetfulness in the farthest corner of his Empire. It is still a silent place, peopled by shadows always moving with the quiet march of Time.

The Palatine is full of memories, and everywhere the fragant flame of roses—always roses—ascends like incense in the garden of the Genius of Rome.

There are few traces of the Circus Maximus, whose marble tiers once rose in the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine. The depression between the ancient hills, where Romulus invited his neighbours the Sabines to join in rustic games, and then stole their women, has been filled up almost to the level of the highest tier of seats. Poor houses and a modern road, a church, a gas

factory, and the Jewish cemetery, fill the great Circus where once Nero drove his chariot at breakneck speed and bowed his head humbly to the judge amid the derisive plaudits of the citizens of Rome.

Christianity has set its stamp upon the Aventine and the Cœlian as surely as the Empire has set its stamp upon the Palatine. The Cœlian has memories of holy men and women ; martyrs and saints have dwelt upon its slopes. But the unrestful influence of the Empire was wafted up to it on the hoarse shouts of the multitudes in the Colosseum ; and on its crest, among the cypresses of the Passionists, was the palace of the murdered Claudius. The Aventine was a place of retreat ; the Cœlian was a centre of active Christianity. The hill of Remus, the fore-ordained to death, with its cypresses and vignas, has always been the home of gentleness and peace. Incense of the temples of Diana and the Trinity of Rome rose from its forests during the Republic ; and later the plebs made their homes among the laurel woods which clothed its slopes. Near the site of S. Prisca was the house of the Jewish tent-makers, Aquila and Priscilla, with whom St Peter dwelt, and of whom St Paul wrote in his Epistle to the Romans : "Salute Prisca and Aquila, my fellow-workers in Christ Jesus, who for my life laid down their own necks."

Later still the patricians, forced to leave the Palatine by the gigantic buildings of the Emperors, built marble palaces among the sacred groves of the Aventine, and from their porticoes looked down upon the Imperial city, gleaming in the sunlight like the *Alba longa* of

THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS

their forefathers. In one of these luxurious houses in the most fashionable quarter of Rome lived a great lady to whom the message of Christianity meant more than a whim of the moment, a fad, a game to play at when her grand toilette was completed and she reclined on a silken couch wiling away the hours before the banquet with which her day ended. When St Athanasius came out of the East tanned with the desert sun, a virile messenger of Christ, at whose approach the pampered, scented priests of Rome fled delicately to the boudoirs of their patronesses, Madame Albina welcomed him to her palace on the Aventine. When he left Rome, he left in her house a manuscript of his life of S. Antony, of which no copy had hitherto penetrated to the capital. It was this manuscript which inspired the beautiful Marcella, the daughter of Albina, to sell her jewels and robes of gold tissue, and put on a simple dress of dark, coarse material—thus laying the foundation of conventual life in her great palace, whose doors she threw open to all who wished to join her in a life of devotion. Here the seeds of culture were sown, and here patrician women came to rest in Marcella's quiet garden and listen to the fiery eloquence of S. Jerome, the urgent Savonarola of his day. "It was not a convent, after all, so much as a large and hospitable feminine house, possessing the great luxury of beautiful rooms and furniture and the liberal ways of a large and wealthy family, with everything that was most elegant, most cultured, most elevated, as well as most devout and pious."

To-day the long lines of the College and Church of S. Anselmo, the chief Benedictine University of the world, crown the Aventine; and in the garden and church of S. Sabina lingers the memory, not of Marcella, but of Dominic, who came there from Bologna, and founded in Rome the second house of his Order.

There are many approaches to the Aventine, but the most characteristic of all is by the road which winds under Paul III's fine bastion up to the College of S. Anselmo. A cypress avenue leads to the atrium of this lovely modern church, a perfect example of an ancient basilica; and over the palms and orange-trees of the garden you see snow-capped Soracte, as beautiful as the dawn.

In the quiet pleasaunce of the Knights of Malta, close at hand, there is a vision of St Peter's across the Tiber, framed in a pergola of box and laurel; and in the spring the scent of narcissi lies heavy on the air.

In the sunny country roads of the Aventine, with its cypresses towering over tall vigna walls, and the whirr of the rope-walk in front of S. Sabina, you forget the pageant of Rome spread out in the valley of the river; you forget the long-lost palaces of the beautiful patrician women, Fabiola and the passionate Melania, and Paula, the ideal lady of S. Jerome. Even St Dominic, whose orange-tree, the first planted in Italy, is regrafted whenever it threatens to die, and bears fruit with every year, is but a shadow in this peaceful spot. Sunshine and silence; a blind man pacing by the walls of S. Alessio; the ever-twisting twine of the rope-makers in

the shade; and S. Anselmo, as beautiful within as it is harmonious without, will set you dreaming of the present loveliness. And when you turn a corner of the lane the Eternal City unrolls itself before you, clothed in fresh beauty, as though to wake you from your meditation. The cypresses of the Cœlian and the arcaded apse of S. Giovanni e Paolo rise over a valley filled with trees—of admirable softness. Beyond them is the Colosseum; and in front, sketched in with the bold hand of one of Rome's great builders, are the blind arches of the Septizonium, their ruddy masonry enclosing vaults of shadowy cobalt. In the valley below are the marble sepulchres of the Jewish cemetery, with its long procession of cypresses walking like mourners, sadly, where once was the Circus Maximus of Rome. On the Palatine there are more cypresses veiling the battlemented Villa Mills, so soon to pass away, and ilexes and ruins. It is all ruins here. The crowded Capitol rises beyond, white and pale gold in the spring sunshine; and the valley of the Tiber, with its domes and towers, leads the eye to Monte Mario, girding the new city on the meadows of Sant' Angelo.

On the lesser Aventine, in the heart of vignas and orange-trees, is the ancient monastery and church of S. Saba. It is dismantled now, but its old brown walls and gracious loggia haunt the memory of all who pass along the ancient Via Ostiensis. And below the church, with its dilapidated frescoes and broken Cosmati screen, is the oratory of St Sylvia, the mother of St Gregory the Great, whose house stood on the Cœlian not far away.

In the hollow between the Aventine and the Cœlian are the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, standing on the right side of the Appian Way. Here, under a sky bluer than the sky of Egypt, the cliffs and broken rocks of the mighty building, against which the tides of Time have flung themselves for so many generations, tower into the sunlit air. Birds sing in the Baths of Caracalla, and play joyously among the old brown stones, plumed with grass and weeds. Through the broken arches the sun pours compact rays of light on the mosaic pavement, which has sunk to the unevenness of waves of the sea, as though the riches of the Empire had flowed through the vast halls and left a treasure of porphyry and serpentine, and cipollino gleaming like pearl against the golden marble which we call *giallo antico*. Where the mosaics of man have worn away, Nature has wrought a wonderful emerald carpet, softer than the velvet rugs of the East, upon Rome's dark-red earth. The jagged cliffs which once enclosed the *esedra* of the Calidarium frown down upon the grass-grown Stadium, with its flowering shrubs, where once the youths of Rome ran races and played games before the great business of their baths. Round the deserted halls the mute testimony of marble fragments suggests the grandeur of the thermæ, where beauty, and fashion, and the nobility of the Empire spent their days in the pomp and luxury of that decadence which was slowly rotting out the heart of military Rome.

Stripped of their mosaics, the walls of Caracalla's Baths, which neither he nor the two nephews who succeeded him could have seen completed, glow with the

WINTER IN THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

whole gamut of colour, from gold to brown and purple to red. This great monument of the second African Emperor—the maniac son of Septimius Severus—is a solemn and majestic place, and in its broken walls the distant murmur of Rome is stilled. In the Stadium the ghosts of silent-footed athletes run their races; but no splash of fountain or liquid voice of water lapping at marble steps breaks the silence of those vast halls—no sound is heard of all the forward movement of the world, unless the deep-toned bell of St Peter's should mark the hour from its bronze throat.

A winding country lane, carpeted with pine-cones and accompanied by a babbling brook, leads from the Appian Way to the crest of the Cœlian, where the little Piazza della Navicella receives the outflow of four roads. Tradition has it that in the days when a temple to Jupiter Redux stood on the Cœlian, a sailor coming safely through perilous journeys made a votive offering to his god of a marble boat. Leo X set up a copy of the *navicella*, offered by the sailor with the superstitious piety of his race and profession, to call to the minds of all who breasted the Cœlian the emblem of the Christian Church—the boat of St Peter, the fisherman of Galilee.

S. Stefano in Rotundo rises behind the brown walls of Nero's aqueduct on one side of the piazza, and S. Maria in Navicella and the beautiful gardens of the Villa Mattei on the other. Here, too, is the disused monastery of the Trinitarians, with its thirteenth-century mosaic glittering in the sunshine over the portal; and the arch of Dolabella, which sun and wind have tanned to a ruddy brown.

There are only two days in the year when you can visit the little chapel in the upper story, where—in the words of the old *custode*—Giovanni de Matha, the founder of the Order of Redemptorists, "prayed and died." A door near the arch leads into the rose-garden of S. Tommaso in Formis, which is hardly more than a chapel, and contains no trace of its antiquity. On the feast-day of its saint its walls are hung with poor red draperies; the air is heavy with incense, and the pavement of the nave, as well as the paths of the rose-garden, are strewn with box. Redemptorist monks come in little parties to visit the cell of the founder of their Order. Their rough white robes, with a red and blue cross on the scapulars, their black cloaks and coarse sandals, give them a dignity which is only equalled by their picturesqueness. As you see them praying in the little church, where only two or three peasants are gathered together, or walking in the rose-garden, or breaking their fast in the *custode's* dark cupboard of a kitchen, it seems as though the hands of Time have slipped back into the thirteenth century in this quiet corner of the Cœlian. Very holy is the little chapel in the arch, with its marble altar and painted roof, and its wall worn into a hollow by the good old man who slept there for so many years.

On the Clivus Scauri the beautiful campanile of SS. Giovanni e Paolo springs from the ruins of the Temple of Claudius; and in the garden of the Passionists are the ruins of the Domus Vectiliana, where Commodus, the weak and dissolute son of Marcus Aurelius, dwelt be-

cause he could not sleep upon the Palatine. Perhaps the terrors of the Empire held him in too close a bondage on the hill where so many murdered Cæsars, half mad with nameless terrors, had sought sleep vainly, and grasped their daggers with clammy hands at every unexpected sound. Another heritage besides the Empire of the world descended to the son of Marcus Aurelius; —the madness of Caligula and Nero, their excesses, their cruelty, their overweening vanity, sprang into being in the moment when he first knew fear of the assassin's knife. He was murdered in his house on the Cœlian by his mistress, who gave him poison, having learnt from his tablets that he had signed away her life; and then, because the poison worked so slowly, called to her aid an athlete named Narcissus, who strangled the mad tyrant in his troubled sleep.

On the Cœlian the man who was to deal the final blow at pagan Rome, and establish the Holy Roman Empire over the world, was born in the house of his forefathers on the Clivus Scauri. Gregory, the heir of the ancient and noble family of the Anicii, stands to Christian Rome in the same relation as Julius Cæsar stood to Rome of the Empire. Three times Cæsar refused the emblem of sovereignty in the Forum Romanum. Gregory fled secretly from his convent on the Cœlian to escape from the pontifical chair. Elected in the darkest hour of Rome's degeneracy, when a stricken people wandered within her broken walls a prey to the barbarian from the north, he was able to hold the city against the men of Lombardy till peace could be

arranged; to reanimate the effeminate and dispirited citizens; and to reconquer for the Empire distant lands which had once paid tribute to the Cæsars.

In the Church of S. Gregorio, which was restored out of recognition in the eighteenth century, the cell where the saint lived, and his marble chair, and the niche where he slept, are shown. It was from their quiet and lovely home in the monastery, on the site of the present basilica, that S. Augustine and his companions set out on their mission to Britain. Everyone knows the story of how Gregory, before he was made Pope, was walking in the slave-market of the Forum, and came across some British captives. His epigram has become a proverb. But he never forgot the sight of those fair, blue-eyed children standing fearlessly in the midst of their swarthy captors; and on his elevation to the Papacy he sent S. Augustine to Britain to compass his desire.

To-day there are only a few cypresses in the little garden of S. Sylvia, with its fragment of the wall of Servius Tullius; but the view of the Palatine and the Aventine is exquisite. Three chapels open on to a gracious colonnade at the far end, and in one of them is the marble table whose inscription claims that it is the very table at which the angel sat down with the twelve poor men whom S. Gregory entertained in his palace every day.

The Cœlian has its ghosts, who tell you many a strange tale as you wander up the Via Claudia in the shadow of the jagged walls of the Vivarium. This vast structure, which bounds the garden of the Passionists

for nearly a quarter of a mile, once echoed to a strange medley of sounds—roars, and muffled grunts, and the weary sighs like moans which wild beasts give when a craving for their homes comes over them, and they lie down against the bars of their cage, sickened with ramping in its narrow space. For here the animals needed for the Colosseum were kept until they were driven by slaves with flaming torches through a subterranean passage to the circus below.

The Flavian Amphitheatre, which rose from the site of the fish-pond of Nero's Golden House, is one of the marvels of the world. In the eighth century the Venerable Bede, who never visited Rome, wrote his famous epigram upon the vastest of Rome's ruins: "Quamdiu stabit Coliseus stabit et Roma: quando cadet Coliseus cadet et Roma." Unlike the great thermæ of Rome, the story of the Colosseum was not finished when it passed from its original use. It became by turns an arena for bull-fights, a fortress, a hospital, a woollen manufactory, a saltpetre factory; and finally, in the last century, the Stations of the Cross were placed round the arena and the voiceless stones echoed to songs of praise. Its history is not finished yet. In vain did Cardinal Farnese engage four thousand workmen to carry away its blocks of travertine in the few hours allotted to him by his uncle, Paul III. It has the air of waiting, not with the restful calm of the marbles in the Forum, for the next movement of the race of pigmies who welded it into a colossal whole, and have left it to frame the sky in empty arches for the pleasure and wonderment of the cosmopolite.

When you climb to the highest seats where the rabble sat to watch the gladiators in the arena, you cannot fail to dream of Rome—not only Rome Imperial, but Rome Eternal and Rome Beautiful. Far below are gesticulating guides; the wall of the upper tier blocks almost all the modern city; through the arches of the lower tiers you see the sunny road with its ubiquitous wine-carts, whose jangling bells never pass out of earshot; and near at hand rises the Palatine, its eastern slope hardly changed during the past three hundred years, with S. Bonaventura and its palm-tree slumbering amid Imperial ruins. Above the Parco di S. Gregorio and the cypress garden of the Passionists you see S. Gregorio and SS. Giovanni e Paolo; and, beyond S. Saba and the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, the Campagna ripples away to the faint line of the Mediterranean on the horizon.

The Flavian Amphitheatre is the natural link between the Cœlian and the Esquiline, for it rose over the site of Nero's Golden House, which spread over the valley from the Palatine and encroached upon the slopes of the neighbouring hills. To-day the desolate fragments of Nero's palace lie under the Baths of Trajan, but they have the most beautiful approach of any ruin in Rome. High banks covered with creepers line the path which leads up the hillside to the yawning brown walls thrown into relief against the vivid sky. On the top of the slope are laurels and tall eucalyptus-trees, whose slender stems are white as silver birches. The air is full of the song of birds, as though the feathered denizens of the hedge-side gathered inspiration from the memories of Nero's vanished park—the most ambitious *rus in urbe* created within

the memory of mankind. But in the gloomy cryptoporticus, where echo flings back your every word like a malignant ghost, water drips from holes in the roof, and the gay frescoes and stuccoes which inspired the artists of the Renaissance are faded and spoilt.

Of the gardens which clothed the Esquiline in the days of Imperial Rome no traces remain. But the beautiful wild vigna of the Palazzo Brancaccio-Field, with its ruins of the Baths of Trajan and its reservoirs of the Domus Aurea, is fragrant in January with violets, and its paths are lined with the orange-trees Mantegna loved to paint, all golden fruit and glossy leaves. The Esquiline, like the Viminal and the Quirinal, is rapidly becoming modern. Even the monuments of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance are being gradually swept away. Near S. Pietro in Vincoli the long stairway and grim old tower of the Palace of Lucretia Borgia still grace the modern Via Cavour; but there is little to remind the passer-by that near the Via del Coliseo the daughter of Julius Cæsar, the wife of Pompey, died in the house where, later, Antony dwelt. Where the famous gardens of Lamia and Mæcenas once beautified the hill are rows of modern houses, unromantic and un-Roman. Virgil we know lived on this hill, and Horace, that very human satirist, spent more than half his days in the villa of the luxurious Mæcenas. But there is one spot on the Esquiline where memory still lingers; for close to S. Maria Maggiore, with its twin domes and pointed campanile, is the house of Pudens, the sanctuary of St Peter and St Paul.

The Viminal retains less of its ancient character than

any of the hills of Rome. The wind once whistled through the osiers from which it took its name, and in one of the temples which lined its main street in the days of the Republic the sylvan god Pan was worshipped. To-day it is covered with modern buildings, and is almost indistinguishable from the Quirinal. But on the eastern wing of the hill are the most gigantic erections both of the Empire and of the present monarchy: these are the Baths of Diocletian and the Palace of the Ministry of Finance.

One of the fascinating surprises Rome offers to the stranger within her gates is the way in which he comes out of the station on his arrival and sees the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian before him in the sunshine. They are not all ruins, but the glimpse he catches of them as he crosses the piazza in a *vettura* does not convey their immense size to him. Nor does he realize that he is, in effect, crossing what was once a hall of these baths; for the line of the *esedra* which terminates the Via Nazionale preserves the line of the giant *esedra* of the thermæ. In the centre is the fountain of the Aqua Marcia, with its delightful groups of bronze statuary and its great flow of water, the purest in the city. This is the best of all the modern fountains of Rome, and there is a certain personal interest attached to it, because it was to see the water flow for the first time from this fountain that Pius IX made his last appearance in the city.

The Baths of Diocletian are like the wreck of a vessel under whose lee a thousand small creatures have made their home. Besides S. Maria degli Angeli, adapted by

THE FORUM OF TRAJAN

Michelangelo from the great hall of the thermæ, and the Museo delle Terme, with its immense cloister, the Baths contain two other churches, Custom-House offices, wood-yards, corn-stores, smithies, a livery stable, and more than one *locanda*, with wooden dwelling-rooms, built into the smoke-darkened vaulting of the roof.

The Quirinal, the ancient stronghold of the Sabines, is impregnated with the spirit of the Renaissance, and its history is paramount in interest, for it has been, like the Capitoline, a centre of the government of Rome. The Quirinal is crowned by great palaces. On its slopes are the Palazzi Aldobrandini, Barberini, Rospigliosi, Colonna, and the Quirinal itself, the Palace of the King —once the summer residence of the Popes. Modern buildings crowd up its slopes from the east, but in the gardens of the Colonna romance and memory linger round the broken walls of the Baths of Constantine; and the tawny Palace of the Kings of Italy holds many a strange secret of the Papacy. Twenty-two Popes died in the Quirinal Palace, and there Victor Emmanuel breathed his last, after he had received a message of benediction from Pius IX. In comparatively modern times it has witnessed some curious scenes. In the last century two Popes left their palace on the hill in a manner suggestive of the stormy Middle Ages. Pius VII was abducted at night by General Radet, and kept in exile till Napoleon was sent to St Helena; and Pius IX made his escape during the Revolution of 1848 through a disused postern, disguised as a poor cleric.

There is no sunnier spot in Rome than the Piazza

Monte Cavallo; and Guido Reni's *Aurora* on the ceiling of the Rospigliosi Casino crystallizes the tradition that the building pulled down by the splendour-loving Scipio Borghese was the Temple of the Sun. In the middle of the square Domitian's obelisk points to the heavens, and at its base, flanking a fountain, whose single powerful jet makes a miniature obelisk in water, are the spirited groups of the horse-tamers. To the west lies the ancient Campus Martius, now the most crowded part of the city; and on the slopes of the Mons Vaticanus, beside St Peter's dome, rises the Vatican, from whose windows the Pope can look across the valley to the Palace of the King.

Below the high wall of the Palazzo Aldobrandini is a fragment of the fortifications built by Servius Tullius when the Capitoline was only a spur of the Quirinal, connected with that mount by a long narrow ridge. This ridge formed a natural blockade between the eastern and western city, which must perforce be toiled over by man and beast, unless they skirted the rock by the river, making a détour three times as long as the passage over the hill. It was Trajan who cleared away the obstruction, removing approximately 24,000,000 cubic feet of earth and rock to make room for his Forum. The engineer of that stupendous feat was the ill-fated Apollodorus, whose unlucky criticism of Hadrian's plans for his Temple of Venus and Rome cost him his life. The Forum of Trajan lies in fragments in its artificial valley, but the magnificent column, with its long tale of imperial achievements, which was raised to his honour by

a wondering and delighted populace, still marks the height of the ridge which in the time of Cæsar connected the Quirinal and the Capitoline.

The Capitol is the altar of Rome. From the days when Romulus and the Sabines of the Quirinal made their first treaty, and dedicated the Capitoline as their common ground for worship, and the valley between the hills as their market-place, its history has been the history of Rome. The fingers of Time have obliterated the ancient fortress, and the temples of the Republic and the Empire have vanished or are lost to sight below the palaces and halls erected by the Princes of the Renaissance. Even the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which made the Capitol the Holy Hill of Rome for nearly a thousand years, is no more. But incense has risen from S. Maria in Ara Cœli, on the site of the ancient citadel, since Gregory the Great consecrated it to the name of the Mother of God in the sixth century. There are no ruins on the Capitol except the foundations of the Tabularium of the Republic, and the gloomy Mamertine prisons below S. Pietro in Carcere, where the enemies of Rome perished, in the dread silence of a waiting multitude, before the hero of the Triumph ascended to the shrine of Jupiter. Memories crowd so thickly on the Capitoline that for every day in the year you might dream a different dream in the Piazza del Campidoglio, where it is always sunny and never crowded, save when the citizens of Rome drive up the carriage-way that has been cut in the natural rock, to attend a civil wedding in the Palace of the Conservatori.

It is Rome of the Middle Ages and Rome of the Renaissance which fill your thoughts when you stand in the Piazza Campidoglio ; and Marcus Aurelius with his bronze charger, from whose bridle the corpse of more than one miscreant has swung in the breeze, becomes a mere work of art.

But in the little garden of the Tarpeian Rock, where roses or narcissi seem to bloom all the year round, you think of bright-eyed Tarpeia and her treachery, or of the men who perished from the fatal rock; you may see the shadowy spectre of the gallows, where the criminals of Rome died in the Middle Ages; you will certainly hear in fancy the terror-stricken cackling of the geese who roused brave Manlius from his heavy sleep in time to thrust the first Gaul who had scaled the cliff back on his comrades. But these ghosts are not insistent. The bright ochre walls of the hospital of the German colony on the Capitol throw back the sunlight; and if you stay to dream in that shady, rose-scented garden your thoughts wing their way to the Palatine, shrouded in ilexes, from which Caligula's bridge spanned the valley, so that the mad young Emperor might cross from his Imperial Hill to the Sacred Mount of Jupiter without descending to the level of common men.

Seen from below, the Tarpeian Rock, with its narrow houses crowding on the cliff; its balconies, with frequent clothes drying in the sunlight; and its orange-trees, presents a gay Roman scene with not a hint of tragedy. At the foot of the rock is an old brown house, with a frescoed crucifixion under a simple canopy. Every day

it is half hidden by a line hanging with snowy linen; on the tiled porch is another orange-tree grown in a terra-cotta pot, and in the *bassi* are an orange-stall and an antiquity shop, with amphoræ leaning against the lintel, and cupids and broken marbles half hidden in the gloom of the interior.

It is on the Capitol that Rome claims you for her own; there you are in the living, palpitating heart of the Alma Città, which has been beating for more than two thousand years; there the great Mother of the World draws you into the circle of her embrace, smiles on you with the smile that men have died for, weeps for the scattered fragments of her glory, which men have cheerfully laid down their lives to give back to her, and yields you the treasure of inspiration which she has bestowed upon her worshippers through twenty centuries.

There are few idlers on the earth so much to be envied as he who climbs the Capitol to see the Vision Beautiful, whether it is for the first time or the fiftieth. Already the marble columns of the monument, larger than the Capitoline Temple of Jupiter, which Italy is raising to Victor Emmanuel, gleam through a forest of scaffolding, and screen the church of Ara Cœli and the Museo Capitolino. At the western corner of the hill are the steps of S. Maria on the Altar of Heaven, where in the golden light of a Roman afternoon the limpid shadow of the stone-pine overhanging them seeks every day to mount the steep incline. Another and shallower stairway leads past the little garden of the Capitol, where wolves and eagles—the emblems of

Rome's birth and majesty—are caged, and past the colossal statues of the Dioscuri to the Piazza del Campidoglio, where Marcus Aurelius bestrides his splendid charger. The sunlight plays on the gilding of the ancient statue, and turns the lichen on the gurgling fountain below Michelangelo's Senate-house into gold. On either hand are the twin palaces of the Conservatori; and the Museum, with statues on their parapets gleaming snow-white against the unfathomable Roman sky. But it is from the Clivus Capitolinus, by which the Triumphs of the Empire and the Republic ascended to the Temple of Jupiter, that Rome claims her eternal triumph over the world; for as you pass the Senate-house the panorama of the ancient city unrolls itself before you. First the Palatine, with its heavy cloud of ilexes resting on the arched substructures of Imperial palaces; and then the Forum, with its broken temples and its slender solitary columns, with its wonderful majesty and its wonderful beauty, lying on the bosom of the Rome which once it cradled. The silver arch of Titus crowns the Velian; and beyond the Byzantine campanile of Saint Frances of Rome the great bulk of the Colosseum looms up against the misty Alban Hills. And while your lips are still pressed to the Circean bowl, a silent throng presses round you—the ghosts of those who never saw the Forum as it is, of those to whom the Capitoline was the goal of their hopes and their ambitions; the ghosts of those whose knell was tolled by the deep voice of the Patarina; Sovereigns and Popes. It has been a hill of death; it has been a

hill of honour: Petrarch received his poet's crown here as the Generals of Ancient Rome received their crowns of victory; Rienzi died here, like the brother of Vespasian; and Arnold of Brescia and pale Stephen Porcari both wander on the hill of their unrealized ambitions, with the ghost of Tasso claiming the laurel-wreath he never wore.

CHAPTER IV
Of the Walls

THE walls of Rome are the tablets of her history. From the day when Romulus took his plough and ran a furrow round the Palatine to mark the line of his fortifications, Rome has been girdled by walls. The Romulean city grew and spread from hill to hill till Servius Tullius, the Etruscan, the greatest of the Roman Kings, was forced to build another wall, six miles in extent, round the Septimontium. In the goods-yard of the station a magnificent stretch of this ancient fortification, composed of huge blocks of tufa, is still to be seen; and there are many smaller fragments scattered through the modern city—here built into the wall of a convent on the Aventine, there jutting out into the highway, or frowning like a natural cliff in the sunshine of the Viale Aventino. Through this wall the Gauls burst, slaying and destroying, but they only scaled the Capitol in time to be hurled down the rock by Marcus Manlius, who was so soon to die the death himself at the hands of his ungrateful countrymen. Hannibal, marching in the Campagna, saw it and turned aside, knowing that his enemies, entrenched in the shelter of that defiant fortress, could hold him at bay till he and his army were starved or harried out of the country by their allies.

When Rome became the mistress of the world, the walls of Servius Tullius became mere boundaries be-

THE FORUM OF NERVA

tween gardens and estates. On either side of the swiftly-flowing Tiber, and over the sunny hills of the Campagna, the beautiful imperious city spread in parks and gardens white with villas, whose walls were panelled with marble from Hymettus, and whose ceilings were rich with ivory and gold. Long roads, like the Via Appia, paved with lava from the volcano by the Alban Lake, and lined with splendid tombs, linked the smiling city with her ports and Italian colonies; and along the aqueducts of the Empire came sparkling spring water to serve Imperial baths and splash in the marble courts and gardens of luxury-loving Romans.

But the makers of Rome were dead, and Horace's plea for simplicity of life had gone unheeded, till one day Rome awoke to find her Imperial honour tarnished, and her Empire struggling in its gilded chains. With the fear of the barbarians in his heart, Aurelian, the soldier of fortune, the great commander who, in his short reign of four and a half years, held the Goths and Vandals in check, defeated the Alemanni, took Zenobia prisoner, and brought the provinces of Greece, Italy, Illyria, and the East under his sway, laid the foundations of the great chain of walls which still encircles the Eternal City. Aurelian died by treachery, and it was not until the reign of Probus, the brilliant soldier who united in his person the graces of Hadrian and the martial gifts of Aurelian, that the new line of fortifications, twice the length of the Servian Wall, was completed.

A hundred and thirty years later Honorius repaired

them in haste while the Goths were still harrying the north of Italy, using any material that came to hand, even rebuilding the bastions of the Porta Appia with solid marble taken from the Temple of "Mars without the Walls." Neither he nor Belisarius, in the sixth century, the last of the Roman soldiers, could stem the oncoming tide of the Gothic invasion. It swept through Rome, and purged her of her Imperial state, and when it retreated it left the greatest city in the world a depopulated waste of ruined houses, which was soon to echo to the shrill party cries of the nobles of the Middle Ages as they fought their way to power from their fortresses in the monuments of the Empire.

The brown walls of Rome still preserve the line of the Aurelian fortifications; but the Popes of the Renaissance, with their "battered" walls and Spanish bastions; and the modern rulers of Italy under the Pincian Hill and near the Porta Salaria, have added their quota. Of the fortifications with which the intrepid and energetic Leo IV surrounded St Peter's and the Borgo after the invasion of the Saracens in 846 nothing remains except two magnificent towers and a curtain of wall enclosed in the Vatican Gardens.

The Porta San Paolo has the round Aurelian towers, which probably inspired the Saracens, when repelled by them in the ninth century, to build fortifications which later gave the English crusaders in the East the idea for their towered fortresses. On its left stands the pyramid which Caius Cestius desired his heir to build for him

after his death. It is smaller than the least of the pyramids of Gizeh; it lacks the dignity of Egyptian monuments; it is encased in the Aurelian Wall, and it is so blackened and stained by time that its once shining marble is as dull as lead. Yet there is a pathetic grandeur about the tomb of this Roman, whom we know from his inscription to have lived a prætor, tribune and priest, and to have died during the lifetime of Agrippa, the friend of Augustus.

Obelisks there are in plenty at Rome, snatched from their resting-places in the temples of Egyptian gods to adorn a Roman triumph and fill the minds of the plebs with wonder at the sight of so strange a monument. In all Rome there is but one pyramid, although the great round mausoleums of Augustus and Hadrian were suggested to their Imperial builders by the pyramid of Cheops, on the banks of the Nile.

Amazement must have filled the souls of the legions of Rome when their eyes first beheld the mightiest monuments in the world resting like purple clouds on the horizon of the desert. Perhaps their galleys anchored off the Egyptian Babylon at the hour of sunset, when the whole sky was flaming with the ruddy embers of the sun's torch dying down in the west. Dark and mysterious, or purple and translucent, they rose upon the vision of the Romans as they rise to-day with gloomy grandeur and impenetrable mystery upon the vision of sojourners in the East. So old were they even when Antony first sailed under the golden ægis of Cleopatra to her temple at Denderah, that perhaps their great blocks of sandstone

were rough and robbed of their polished facing, as they are to-day. But surely Caius Cestius, when he was in Egypt with the young Octavian, must have noticed them from Babylon, shining over the miles of golden sand which stretched between them and the river, as they still shine in the morning sun in the eyes of the traveller returning from the south.

Augustus may have seen the marble pyramid of Caius Cestius thus, gleaming in the sunshine beyond the wall of Servius Tullius as he rode to Ostia. Nearly a hundred years later the eyes of St Paul, as he passed out of the city to his execution, beheld the monument so strange to Romans, but not unfamiliar to the Apostle "who set sail for Alexandria."

The Via Ostiensis has little of its ancient character to-day, for it is no longer the highway from the great port of Rome, and electric trams absorb the traffic. Even the noble basilica of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, which marks the burial-place of the Apostle, has been robbed of the beauty of antiquity. The basilica which Constantine erected in the fourth century blossomed in the years that came after into the likeness of a perfect church; and the Theodosian basilica which Honorius completed in 395 stood in its perfection until the fatal fire of 1823 destroyed everything except the transept and the triumphal arch. It has been restored in its original form and enriched with rare marbles; it is as noble as a temple and as spacious as a cathedral, but its ancient glory has departed. Grey granite columns—magnificent monoliths like those with which the

Romans loved to adorn their temples and law-courts—support the double aisles of the nave, and on the architrave are mosaic medallion portraits of the long procession of Bishops who have filled the Pontifical chair. The marbles of the beautifully proportioned nave, with its double colonnade and its heavy gold ceiling, terminating in the triumphal arch of the Honorian church, have a polish like the glassy sea of the Book of the Revelation. The modern baldacchino of Oriental alabaster and malachite is not gracious; but beyond it are the restored mosaics of the apse, and the Honorian mosaics, which fill the tribune with radiance as you behold them from the western entrance along the vista of shining grey columns.

Below the High Altar, marble slabs with the dedication "Pavlo Apostolo Mart." rest above the mysterious tomb of the Apostle, which the eyes of no man have beheld since Constantine enclosed it in a chamber lined with bronze. The spirit of reverence does not arrest you here as it does in some of the poor but ancient churches of Rome. There is an atmosphere of reconstruction which savours somewhat of museums about this beautiful church on the Via Ostiensis, which should be so full of the odour of sanctity. Reverence and the associations of antiquity cling more closely to the simple little basilica of SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio at the Tre Fontane, with its penthouse roof and its plain brick walls and its whitewashed interior. In S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane a gentle Trappist monk will show you the third milestone of the ancient Via Laurentiana on

which St Paul was beheaded, and the three fountains which sprang up when his head bounded three times on the ground crying, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," in memory of which the three churches were erected. They are embosomed in a forest of eucalyptus-trees, planted to make the region—the most malarial in Italy—habitable. They have not only made it habitable, but they have made it one of the most picturesque spots near Rome. Their tall white stems are hung with long strips of peeling bark, and their beautiful evergreen foliage tosses restlessly in the Tramontana as it blows across the hills of the Campagna, filling the groves with the sound of a rushing sea. It is here rather than in the great basilica on the Via Ostiensis that you feel the spirit of St Paul,* who may have been moved by a prophetic inspiration when he said to the Hebrews, "Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people through His own blood, suffered *without the gate*."

The brown masonry of the Aurelian wall wings its way from the Porta San Paolo to the Tiber on thirty-five towers, which enclose the pyramid of Caius Cestius, so that one side still faces the road to Ostia and the other backs upon the grass-grown sanctuary of the Protestant cemetery.

The cypresses of this Acre of God soar above the massive walls of Aurelian like the phantom spires of a Gothic city. The burial-place of those who confessed in very truth "that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth" is a sweet, quiet place, all white marble

* The authorship of the Epistle is much disputed.

THE WALL OUTSIDE THE PORTA S. PAOLO

and dark trees, where the sun pours shafts of light through the branches to caress some rose-bush on a little grave. Here Shelley lies beside his friend Trelawny—Shelley who said, "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place"—and close at hand are the simple tombstones of John Addington Symonds and Frederick Myers. Keats is not buried with Shelley, but in the old cemetery where the tomb of Caius Cestius stands. You can see his tomb and the tomb of Joseph Severn, his friend, through an opening in the wall—a sad little grave with its pathetic egotistical inscription and its crooked tombstone leaning on the sunken earth.* The grass is full of violets, and roses throw caressing arms over the marble graves. Silence and peace brood over this Garden of Sleep; it seems to me that here more than anywhere else in the world "there cometh a rest unto the people of God."

The scene outside the gates of Rome is always gay. Close to the Porta San Paolo there is a vegetable booth hanging with long bunches of the small tomatoes, like scarlet grapes, which play so important a part in the Italian cuisine, and piled up with oranges arranged in pyramids among their glossy leaves. White oxen with loads of firewood roll up to the gate and wait in the sunshine while their handsome, indolent masters gossip with the men of the Octroi, as though time counted for nothing in their philosophy.

* As Mr Markino shows in his picture, the tombstone has recently been put straight for the 1909 Keats and Shelley celebration.

Time does count for nothing outside the walls of Rome. The old brown towers climb up and down their hilly course, leaning this way and that, as old things will. The other side of the country lane which winds under the ancient towers is bounded by a hedge of donax or wattles, broken by the white posts of a vigna, or lofty stone gates, remnants of seventeenth-century country houses. Over the hedge you see the Campagna, with its little grey farms dotted about among the vines which stretch away to the Alban Mountains, as blue as sapphire and as misty as cloud, with the sunlight shining on the little white towns which nestle against their sides.

Wild figs and geraniums grow out of the ruddy walls of the city, and on the summit you see great bushes of blue-berried ivy and broom against the sky. After a while the tired towers of Aurelian give way to the sloping bastion of Sangallo, with the Farnese crest breaking the line of the angle. It is almost like a hillside, so covered is it with plants and moss and hanging brambles; but when you have rounded the corner you have another long vista of the ancient walls, showing the covered gallery which went the whole circuit of the fortifications. Alexander VI, Urban VIII, Innocent X, Clement XI, Benedict XIV, and many other Popes, have put their names upon the girdle of Rome where they repaired it; even Pius IX has his arms beyond the Porta San Sebastiano.

You come upon this gate, the ancient Porta Appia, suddenly round an angle in the wall. It makes a splendid

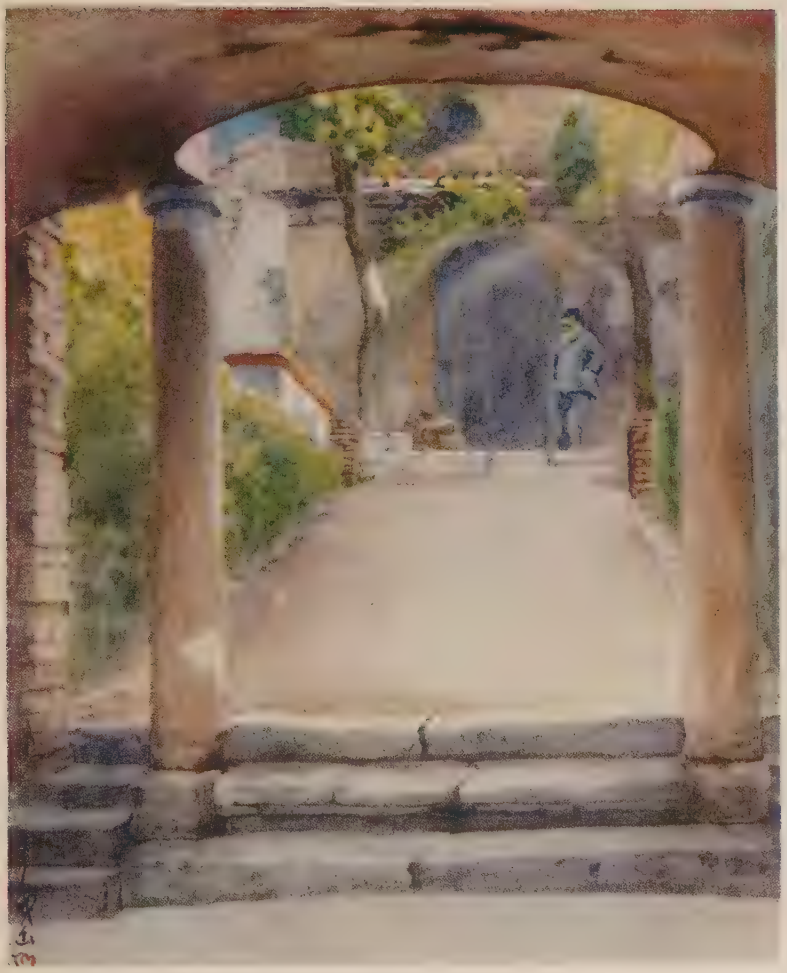
picture, with its great round towers, its blue-coated sentries, its cluster of *osterie*, and its red and blue wine-carts loitering in the sunshine, filling the air with the jangle of their bells and the yapping of their little Roman dogs.

To-day the Via Appia, which witnessed Roman Triumphs even as late as 1571, when Marc Antonio Colonna marched through the Porta San Sebastiano after the Battle of Lepanto, is a quiet country road flanked by high walls, which the sun has kissed to the colour of gold. A few hundred yards inside the old gate of the Aurelian Wall, a tall cypress, rising above an archway like the smoke of a funeral pyre on a windless day, marks the tombs of the Scipios. Two columns support the arch, which is adorned on the interior with a beautiful fragment of marble frieze, and a little slope leads up to the open mouth of the tomb, where pepper-trees stand like guardians on either hand. You descend a steep incline into the dark, dank silence of the house of the dead Scipios, whose *peperino* sarcophagi are white with tears fallen from the tapers of those who come to see the resting-place of the Cornelian gens. Every year they are sprinkled more thickly, as though the world would never tire of weeping over their departed grandeur. The sepulchre is as large as a catacomb, and its network of winding ways holds many of the plain *peperino* slabs which close the sarcophagi of the house that bred more conquerors than any other Roman family. Here Scipio Hispanus and his son Lucius Cornelius Scipio were laid with the younger Scipio Africanus and Scipio

Asiaticus and his sons—all brilliant soldiers—but the elder Africanus, one of the greatest military geniuses the world has known, does not lie in the sepulchre of his fathers on the Appian Way. Hated by the small men of his day who ruled from the Senate-house; too proud to answer the shameful accusations that were brought against him; not desirous of sovereignty, and unwilling to submit to the legal bonds with which the Lilliputian rulers of Rome sought to bind him, Scipio Africanus, the man who vanquished Hannibal and Hasdrubal, left his ungrateful country and died in voluntary exile in the farthest corner of Italy.

Near by is the Antiquario Appio, which has a collection of ancient marbles combined with a manufactory of sculpture. From its workrooms the song of the drill is heard on the Appian Way, and in its sunny loggia great blocks of marble are lathed into a likeness to the plaster casts which stand beside them. It is very different from the scene which the workroom of Michelangelo would have presented, for romance does not cling about the machine-made statues which flood the cities of the world as it clings about the marble forms to whose making went so much desire and hope and love with the slow progress of chisel and hammer on the virgin stone.

From the Porta San Sebastiano the Via Appia, the magnificent roadway planned by Appius Claudius for Republican Rome, which was still perfect when Procopius approached the city in the sixth century, stretches over the Campagna to the south, the immortal type of the roads that lead to Rome.



THE TOMBS OF THE SCIPIOS

Gay little *osterie*, with the legends *Vino di Castelli* or *Vino di Frascati* painted roughly in red or blue letters on their plaster walls, are grouped outside the old gate, and at first there is nothing to remind the traveller of the ancient grandeur of the Appian Way. But not many hundred yards from the Aurelian Wall the lofty core of the Tomb of Geta, the hapless brother of Caracalla, rises from the roadside. Geta's brown ruin is the first in the long procession of broken tombs which line the ancient roadway. A peasant has built his simple dwelling-place on its crest, high above the level of the road, and out of reach of the malarial vapours of the Campagna. At its foot is a humble *locanda*, shaded by straggling elder-trees.

After the little chapel of Quo Vadis, at the only angle in this marvellous relic of ancient road-building, there are no more *osterie;* their place is taken by the high plaster walls of the gardens enclosing the catacombs, broken here and there by massive villa gates which look so strangely out of place as they give access to the cultivation patch of a cottager, and frame exquisite vistas of the Campagna stretching from the brown walls of Rome to the blue mountains on the horizon.

The Appian Way was more than the burial-ground of pagan Rome; during the early Empire its Cœmeteria had often to be the retreats of the followers of Christ. It is usual for visitors to choose the Catacombs of S. Calixtus for their glimpse of these extraordinary relics of the early Christians, for they are very extensive, and they are richer than most catacombs in features such as

chapels and frescoes. They are three or four tiers deep, and are of immense interest when you are allowed to see them intelligently, which is seldom. The clever monks to whom they belong have made a kind of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition out of them, and entrust the conducting of English and American visitors to brothers who would be showmen but for their vows and their monastic habit. The whole atmosphere is irreverent. Visitors are rushed through with a running fire of pleasantries, and leave knowing absolutely nothing about the catacombs except what they have noted with their eyes—the long, deep, delving underground passages; the *arcosolia*, or semicircular recesses which mark the resting-places of saints and martyrs; the broken *lastre;* the half-obliterated inscriptions; the dusty bones lying in their narrow niches; the chapels where early Christians met to pray in the days of their persecutions; and the rude stone seats which were the thrones of more primitive Popes.

If you are in Rome on the feast-day of S. Sebastiano, it is better to visit the humble catacombs below that church in company with the priests and monks who throng the ancient Appian Way, bent on making their devotions at the shrine of S. Sebastiano ad Catacumbas.

On that day laurel and box are strewn on the pavement of S. Sebastiano, and great festoons of evergreen are hung over the portal. It is an unpretentious church, with nothing ancient except the columns of its portico; but it has a Renaissance roof full of warm colour, and the air is fragrant with incense and the pungent smell

of crushed box. Everything is simple and sweet, and everyone is devout. The scarlet priests of the German college kneel on the box-strewn pavement beside Dominicans and Franciscans, and, most picturesque of all, the Trinitarians, in their white robes and black cloaks, with their hands hidden under their scapulars, embroidered with the large red and blue cross of their Order.

You see beautiful peasants here, the men in faded blue coats and goat-skin trousers, and the women with *tovagliette* on their heads, short, swinging skirts bunched out over their hips, and velvet stays and gay neckerchiefs. They crouch before an altar in the small chapel on the left of the nave, where a recumbent statue of S. Sebastiano is sculptured; or wander through the catacombs below, half awed and half delighted with the novelty and excitement of meeting all their friends in the dim recesses of the ancient burial-place. On this day it is announced in the *Roman Herald* that the society called the *Cultores Martyrum* will illuminate the catacombs, and the dear Franciscans to whom the place belongs are visibly elated at the solitary candles placed at long intervals which lighten the darkness of the twisting passages.

The devout old Franciscan who showed us round the catacombs took no interest in inscriptions or *lastre;* he only warmed into enthusiasm over the tiny graves of baby martyrs who had been left to rest in peace behind their unbroken *lastre.* "Ecco, signorina—ecco! Per gli piccoli—piccoli bambini!"

But even S. Sebastiano, with its memories of the

Apostles, will not detain you long, for in the hollow of the Campagna, almost opposite the little church, are the brown ruins of the Circus of Maxentius; and the straight ribbon of the Appian Way, with the shadow of a solitary stone-pine falling across its whiteness, leads up the hill to the great round tomb of Cecilia Metella.

It does not need an archæologist's eye to trace the grass-grown *stadium*, with the *metæ* still standing in the ivied ruin of Maxentius's pleasure-ground; it does not need a great effort of imagination to picture the chariot-races of the ancients, or to hear the cheers which greeted the victor as he swung away from the dangerous press, for the Romans still have their races outside the city, not many miles along the Appian Way, at Capannelle, with the same soul-stirring view of the snow-clad mountains and the aqueducts marching towards them over the plain.

If it is spring-time, the day may be a Roman day with limpid sunlight and the soft wind called the Zephyr, when the almond-trees shell their pink blossoms against a turquoise sky, and cloud-shadows move restlessly over the misty blue mountains that encircle the Campagna, with snowy crests whiter than the *cumuli* floating above them.

The yellow fortress-tomb of the unknown Roman matron, whose sepulchre has immortalized nothing but her name, defies comparison as it frowns upon the plain from its hill-top. Behind lies Rome low in the Campagna, encircled by her brown girdle of walls, and illumined by the strange radiance of St Peter's dome; in front, the

white ribbon of the Via Appia breasts hill after hill, disappearing in the valleys and reappearing on the heights, lessening in the distance till it melts into the sky on the horizon ; and always there are ruins, ruins, ruins—fragments of friezes, pagan houses, built-up façades studded with broken marbles, fallen columns, defaced statues. Sometimes from the windows of their sepulchres stern Roman heads with features almost worn away gaze past you into eternity; and sometimes you are delighted by gay and beautiful fragments of the art of the ancients. There are all sorts and manner of tombs—towers and pyramids, tumuli and miniature temples. The Via Appia is a world of tombs filled with immortal beauty ; for flowers grow among the fallen marbles—violets, and anemones, and star-like crocuses, and hosts of other homely blossoms ; golden lichen is spread over the grey stones by the wayside, and in the tangled weeds your eye may meet the gloomy stare of a medusa, or the laughing glance of *amorini* struggling with their weighty garlands in the midst of waving grasses.

The purple and brown plains of the Campagna stretch to right and left, broken only by the stumbling arches of the aqueducts, and by old grey homesteads lichened with gold. Solitary stone-pines silhouetted against the sky raise their branches to heaven in mute protest against the tragic desolation of the Ancient Way of Rome. It is as beautiful as a dream—the wild sweet song of larks thrills through the crystal air ; somewhere in the distance a peasant sings at his work—" O bel amore !"—and as your ear attunes itself to the silence

you hear the unconscious sound of cowbells like the steady drip of water into an unseen pool. The desolation, the singing silence, the blue cloud-shadows resting on the Apennines, breed a pause for your soul. It seems as though the pendulum of life stands still while Nature comes to pour her golden wine into a crystal bowl more beautifully than Circe did of old. But while your whole being is steeped in delight, and you draw near the eternal question written in the sunlit spaces of the fields of Rome, the bowl is dashed from your lips.

> "Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,
> A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death,
> A chorus-ending from Euripides,
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
> As old and new at once as Nature's self,
> To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
> Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
> Round the ancient idol, on his base again—
> The grand Perhaps!"

The shadows will be long in the violet-scented halls of the villa of the murdered Quintilii before you turn back to Rome; the Eternal City will be bathed in the rose-glow of the west; even the distant hills will catch its radiance, and the snow on Mount Soracte will be flushed with pink.

The ancient Porta Latina is not far from the Porta San Sebastiano, and the little square campanile of S. Giovanni a Porta Latina rises over the wall near by. From here the Via Latina, with its grey farms and loggia'd barns, leads across the Campagna, but it has fallen into disuse since the ancient gate was walled up in 1808, and it is impassable in the winter-time. From the

Porta Latina you look down upon the Lateran—a royal church, with the long lines of the ancient basilica preserved, except where Leo XIII added the new apse, and where its forest of statues rises above the façade.

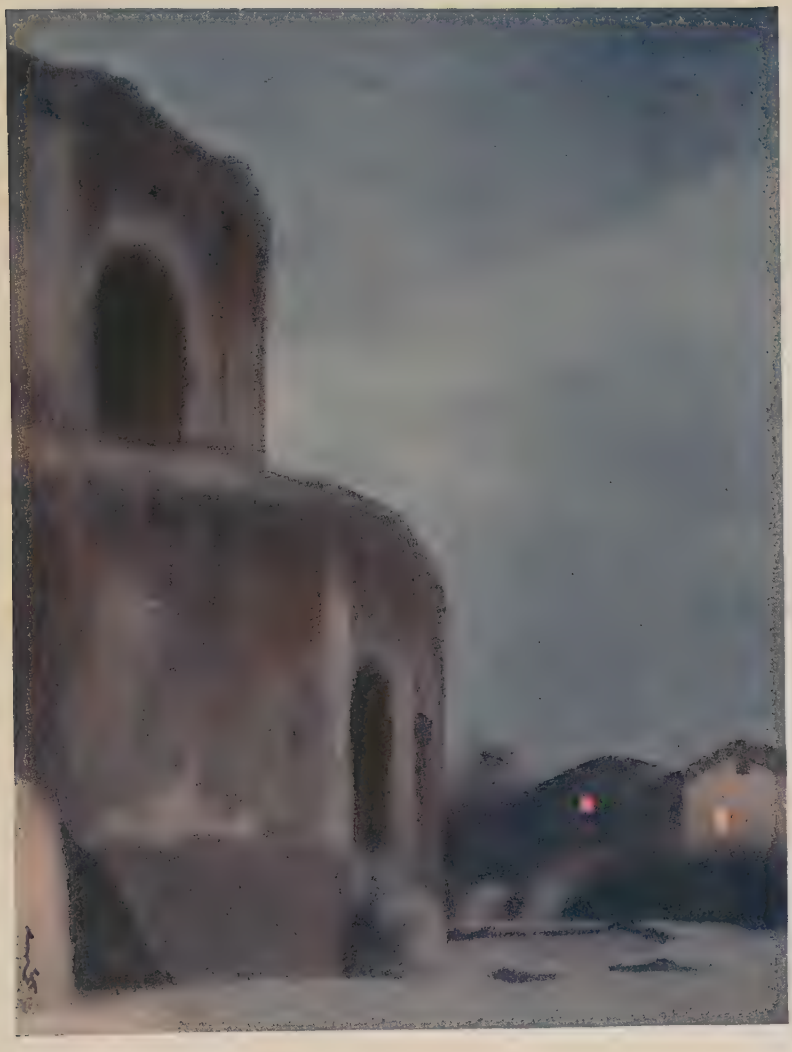
It is real country under the sunny southern walls of Rome. There is no sound of the city. In the distance dogs bark and hens cackle, and a carter, hidden in the angle of the wall, may give a long-drawn cry to his mule. Near at hand the Aqua Julia babbles busily as it enters by the ancient Porta Metronia, and bells jangle as ox-wains come sleepily up the hill drawn by grey Campagna beeves. Between the Porta Metronia and the Porta Asinaria—both closed now, like the old Porta Latina—there is a magnificent stretch of battered wall, with bronze-gold towers climbing the hill to the round bastions below the Lateran.

The Porta San Giovanni is the busiest of all the gates of Rome. It has always a crowd of ox-wains and gay wine-carts dallying over the Octroi; and the Via Appia Nuova, for more than half a mile outside, is lined with *osterie*. Peasants, in long faded blue cloaks and thong-bound sandals over white woollen stockings, lounge in the sunshine; and women in country dress, with red stockings and Venetian clogs, clatter along the pavement. The air is filled with the aromatic smell of roast chestnuts, and the sellers of haricot-beans do a good business with the peasants who take the obsolete-looking trams out to Grotta Ferrata. It is noisy, too, for, besides the clatter and clang of the tramcars, there is the ceaseless jangle of the wine-carts as they pass to and fro, no

two of them alike, with their brightly painted round hoods, lined with scarlet or green cloth, their clusters of bells, their bundles of fodder tied to the right shaft, their blue or red striped poles, the red tassels and fox-tails of their harness, and their little yapping dogs, with their collars of bells, standing on the piled-up wine-barrels.

A tramway takes you from the Porta San Giovanni through the avenue of *osterie*, gay with flags and advertisements and bamboo terraces, to the edge of the Campagna, which billows up to the mountains. A quarter of a mile away the modern roadway crosses the Via Latina. This ancient burial-ground of long-forgotten Romans is a beautiful and desolate place. The lonely tombs of the Valerii and the Pancratii, whose brickwork is tanned to a glowing orange by the generous sun of Italy, give no hint of their antiquity till you draw near them; but your feet tread the *selce* of the Via Latina of the ancients; pine-trees spread their branches to the heavens like *oranti* besides these sepulchres of the past; and unsuspected in the darkness of their burial-chambers is the gay loveliness of the youthful world. Massive sarcophagi, with their stone ears eternally listening, loom up in halls of fantastic beauty, whose walls and vaults are covered with stucco reliefs and delicate mouldings, telling the oft-told story of the gods of Greece and Rome. Where they are painted, the colours are almost as fresh to-day as they were when the funeral cortège passed from the sunlight of the Latin Way to the shadows of the last resting-place of Roman dust.

On the horizon, the Sabines and the Apennines, loth



TEMPLE OF MINERVA MEDICA

to lose their robes of snow, possess an unimaginable beauty of sunlight and shadow; Tivoli and Frascati smile from their slopes; and, near at hand, in the deceptive clearness of the crystal air, is Monte Cavo, with Rocca di Papa clambering up its side. In the plain the grey Campagna farms are linked together with the perfumed bouquets of their fruit-trees, white with blossom; and in their meadows men and women till the earth, clad in the bright blue linen of the south. The women's kerchiefs, scarlet or green or gold, are as dominating in colour as the plumage of tropical birds. Rome, bathed in sunlight, lies on the bosom of the Campagna like an island of sleep. Her aqueducts, the broken links of her Imperial majesty, stretch from the walls across the plain to the horizon; their brown arches frame vistas of the distant mountains, purple and emerald and sapphire; the grass at their feet is fragrant with the gentle passion of violets.

Close to the Porta San Giovanni, and almost adjoining S. Croce in Gerusalemme, is the semicircle of the Amphitheatrum Castrense, built into the Aurelian Wall; and beyond it the Claudian Aqueduct enters the city on six miles of ancient Roman arches. The imposing Porta Maggiore, the Porta Prænestina of Claudius, is another busy centre of country life. Here in the small piazza, full of country carts and fruit-stalls, farriers shoe horses and women wash clothes and gossip round the tomb of Eurysaces and his wife Atistia, which is called the Baker's Tomb because of its frieze with reliefs of the scenes and paraphernalia of a baker's trade. Between the

Porta Maggiore and the Porta S. Lorenzo is the round "temple" of Minerva Medica—the calidarium of vanished baths—a brown and picturesque ruin ; and near the Porta Pia is the Castro Pretorio, still the chief military camp of Rome.

On the east and north Rome has spread again beyond her walls, and just as the ancient fortifications of Servius Tullius were allowed to fall into decay when they no longer served as boundaries for the vigorous young city, so now Rome, in her vigorous old age, allows the great walls and towers of Aurelian and Probus to decay and fall as they have already fallen near the Porta San Giovanni. Time and the Mayor are the only enemies now who will make breaches in the ancient fortification. The day is past when Victor Emmanuel trained his guns against them, and entered through a breach near the Porta Pia, while Pius IX, waiting in the Vatican, yielded up the keys of his temporal city.

It was by the Porta Salaria that Alaric and his Goths entered Rome in the fifth century, and little more than a hundred years later Belisarius was defending it and the whole of the northern and eastern walls of the city against the Ostrogoths.

Even to-day antiquaries can trace their camps by the remnants of their enormous earthworks, of which the first was thrown up so near the Porta Flaminia, the modern Porto del Popolo, that the gallant defender had to wall it up lest traitors should open it to the invader.

At the Porta Pinciana, developed by Belisarius from a mere postern into its present form, the General

almost met his death in the great sally of the siege. Mounted on his renowned white charger, called by the Goths Balan, he succeeded in driving the barbarians back as far as the Anio. There his men wavered, and he was forced to retreat slowly, and hard pressed. He reached the gate, but its defenders did not recognize him in the turmoil, and would not open. He turned to face the enemy, fearful of treachery, and in the fury of his attack drove them from the walls again, while the populace, realizing the true state of affairs, cheered wildly and tumultuously, and flung the gates open for his triumphal entry.

Through the ancient and picturesque ruin the carriages of Romans pass daily from the new Ludovisi quarter into the lovely park of the Borghese; and the old brown towers of the fortifications wind under the Pincian, which is still a hill of gardens, as it was in the days of Lucullus and Messalina. This is the most picturesque piece of the walls of Rome. They tower fifty feet above the narrow country lane which follows their course; and sometimes, as you look up at the brown masonry where moss and brambles are weaving a tapestry, you see a marble goddess looking towards the sunset through the trees of the Villa Medici. It is like fairyland; the western sun gilds the cypress spires above the ancient wall; an infinite variety of lovely creeping plants and mosses clothe Aurelian's towers; on the parapet are statues gleaming under a sombre canopy of ilexes. You feel as though, if you were to wait long enough, the Venus on the wall would

turn her head to look down at you ; nor would you be surprised to hear the pipes of Pan in that mysterious garden overhead.

At the north-east corner of the hill, where the road turns sharply to the left, is a fragment of the gigantic substructure of the gardens of Manius Acilius Glabrio. It is built of the fine *opus reticulatum* of the Republic, and it bulges out over the road, as though every moment it must fall, bowed with its own weight. So it was hanging when Belisarius, making the circuit of his defences, wished to strengthen or rebuild it, and was persuaded by the populace not to move the ancient wall because St Peter was its protector. It is like a natural rock to-day, except for its fine brickwork. "In the Middle Ages women of ill-fame were buried at the foot of the inclined wall, and in more modern times men and women who died unpenitent." Perhaps St Peter at the Gate of Heaven may not refuse them the entry to the Eternal City, which was denied them on earth by man!

Of the Aurelian Wall on the western bank of the Tiber practically nothing remains except the ruined tower in the gardens of the Farnesina. Of the fortifications of the Leonine City there is nothing but the stretch of masonry in the Vatican Gardens mentioned above, except the ancient line of defence preserved in Sangallo's Porta di Santo Spirito, the Posterula Saxonum, which led into the borough of the Saxons. The Papal fortifications which Paul III began with Antonio di Sangallo as his architect were never finished, for his suc-

THE TRITON AND THE BARBERINI

cessors in the Chair of St Peter soon forgot the terrors of the Sack of the Constable of Bourbon, and were careless of the dangers of invasion from the sea. It was not until the pontificate of Urban VIII, the Barberini Pope, who was almost as great a student as he was a vandal, that the wall on the Janiculum was completed.

The magnificent Bastione di Belvedere is for the most part the work of Michelangelo, and is connected with a curious incident in his career. Buonarroti was never popular in the brilliant courts of the Renaissance; he was scornful of the gay crowd which filled the studio of Raffaelle, and his fiery temper often made a mortal enemy for him where his genius should have found a friend. It was a bitter disappointment to him that Paul III gave the commission for the new fortifications to Antonio di Sangallo, because he had won renown in Florence for the defences he had built round that city. When Sangallo died, the work, to the amazement of his contemporaries, was entrusted to Jacopo Meleghino, a mere courtier, whose claims as a military architect were based on the slightest foundations. Michelangelo took the post of assistant, or *ragazzo*, to the upstart Meleghino, but there is no lack of evidence that he succeeded Sangallo in everything but the title.

Urban VIII's Wall on the ridge of the Janiculum stretches from the Porta Cavalleggeri, the Porta Turrionis of Leo IV, to the Tiber at Ripa Grande. Here, as on the south side of the city, the road which follows the line of fortifications is a mere country lane. Above the "battered" Spanish bastions of Urban, which are still

kept in repair for military purposes, are canopies of stone-pines ; on the other side the hill slopes suddenly away from the road to an immense valley of brick-fields, where the bricks of Rome are drying in the sun to-day as they were drying when Aurelian hedged his city with towers. They spread for miles below a cliff of clay, and all day long you see mule-carts threading their way through the streets of the city with the yellow bricks used from time immemorial for the building of Rome. Later, this valley of desolation gives place to the vignas and farms of the Campagna, and the hill beyond is crowned with the cypresses and stone-pines of the Villa Doria, whose lawns clothe the slopes with emerald turf.

The bronze equestrian statue of Garibaldi rises on the crest of the Janiculum, above the walls which he defended in 1849 ; and a few hundred yards to the right is the Porta San Pancrazio, which the French shattered in their attack against Mazzini's short-lived revolution. This is the last gate in the circuit of the city, and it represents one of the last pages in the history of Rome. When you have entered it and advanced a few yards along the sunny road, you find yourself still on the Janiculum, with the panorama of Rome spread like a carpet at your feet, and the sound of the rushing waters of the Aqua Paola in your ears.

CHAPTER V
Of the Churches

WHEN Victor Emmanuel marched into Rome, it would have been true to say that the churches of Rome were only interesting in proportion to their antiquity. Not a church built later than the new St Peter's was worthy of the visitor's attention. But in the last decade or two there has been a tendency to erect basilicas in the great old style of which S. Anselmo, on the Aventine, the headquarters of the Benedictine Order in Rome, is perhaps the finest example. Rome depends upon her basilicas. She has but one Gothic church, and that of a very corrupt Order, for the Cardinals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would tolerate no Gothic monuments to remind them of the hated Luther, who wrested Germany from the Papacy. Northern Italy has Gothic churches of unimaginable beauty. The city of Verona, where Dante lived in exile, seems to have caught the poet's ecstasy, and blossomed into flowers of architecture—sonnets in stone upon the excellence of worship. But the northern architecture being identified with Lutheranism in Rome, the city of the Popes is full of churches which have neither beauty nor grace, because the Cardinals, in welcoming the Renaissance, evolved a strange and unlovely architecture, and contrived to degrade the re-born art. The Gothic arches of the north have a grace and delicate

lightness emblematic of the poetry of worship rather than of the struggles of the early fathers of the Church. But the Christian basilicas, which are modelled as much from the domestic architecture of the Romans as from their law courts, are like temples rather than churches; their form is symbolic of the difficult establishment of Christianity, when the followers of Christ wrestled with the gods of Greece and Rome.

The Cardinals of the Renaissance did not spare even the ancient basilicas of the fourth century. With Old St Peter's laid low it is not surprising that they did not scruple to despoil the churches which earnest Christians had raised over the tombs and houses of martyrs and saints in the days when Christianity was still a young faith in the State. The old order of things had changed. Religion was too often a profession chosen in preference to the sword, as likely to bring power more quickly; the cardinalship was bestowed on anyone who pleased the Pope, provided that he had sufficient wealth to pay for his hat.

Before the traveller in Rome can appreciate the full beauty of Roman churches he should rid his mind of Gothic ideals, and then search out the unspoiled basilicas built in the early days of Christianity. Perhaps his feet will take him first to the Esquiline, not to the Lateran, the mother-church of Rome, which takes precedence even of St Peter's; but to the house of Pudens, in which St Peter lived and preached, and where St Paul in his short sojourn in the Eternal City received into the Faith even those "who were of Cæsar's household."

S. MARIA DELL' ANIMA

The little basilica of S. Pudenziana, under whose foundations are the remains of the Baths of Novatus, the saint-like son of Pudens, has been "improved" out of recognition. Even its magnificent apsidal mosaics have not been spared, although they are the only Christian mosaics which give a picture of the Esquiline as it appeared before the fire of Nero. S. Prassede has fared better. It is a reverend old church, where some of the simplicity and beauty of worship of the Early Christians seems to linger. Only a fragment of the carved cornice is left, and the piers and architrave are frescoed in the inevitable sixteenth-century manner; but the eye is carried past them to the tribune where white-robed saints worship their God in a heaven spun out of the imagination of a ninth-century mosaicist.

Here is the little oratory of S. Zeno, where Paschal I "gathered all the wealth that his rude century could give." Its dado of precious marble is often draped with damask for the festivals of the many saints of Rome; and only a dim light filters through the barred doors, or is faintly diffused from brazen lamps over the vault and upper part of the walls, encrusted with the art of Byzantium. It has been well named the Garden of Paradise; for from the golden shadows of the vault gleam the white forms of angels, bearing in their arms an image of the Saviour. Above the altar is the Virgin between the holy daughters of Pudens, and the faces of all three glow with a youthful beauty which has only been equalled in the pure faces of the women immortalized by the Quattrocentists. Round the walls

Saints and Apostles walk through the celestial fields; and below their feet are the crimson *garofani* which the unknown artist of the ninth century dreamt of in his vision of Paradise.

From S. Prassede it is a natural step to Santa Maria Maggiore, the oldest church dedicated to the Madonna in Rome. The basilica of Pope Liberius and John the Patrician rose within a few yards of the house of Pudens and the house of his daughter Praxedis. The legend of its foundation is well known. John and his wife, having no children, desired to build a church to the Mother of God, but they were much troubled in their minds to find a site. One night the Virgin appeared to them as they slept and told them to build a church where snow lay on the Esquiline. The patrician went at once to Pope Liberius to acquaint him of the strange dream; for the month was August. But the Pope himself had seen a vision in which he was commanded to help them; and together they repaired to the Esquiline, where a sheet of snow lay on the hillside. Thus the Liberian basilica, called in the Middle Ages "St Mary of the Snows," was built, in the short period between the death of Constantine and the accession of Julian the Apostate. Of this venerable church there remains only a fragment below the Chapel of Sixtus V. The basilica as it stands to-day is the church which Sixtus III built in the fifth century to celebrate the vindication of the Virgin as the Mother of God against the Nestorians at the Council of Ephesus.

S. Maria Maggiore is a veritable house of prayer; but it is more like a temple than a church, with its vast

empty nave and its procession of marble columns. The panelled, coffered roof is gilded with the first gold brought from America; the mosaics are the most beautiful and interesting in Rome; the precious marbles of the *confessio* and the side-chapels are worth a King's ransom. For St Mary the Greater takes precedence of all the churches in Rome dedicated to the Madonna, and it is one of the seven patriarchal basilicas to which faithful Catholics all over the world belong.

It has been worthily enriched. The tall Ionic columns of the nave are of white marble from Hymettus; mosaics from the hand of an artist of the third century gleam above the cornice; the walls and apse of the tribune and transept glow with the jewelled handiwork of thirteenth-century mosaicists.

There is always a dim rich light in S. Maria Maggiore, and a little mist, as though clouds of incense were hanging in the dark aisles. At Vespers the sunset robes the glittering mosaics of the tribune in a golden haze; in the morning clear shafts of sunshine from the east illumine the nave. There is a window over the eastern portal from which a ray of light falls on the marble pavement, and, like a shadow on a dial, steals up between the columns to lie in golden pools before the altars in the aisle.

Peasants love this noble church, but the nave is never crowded, except on great festivals like Christmas and Easter. On Sunday during Mass a knot of people will be kneeling round the screen of the *confessio*, and old women, who do not hesitate to interrupt their prayers

to beg for soldi, will be sitting on the bases of the colonnades. Sometimes the Bishop, with his violet robes and his gentle smiling face, walks through the aisle, and ragged little children run across the church to kiss his hands.

Reverence and simplicity walk hand in hand in Santa Maria Maggiore. Peasants kneel on the marble pavement and tell their rosaries with eyes clouded with introspection ; and nuns in blue robes and flat Dutch collars bend their heads reverently till only the enormous snowy wings of their caps are to be seen. The voices of the invisible choir thrill through the church, and clouds of incense float up between the purple columns of the High Altar and the purple-clad priests who stand before it. Contadini come in at the east door and advance towards the High Altar one after the other, when they have dipped their toil-worn hands in the holy water. Their skirts are full, and often blue, of the colour which is to be found in a hundred faded frescoes. They wear their green or red velvet stays outside their bodices, and their ear-rings glisten under their snowy *tovagliette*. Thrown into relief against the dark group of worshippers near the chancel rails, they are like a chain of the gaily-coloured stones found in the tombs of dead Etruscans.

When Mass is over at the High Altar the priests, preceded by acolytes with lighted tapers, thread their way along the nave to the sacristy in the purple of their ecclesiastical dignity.

On Christmas Eve the crystal and gilt urn contain-

SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE

ing the fragments of the manger in which Jesus lay is exposed in the baptistery. Old women, too weary to kneel any longer after their long vigil, crouch on the steps of the font. Files of young priests from the different colleges come in and kneel, in their blue or purple or scarlet cassocks, round its balustrade. The Baptistery is hung with damask, and the altar glitters with the sheen of many candles against its crimson and gold draperies. In the crystal urn the shabby pieces of wood are bound together with gold. But what sanctity and simple faith! The people kneel silently on the marble floor, or patter their prayers; they feast their eyes upon the sacred relic, and rest their souls.

Of the five basilicas which Constantine founded, only S. Lorenzo and S. Agnese Fuori le Mura are unspoilt by the hand of the late restorer. S. Lorenzo Fuori le Mura is the most beautiful church in Rome. It is a living example of the glory of Rome's ancient basilicas, too often devastated by the invasion of the baroque. The sloping, brown-tiled roof of the vestibule is supported on antique columns, through which the afternoon sun plays on the greens and reds and golds of the quaint thirteenth-century frescoes of the arcade. The façade is decorated with modern mosaics, which glow against the unfathomable Roman sky with heavenly radiance. The long lines of the church, the soft yet brilliant tones of its frescoes and mosaics, the ancient frieze of its portico, its red brick campanile, the cypresses of the Campo Verano rising over the high wall of the cemetery, form a group of inestimable beauty. Beggars sun themselves in the portico of

S. Lorenzo as they have done since Pope Honorius built it in the thirteenth century, for S. Lawrence has always been the patron saint of beggars. It was here that S. Francesca of Rome came in destitution to beg when her husband was exiled, and her son thrown into prison during the sack of the city by Ladislas. Afterwards, in her great humility, this noble Roman lady spent long days here among the beggars, beseeching the passers-by for alms to sustain those who had been rendered homeless by the cruel invasion of the King of Naples.

Inside S. Lorenzo, except the frescoes, almost everything is lovely and antique. The ambo is rich with *verde antico* and porphyry, and glittering Cosmati mosaics; the unique pavement is a tapestry of precious marbles; the *schola cantorum*, with its exquisite episcopal chair, and its delicate baldacchino borne on porphyry columns amid the gracious colonnade of the Constantinian basilica, has no equal in Europe. S. Lorenzo has the charm of pure beauty. It is as simple and natural as a flower—as indeed it is—a flower of Byzantine architecture. Its component parts have been blended into perfection by Time; they are a relic of the Golden Age of Christian architecture.

January 21 is the feast day of St Agnes, who with St Lawrence is reverenced by Romans next after the Apostles; and on that day the beautiful old basilica of S. Agnese Fuori le Mura is hung with crystal chandeliers and decorated with cloth of gold and damask. Americans and English crowd to the church at an early hour to see the service of the Blessing of the Lambs.

The poor people come still earlier and secure all the chairs, which they sell later for a few soldi, bargaining in a barefaced manner. The service is supposed to begin at half-past nine, but it is often that hour before the sacristans begin to light the candles of the chandeliers round the nave and gallery and tribune. It is easy to forgive their slow progress, because, as they proceed, the glow of hundreds of candles illuminates the beautiful antique columns of *porta santa*, and *pavonazetto* and *breccia*, which support the nave and the delicate arches of the gallery above. The seventh-century mosaics in the apse gleam from their gold background, and even the late decorations erected by Pius IX, in thanksgiving for his miraculous escape when the floor of a room gave way and he was precipitated into a cellar unhurt, are not obtrusive. The service and the singing are always magnificent here. The soft candle-light shines on a pageant of rare marbles and glittering antique mosaics; on the damask hangings of the tribune; on the gorgeous crimson and gold chasubles and copes of the Cardinal and priests; on the filmy laces of their albs; and on the linen of the acolytes. After Mass two snow-white lambs, the emblems of the gentle saint, decorated with red and blue ribbons, are brought in baskets and placed on the altar, where they are blessed by the Cardinal with incense and holy water. Afterwards they are presented to the Pope, and His Holiness gives them into the care of the Sisters of S. Cecilia in Trastevere till Easter, when they are shorn of their fleeces. "They are woven into palliums, which

are blessed on the vigil of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and then placed in an urn in the Confession of St Peter's basilica over the Apostle's tomb." Whenever the Pope invests an Archbishop he sends him a pallium, in token of the lamb which Our Lord carried on His shoulder, and until he actually receives it, although he may be nominated, he cannot take the title of Archbishop.

When S. Constantia, as she prayed by the tomb of S. Agnese, heard a voice adjuring her to arise and go on constantly in the name of the Lord, she returned to her father, and begged him to build a church in the name of the virgin-saint over her tomb. She herself continued in virginity, and when she died was buried in a mausoleum erected by Constantine close to the basilica. This is the church of S. Costanza, which was perverted from its original use by the Borgia Pope in the sixteenth century, and dedicated to the daughter of the perfidious Constantine. It is a circular building with a cupola supported on antique pairs of granite columns, and the ceiling of the ambulatory is enriched with Constantinian mosaics, marvellously preserved. Unlike the mosaics of Byzantium, they are on a plain white ground, which emphasizes their delicate colour. Those in the cupola have disappeared, and their place is taken by late frescoes of no value, but the vaulting of the ambulatory is covered with representations of birds and fishes and fruit, and genii gathering the vintage of the Lord, and treading the grapes in a winepress as Italians do to-day.

PONTE NOMENTANO

S. Clemente is the most perfect example of a basilica in Rome, although it is not a Constantinian building. It preserves not only the ancient furniture of the lower church, which it is believed was ruined in Robert Guiscard's sack of Rome, but it has a narthex and an atrium, where a fountain has taken the place of the cantharus. St Jerome, in the middle of the fourth century, speaks of S. Clemente as having been in existence some time, for the sanctuary had grown out of the oratory in the house of S. Clemente, a contemporary of St Paul, and the third successor of St Peter in the episcopal chair.

The present church was built at the beginning of the twelfth century on the ruins of the ancient oratory where St Jerome and St Gregory the Great were wont to pray. For centuries it was hidden under the medieval basilica, and its discovery in 1857 has given an added interest to the beautiful church of Paschal II.

Adjoining the lower church, and on the same level, was discovered a temple of Mithras, the Persian god of the sun, whose cult was introduced to Rome about the same time as Christianity. Below this again is a third structure, now inaccessible because it is flooded, which is supposed to be the actual house of the saint. What a palimpsest of the religions is S. Clemente ! You pass from the damp vault in the house of the disciple of St Peter to the early church with the best-preserved Byzantine frescoes in the whole city, and the gloomy temple of the Persian sun-god; and from thence to the little basilica above, where the sunlight smiles on the deserted atrium, and sends long rays through the clerestory on

to the ivory marbles of the *schola cantorum*. The mosaics of the apse, though they lack the brilliance of the mosaics which adorn S. Maria Maggiore, are the most poetical in Rome. From the cross, with its twelve snowy doves, emblems of the Apostles, springs a vine, in whose branches the birds of the air take rest. At its foot are the four mystic streams where birds of paradise and peacocks and gazelles are drinking. During Vespers—it may be on the feast-day of a saint, when the priests in their rich chasubles are sitting in the tribune, and the wings of song can be heard rustling faintly in the dim church below—the little white basilica seems filled with golden light. Perhaps the evening sun is reflected on Masaccio's frescoes, or the candles on the altar give an added richness to the Heavenly Vine above the glowing procession of Apostles frescoed over the marble benches of the tribune.

On the edge of the Forum Boarium, opposite to the round temple of the Goddess of the Dawn, stands one of the best examples of an unspoilt medieval basilica in Rome. In S. Maria in Cosmedin the spirit of paganism has never passed away. On feast-days the poor Romans still strew the marble pavement of its portico with sprigs of box and laurel, while the grim old face of the Bocca della Verità frowns on the levity of a world which will not grow old. In the church itself the beauty of paganism has been turned to the service of Christianity, for the lovely fluted columns which once graced the peristyle and *pronaos* of a temple of Ceres are built into the walls of its aisles, and adorn its sacristy.

The exterior of S. Maria in Cosmedin is brown and rather shabby, and its uneven roofs seem to be struggling to look over each other's heads at the Tiber. It has a beautiful campanile, the most graceful of the lean towers characteristic of Roman basilicas, which soars above the tumbled roofs, with solid masonry flowering in delicate arches up to its little pointed cap.

Inside, S. Maria in Cosmedin is full of simple elegance, for it has not only preserved the form of a basilica, but it has been freed from the dreaded hand of the Renaissance restorer, and is a perfect example of medieval architecture. In Italy, where the churches are too often loaded with hideous and unmeaning ornament, it is real pleasure to let the eye travel along the plain walls above the architrave, broken only by a clerestory so deep-set that the windows themselves are not visible from the nave. This church is a gem of beauty which Time and the Tiber and the vandals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been unable to rob of its glory. The Tiber, indeed, has been kind to the old brown basilica which has grown up close to its banks; for though the ancient crypt is nearly always flooded, and though the river has often risen above the floor of the nave, it has given to its marbles the rich colours of Oriental alabaster.

The triple apse is frescoed in soft blues and crimsons; the ivory tones of the exquisite baldacchino, the handiwork of Deodatus Cosmati, are thrown into relief by the gold jewelling of its mosaics; the creamy marble of the *schola cantorum* rises from an Alexandrine pave-

ment rich with porphyry ; the Byzantine arches of the nave are supported on columns of infinite grace wrested from an ancient temple.

Below the choir is a little crypt hewn out of the foundations of a yet older temple than that of Ceres—the Temple of Hercules, the patron of the ox-market. Its roof is supported by six pagan columns, on which the early Christians cut a cross to sanctify them in the days when they first crept from their hidden churches to build houses to their God out of pagan temples, triumphant in their beauty, even when laid low by the iconoclast.

The chief characteristic of the people who worship in these ancient basilicas is their simplicity. They kneel down like medieval saints on the rich marble and mosaic pavement, and their garments, which are often ragged, take on the lines that the garments of worshippers have assumed since the days of the Apostles. There is an exquisite simplicity in their attitude ; and the nuns and monks, who always kneel apart from the rest, present a picture which calls to mind the masters of the early schools of Italian painting.

There is no church with such a fitting name as S. Maria in Ara Cœli. Its long flight of marble steps on the western slope of the Capitol, grey with a golden growth of lichen, leads up to the warm brown brick-work of the basilica façade, framed in a sky as blue as Fra Angelico's heaven. The lines of S. Maria in Ara Cœli are purely beautiful—and surely no altar has such a lovely flight of steps as that which mounts to its doors.

S. ANDREA DELLE FRATTE

It may well have given Doré the inspiration for the stairs he was wont to limn with visions of angels ascending and descending.

S. Maria in Ara Cœli is full of beautiful things. The lovely dim tones of its coffered roof ; the warm glow of its paintings; its faded floor, rich with precious marbles; its chapel, frescoed by Pinturicchio ; its tombs and its glorious ambones make the church like an ancient jewelled casket. There is beauty here, and antiquity ; and romance has wound a golden chain round the site of S. Maria on the Altar of Heaven.

On the left of the western door is the tomb of Cardinal de Lebretto, " of the royal blood " of France, with his proud face and his pride of race which availed him nothing. In the wall near his head is a worn tomb-relief of Archdeacon Crivelli, who died in 1432 ; and pencilled in marble below his sculptured tomb is the form of Matthæus Scrinianus, whose humility we read in his quiet face and in his almost obliterated inscription. The old tombs in the rich Cosmatesque pavement of S. Maria in Ara Cœli are delightful. Here you see a lady of the house of the Massimi in her stiff wimple, or a noble of Bologna, whose form still bears a shadow of his old magnificence ; there a grim old man, whose name has worn away, lies on an uncomfortable pillow of books, with gloves on his folded hands. Their faces are often worn to a blank, their inscriptions are no more ; the folds of their garments are trodden shallow by the feet of worshippers, but their dignity and simplicity are unimpaired as they lie with crossed hands in the severity of their medieval robes.

Like S. Maria Maggiore, S. Maria in Ara Cœli is a church of the people. Here the Holy Bambino, whose fame is too widespread to need extolling, is kept. The legends about this miraculous image and the cures it has effected are as numerous as its store of jewels; and there is not an inch of its robe that is not covered with rings and bracelets and pendants and necklaces. It is guarded in a safe over the altar of a small dark chapel near the sacristy, where, for a small fee, the sacristan turns on the electric lights and opens the folding-doors. The holy image slides out like a camera. It is enclosed in a glass case, and the lights are arranged so that its jewels scintillate with dazzling splendour. The old Franciscan who shows it to strangers is matter-of-fact and uninterested ; but sometimes it happens that when you come into that dark chapel you see him praying fervently on behalf of some peasant, who kneels on the dusty steps, his rough blue cloak falling in straight lines from his shoulders, before the image of the Miraculous Child.

When the Holy Bambino is exposed in the *presepio* at Christmas-time, a staff of carabinieri are deputed to protect it from accident. From Christmas to Epiphany it plays its part in the pageant of the Nativity, which is arranged in a side-chapel with life-sized images of the Virgin and St Joseph and the three Magi. This is the best *presepio* in Rome. The Magi, with their rich gifts and their pages, are simple and expressive in spite of their gorgeous robes ; through the open doors of the Bethlehem stable you see a winding road, and flocks of

sheep upon the hills; above the Holy Family the Almighty floats in the midst of a heavenly choir.

But nothing in the *presepio* is as beautiful as the people who come to pray before it. All through Epiphany peasants climb up the lofty steps of Ara Cœli to pray before the Bambino. Men in faded blue cloaks, looking like Ghirlandajo's shepherds, bow their heads before the Eternal Mystery; women, with heavy gold earrings and velvet stays and gay head-kerchiefs, point out the Holy Family to their wondering children. They kneel down on the floor to pray with the utmost simplicity when they have gazed their fill on the jewelled image; and, the prayer ended, they saunter off in groups to meet their friends and enjoy the beauties of the ancient church.

On the other side of the nave children clamber on to a platform and recite poems or little sermons throughout the octave of the feast. Their shrill voices and the murmurs of the people drown the rich music of the Franciscan choir. But when you draw near the altar a flood of melody deadens all other sounds; and behind its lights you see the brothers in the gallery of the choir, silhouetted against the windows of the tribune, playing violins and cellos like the winged choristers of Fra Angelico.

The processions in S. Maria in Ara Cœli are not as gorgeous as they are in some of the Roman churches, but they are always beautiful, especially at the hour of Vespers. For the monks, chanting solemnly all the time, pass out of the church to the great steps of the altar of the Mother of God. Presently the west doors

are thrown open, and those inside the nave have a vision of the domes and stone-pines and cypresses of Rome soaring from the mists of the city into a sky aflame with the mantle of the departed sun. The banners of the procession, as they pass in, are outlined for a moment against the western sky; the yellow tapers make the fading daylight blue by contrast, and always the tonsured heads of the monks are silhouetted against the pageant of the west as they enter the church, with the light from their candles thrown upon their faces. Before the doors close behind the priests in their gorgeous chasubles, the chain of lighted tapers stretches from the sunset to the brilliant illumination on the altar.

Of the basilicas which have suffered under the hand of the restorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, SS. Giovanni e Paolo and S. Cecilia are the most interesting. S. Marco and S. Maria in Trastevere are still so beautiful that they are transformed rather than spoilt. But the patriarchal basilicas of S. Croce in Gerusalemme and S. Sebastiano, with a score of other churches, retain little of their ancient characteristics and little of their ancient beauty.

From the exterior both SS. Giovanni and S. Cecilia are unspoilt. The beautiful arcaded apse of SS. Giovanni e Paolo rises above the trees of the Parco di S. Gregorio with the grace of one of Perugino's frescoes. Four Roman arches span the country road which was once the Clivus Scauri, and they have been included in the church by flying buttresses. Church, arches, and campanile are of the warm brown masonry and fine

SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO FROM THE AVENTINE

brickwork which Romans have used from the days of the Empire; and the twelfth-century campanile, studded with coloured tiles, has the same delicate arches as the exterior of the apse.

The interior has been modernized, and it is not beautiful, although the chapel presented by the Torlonia Duke, which contains the embalmed body of the founder of the Passionists, is rich and tasteful. Its walls are covered with precious marbles, and its altar is decorated with lapis-lazuli, cornelian, and agate. In the recess below lies the body of St Paul of the Cross, dressed in the robe he wore in his lifetime, with his hands—old, gentle hands—clasping his crucifix to his breast. This saint of the eighteenth century has a beautiful, simple face, from which death has smoothed out all the lines which pain and trouble and the years had graven on its ivory surface.

The ancient Roman house below the church belonged to John and Paul, two soldiers attached to the household of Constantia, said to have been murdered in their own home by the followers of Julian the Apostate because they would not forswear their God. But it is not improbable that they met their death through their connection with the Constantinian family, for Julian did not persecute the Christians, though he warred against Constantine. That they were men of rank is obvious from the size of their dwelling-place. So far twenty-five rooms have been discovered, and there are several others which Padre Germano is waiting to excavate as soon as he has collected the

necessary funds. Many of the halls have pagan frescoes with graceful designs of youths holding festoons of flowers, and *amorini* gathering the vintage ; but some of the subjects show the stiff Byzantine treatment characteristic of early religious paintings. Amphoræ are still standing in the cellars of the house of John and Paul, whose family name no one knows ; and in the bathroom the basin for the douche, the window, and the chimney have been preserved. Near the little chapel, with its balcony for people to watch Mass, and its grill opening on to the spot where the martyrs perished, are the worn stones of a Roman road, which the Passionist Father, who takes visitors through the ancient house, claims to be the roadway from St Sebastian-in-the-Catacombs, that passed under the arches of the Temple of Claudius near by.

In the church which St Pammachius, the friend of St Jerome, erected above the house of John and Paul in the fourth century, lies the body of that other Paul —St Paul of the Cross—about whose saintly life we know more than we shall ever learn about the wealthy soldiers who lived in the ancient dwelling-house, so different, with its gaily frescoed walls, to the narrow cell of the founder of the Passionists.

The exterior of S. Cecilia is among the most picturesque in Rome. The cantharus still stands in its sunny atrium; the columns and mosaics of its portico have been mellowed by time ; its red-brick campanile has the grace of thirteenth-century architecture. But the interior is sadly disappointing. The restorers of the

eighteenth century have left nothing ancient to please the eye; they have ornamented the nave with unworthy stuccoes and paintings, and have plastered it out of recognition in one of the most unlovely shades of yellow that has ever been used for decorative purposes. Only one fresco remains of the series which formerly graced its walls, but in the tribune are the beautiful mosaics with which Paschal I adorned it in the ninth century. Below the church are remains of the house in which Cecilia lived with her young husband, Valerian, and his brother Tibertius, whom she converted by her prayers and by the purity of her life. Here again there is little left with which to picture the life of the poor, pretty girl and her martyred companions, except some fragments of mosaic pavement and the granary in which she stored corn to give to the poor. But, in a chapel of the church above, is the *sudatorium*, with its original pavement, and the copper flues of the bath in which the saint was confined for three days in scalding steam by her persecutors.

The high altar is composed of rich marbles in the worst baroque taste, but below it is the famous statue of S. Cecilia, lying in the position in which the body was discovered by Cardinal Sfondrati in 1599. All Rome flocked to see the wonderful relic, and among the crowd was young Stefano Maderno, the greatest sculptor of his day, who later portrayed the saint with wonderful delicacy and precision as she lay in her cypress ark, where Paschal I had placed her in her rich golden robes some eight hundred years before.

Religion in the old medieval basilicas was devotional; amid the experiments of the Renaissance the atmosphere became experimental; in the baroque age it suffered from the bombastic architecture. During the Renaissance men built churches as the Romans built baths, and law-courts, and temples; but many of these, though architecturally good, are disfigured by the baroque art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The interior of even S. Agostino is overdecorated with exquisite marbles, although here they are used in large simple masses. There is more of the air of reverence in S. Agostino than in most churches of its period. In a chapel in the left transept the bones of the mother of the saint repose in an urn of *verde antico*. Two lamps are always burning before this precious relic, like the inextinguishable flame which her petitions and tears lighted in the soul of her son, the great African Bishop. It may be that the memory of S. Monica has helped to make this church, more than any other in Rome, a church of prayer and votive offerings. For Roman mothers still weep and pray before Sansovino's beautiful statue of the Madonna del Parto who sits enthroned amid countless rosaries and pictures and votive hearts near the west door. Round her throat are many pearls; jewels are pendant from her ears and over her forehead; at her feet are little bunches of flowers brought by the peasants who pray before her shrine, and a money-box into which they drop *soldi* as they advance with reverence to kiss her foot. There are as many lighted lamps as would illuminate a mosque

VILLA ALDOBRANDINI

hanging before her niche, and hundreds of candles to make her silver hearts and jewels scintillate. It is shrines like these which show how nominal is the difference between the worshippers of any religion. There is such a little step from one to the other that the simple-hearted, single-minded peasant who prays before the shrine of the image of the Mother of God may surely stumble, if stumble it be, into the error of the ancient. With the exception of the Greeks, whose heaven was a republic, and the Romans, who had none, all the nations have worshipped a universal God. That they worship Him through different mediums, under diverse names, and in a multitude of forms, is largely a matter of climate, temperament, and race prejudice. A Christian would not kneel in meditative prayer in a Buddhist temple; a Buddhist would not bow before the empty niche of a mosque, although the spirit that is within a man, prompting him to bend his knees in prayer, whether he be Buddhist or Brahmin, Mohammedan or Christian, is the breath of the same universal God. The simple kneeling peasants before the Madonna of S. Agostino seem like the shadows of older worshippers kneeling before Isis with the infant Horus on her knees.

S. Agostino is the bridge between the medieval basilicas and the classical churches of the Renaissance—stately conceptions which leave you frigid. One will have purity of outline, like S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini—*i.e.*, of the Florentines who flocked to Rome to the youthful Medici Pope, Leo X; another—say S. Andrea della

Valle—may soar like a little St Peter's, with its mighty dome. But as the single success of the limitless ambitions of the baroque architects is Bernini's colonnade round the Piazza of St Peter's, so St Peter's itself is the only true classical building of the revival.

For sheer magnificence there is no church in Rome to compare with the Gesù, built in the sixteenth century by Giacomo della Porta. In this great church Baroque Art has run mad, but the interior is a glow of colour. The rich *giallo* pilasters of its nave have gilt corinthian capitals; its cupola, tribune and nave are frescoed; its gorgeous altars have columns of lapis-lazuli and gilt bronze. If you look for detail in the Gesù, you will be driven crazy in the effort to disentangle one beautiful fragment out of its riot of ornament, except, of course, the precious stones of its altars and the beautiful bronze cupids of the screen in front of the shrine of St Ignatius. But if you only regard it as a great space dimly lighted, whose walls glow with the soft radiance of rich marbles, you will realize in the Gesù, which of all the churches in Rome is the most overloaded with baroque art, the mystery of an undeniable charm.

S. Maria Sopra Minerva, whose quaint, half-pagan name is full of music, and the Pantheon, Agrippa's temple to all the gods, cannot be classed with other Roman churches, for the former is the only Gothic church in Rome, and the latter has no equal in the world. When you enter S. Maria Sopra Minerva, which stands with the Pantheon in the heart of the city, you receive the impression of a dim cathedral. It has an

air of severity which may be due either to the influence of Rome or to the stern nature of the Dominican monks who built it. Grey marble columns polished like glass support the vaulting of the nave, and there is none of the delicate tracery which delights the eye in the cathedrals of the north. The restorers of the nineteenth century have done their best to destroy its beauty. They have redecorated it with imitation marbles, and have painted its roof with a crude presentment of the heavens by night. But S. Maria Sopra Minerva is beautiful notwithstanding; it is a simple and solemn place, and its chapels and aisles are lined with lovely tombs. It is a church of great names, for many princely families have laid their dead to rest in the shelter of its lofty arches below the handiwork of genius. Francesco Tornabuoni lies below Mino da Fiesole's gracious monument to his name; and Cardinal Tebaldi below Andrea Verrocchio's. The tomb of the Pacci is by Giacomo della Porta, and the beautiful tomb of the Dominican Bishop of Mende, Guillame Durand, is by one of the Cosmati. The names of the chapels which line the aisles of S. Maria Sopra Minerva are its index—Caffarelli, Colonna, Gabrielli, Aldobrandini, Maffei; and in the choir are the monuments of two Medici Popes—Leo X and Clement VII.

This church has been well described as a museum of art and history, for it has garnered many treasures from the harvests of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The walls of the chapel of St Thomas Aquinas are frescoed by Filippino Lippi, and over the altar is one of his masterpieces—an "Annunciation" full of tenderness and

beauty. To the left of the high altar is the famous Christ of Michelangelo, before which the Dominicans, to whom the church belongs, as it has belonged since the thirteenth century, bow as reverently as they bow before the altar, where a beautiful effigy of St Catherine of Siena lies in a glass shrine with lights always burning at her head and feet.

In one of the chapels is an ancient wooden crucifix, venerated as the work of Giotto, and in another there is an altarpiece, either from the hand of Benozzo Gozzoli or Fra Angelico. The tomb of Fra Angelico himself is in a passage to the right of the choir—a simple slab tomb showing the puckered face of a gentle old man. His hands are folded, and the stiff, archaic lines of his robe fall to his instep ; but he is infinitely more beautiful than the baroque statues of the great Cardinals whose tombs crowd in upon him. At his feet is the inscription which Nicholas V wrote while he himself was lying at the gates of death :

"Hic jacet Vene Pictor F. Jo. de Florentia, Ordinis Prædicatorum, 1455.

"Non mihi sit laudi quod eram velut alter Apelles,
Sed quod lucra tuis omnia, Christe, dabam :
Altera nam terris opera extant, altera cœlo.
Urbs me Joannem Flos tulit Etruriæ."

The Dominicans have beautiful services here ; they often walk in procession under the lofty arches of the aisles, with their lights flickering in the draught and their chanting growing fainter and fainter as they draw near the west door. Sometimes—as it happened on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus—the vast church is

THE PIAZZA OF THE PANTHEON

empty except for a few people kneeling in the half-light of the transept. At this service the priest, in his gorgeous old gold chasuble, stands at the junction of the nave and transept to read from an illumined missal; two brothers, with lace surplices over their short white robes, stand on either side of him with lighted tapers, and the monks behind the curtains of the choir chant the responses. Afterwards they ambulate the church, and advance to the high altar up the empty nave. First comes a monk bearing a banner, and two others with lighted tapers; then follow the *domini canes* in their pied robes, with solemn chanting and bowed tonsured heads; and, last of all, the priest, who bears aloft an image of the Infant Christ, while two brothers with tapers, without their cloaks, looking like Buddhists, hold back the corners of his heavy gold chasuble. When they reach the High Altar, where St Catherine rests between the burning lamps of her faith, they kneel for a moment in prayer before they pass, to the right and left of her crystal shrine, behind the curtains of the choir. It is all very reverent and simple. The sunset pours into the dim church, softening the crude blue of the roof, and lighting up the tomb of the magnificent Leo X; its late radiance reanimates the Dominican saints on the windows of the choir till even they seem to take their part in the ceremony. To see these services is to see a vision of medieval Rome; to see, also, a vision of two men who were the antithesis of each other. For thus the Blessed Angelico, and after him Savonarola, whose name was anathema to half

Europe, passed with hands folded under their scapulars before the altar of their different ideals.

And not fifty yards away stands the Pantheon, in the undiminished glory of Imperial Rome. It is like a giant caught in the meshes of the narrow roads which flow into its inadequate piazza. It has an almost Egyptian impressiveness and impassivity. You turn a corner and come upon it suddenly, looming above the tall houses which crowd upon it. The clanging bells of the red and white electric trams of Rome, the cries of hawkers, and the incessant demands of the sellers of mosaics and picture post-cards, make the piazza one of the noisiest spots in the city, as it is one of the most lively; for the small shops in the *bassi* of the narrow ochre houses are gay with fruit and vegetables, or with posters advertising wine and liqueurs. But neither the gaiety nor the bustle of the modern city intrudes upon the glorious temple which Agrippa dedicated to the gods of Rome before the birth of Jesus Christ, and which Boniface IV re-dedicated to all the saints in 609 under the name of S. Maria ad Martyres. As it stands to-day, the Pantheon is the work of Hadrian rather than of Agrippa, for the first "Pantheum" was almost destroyed by lightning in the lifetime of Trajan. It is seldom used as a church now, because the House of Savoy have made it a family mausoleum. One niche is already filled by the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, the first Italian King of Rome; another is draped with heavy curtains to conceal the sculptors at work upon the monument of King Humbert.

The glorious portico borne on monoliths of granite, stained by time to a dim rose and purple; the great doors, still covered with their original bronze plates; the stupendous dome, which is more beautiful than the giant bubble floated over St Peter's by the architects of the Renaissance; the cyclopean aperture, which gives light to the vast rotunda; the cracked and faded pavement of granite and marble—all combine to create an impression of sublimity and antiquity. Though it has been robbed by vandals, buffeted by storms, and flooded times without number, it preserves its majesty unimpaired; and the years have given it an added beauty of soft outline and rare colour. The world may well echo the praise of Michelangelo, who declared it to be "disegno angelico e non umano"; it may well say, with Urban VIII, that it is "ædificium toto terrarum orbe celeberrimum."

CHAPTER VI

Of the Kingdom of the Pope

WHEN you pass the Old Pilgrim's Inn, and come out upon the embankment of the Tiber, your eyes are drawn to the immense dome of St Peter's floating over the long line of the ancient hospital, which grew out of the hospice of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. It is well to walk from here to the great temple on the Mons Vaticanus, which rose from the ruins of Old St Peter's, and not rattle up in a crazy Italian cab, or come suddenly upon the piazza in an electric tram, crowded with eager sight-seers. For this is holy ground, sanctified by the feet of multitudes who came from far-off lands in state, or, in the guise of pilgrims, begged their way through half a continent to pray before the tomb of St Peter.

Tall houses march in serried ranks on either side of narrow, shady streets. There is nothing to prepare you for the sudden halt of these battalions of the Borgo, which seem to stand in everlasting wonder before a vision of eternity. Bernini's colonnades, golden as sandstone in the summer heat, encircle the great oval of the piazza, like the arms of the Mother Church. In the centre a giant obelisk points its lean finger to the sky, and marks the passing of every hour as its shadow travels slowly along the worn stones of the piazza. While you pursue your way, you hear the murmuring voice of fountains splashing wide, whose spray is blown by the breeze into

ST. PETER'S: THE DOME AND THE FOUNTAIN

curtains of mist which the sun paints with rainbows. In front, raised on a flight of steps whose width you cannot guess in the midst of this immensity, and crowned by a dome whose beauty is world-famed, is the altar raised over Peter's grave, which has outlived centuries of mankind because " it was founded upon a rock."

In the Golden Renaissance, that contradictory age when men worshipped antiquity only to destroy it, the ancient grace of the original St Peter's was swept away, and only fragments scattered through the city or garnered in the crypt of the present church perpetuate the memory of its glory. The name of Alberti is anathema to all who love the art of Byzantium and the Middle Ages, for it was he who first breathed treason against the basilica of Constantine, and persuaded Nicholas V that it was unsafe, so that he might build a monument to his own fame.

From that moment the Popes, possessed by the building mania which has animated Romans throughout the history of Rome, have added each one his quota to the great church and palace on the Vatican Hill. The basilica of Pope Sylvester must have been purely beautiful. If it had been preserved in its ancient glory, it would have been the greatest treasure in the world. St Peter's is superb, magnificent, imposing ; it is a monument of giants ; it dwarfs the buildings of the Cæsars; but it lacks the grace of antiquity, and the jewelled radiance which age and the old masters could alone impart.

If you are wise, you will visit St Peter's in the afternoon, when its deep-throated bells are calling the city to

Vespers; if you are fortunate, you will visit it when the gigantic piers of its nave are hung with damask in honour of a *festa*. It is not well to look for details as you go up the steps, which so many pilgrims have climbed on the last stage of their journey, lest you be disenchanted by the ugly ceiling of the vestibule, or the tasteless equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Constantine, which stand at either end. Now that you are actually on the threshold of St Peter's, you will not even care to stop and examine the wonderful bronze doors which were Eugenius IV's contribution to the old basilica. You will lift the heavy leather curtains which bar the door, and pass at once into the living silence of the world's greatest cathedral.

At first it is impossible to collect your ideas. You hardly realize, as you walk up the nave, that in the marble pavement of Bernini and Giacomo della Porta there is a relic of the old basilica—the disk of porphyry upon which the Holy Roman Emperors, perhaps even Charlemagne himself, knelt to be crowned by the representative of St Peter.

The sun pours long rays through the windows to lie like pools of light on the marble pavement of the transept; the barrel roof is coffered and crusted with gold; in the distance is the gilt and bronze monstrosity of twisted columns which Bernini raised over the Papal altar, and below it is the golden chain of lights round the *confessio*. Although hundreds of people may be worshipping within the walls, the cathedral will seem empty. The majestic proportions of this largest church

in the world are so wonderfully conceived that you cannot gauge its size. It has been well said that Julius II was inspired by the Baths of Caracalla and Diocletian when he dreamt of a basilica like S. Pietro, for on no other plan could the men of the Renaissance, save perhaps Bernini, have modelled so gigantic a temple.

At the first glance, perhaps, in the midst of your amazement, you will feel disappointment that there is so little of the atmosphere of religion in the church which has been the pilgrimage point of the Catholic faith for eighteen centuries. No scent of incense is wafted to you as the great leather curtain falls into its place again; you see no stately service, although there is sure to be one in progress in this or the other of the many chapels. The pagan element of the Renaissance seems to have stamped out the piety which is still to be seen in ancient churches like S. Maria Maggiore or S. Clemente. It is some time before you notice the pristine simplicity of worshippers in this mighty hall of prayer.

Almost every Catholic, as he passes up the nave, turns to the Chapel of the Sacrament and falls upon his knees. Sometimes, across the broad space of the nave, nuns with flowing veils or white-winged caps are kneeling, and long files of boy-priests, like Ghirlandajo's donors, in their purple and crimson cassocks. Rich and poor alike, nobles and peasants, monks, nuns and priests, link themselves into an endless chain of prayer before the gate of the Holy Sacrament. It may be, as you watch them come and go, that a procession will glide round the piers of the nave and advance to the Cappella

del Coro. The choristers, in short white surplices, are preceded by a *suisse* clad in purple and bearing a mace. Ere they turn into the aisle they kneel for a moment before the Chapel of the Sacrament. When they pass away, priests in gorgeous chasubles take their place; and, lastly, the Cardinal, in his scarlet and fine linen, drops on one knee upon a silken cushion, carried by an attendant, whilst another bears the long train of his robe.

The clear voices of the singers are softened by distance into a mellow harmony. More worshippers come into the church. When they have knelt before the Sacrament they advance to the ancient statue of St Peter and kiss it, and press their foreheads to it reverently. Little children clamour to be lifted up to lay their fresh lips to the foot of the saint, worn smooth by the kisses of the faithful of fourteen centuries; boys from the Campagna in ragged clothes hoist themselves up precariously to bring their heads to the right level.

There is always a ring of devotees round the *confessio*, with its ninety-five lamps of gilded brass burning continually before the shrine of Peter. A double flight of marble stairs leads down to the bronze doors which close the sarcophagus of the Apostle, and when they are open on rare occasions you can see the silver ark inside. Before these gates, under the great dome of Michaelangelo and Giacomo della Porta, in the midst of rich marbles and the ever-burning lights of faith, kneels Canova's statue of Pius VI, the poor old man whom Napoleon carried into captivity. His body rests

at Valence, where you can still read the register of his death in the files of the municipal archives: "Jean Braschi, who followed the profession of Pontiff."

Of Bernini's baldacchino there is nothing to say, except that it is enormous, hideous, and an everlasting monument to the vandalism of the seventeenth century. It is 95 feet in height; it outrages every canon of art; and it is made of the bronze tiles of the portico of the Pantheon, which had survived so many depredations to fall at last into the melting-pot of Bernini. In the tribune is the bronze throne, which is supposed to enclose the ancient wooden chair of St Peter. It is a miracle of bad taste, like the baldacchino; and the antique seat, which is only shown once in a hundred years, is locked in a triple safe in the wall behind.

There are few beautiful tombs in St Peter's, for they were destroyed or scattered when the ancient basilica was levelled to the ground; however, in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament is Pollaiuolo's magnificent bronze tomb of Sixtus IV, which was formerly in the choir of old St Peter's. Beside it, under a plain incised slab, lies the body of the great Julius II, one of the most brilliant and powerful Pontiffs that Rome has ever known. Julius was the epitome of the Renaissance—a prince rather than a prelate, a soldier rather than a Pope. St Peter's itself is a monument to him, and it is more fitting that he should lie here than over the famous Moses which Michelangelo sculptured for him in S. Pietro in Vincoli.

St Peter's is pregnant with the spirit of the Popes.

These strong old men who became the *pontifices maximi* of a new faith, and kept the sacred flame of Christianity alight on the slopes of the Mons Vaticanus, long before the fire of the Vestals smouldered in its ashes, have written their names in Titanic letters over everything. St Peter's of the pilgrims is gone, and only St Peter's of the Popes is left. In the Grotte Vecchie perhaps their ghosts may wander still, but they would find no rest in the vast church above. Memories crowd upon you in St Peter's. So many of the great men of the world visited the ancient basilica, some to be crowned like Charlemagne and Ethelwolf, who brought in his train the child Alfred; and some to renounce their crowns, like Cædwalla, King of the West Saxons. Of the eighth century Bede writes: "It was then the custom of many English clerics and laymen, men and women, to go and end their days near the tombs of the Apostles, in order to be more easily welcomed by them in heaven." Canute, the powerful King of Britain and Scandinavia, more mighty than Pope or Emperor, came to receive the blessing of John XIX, and assist at the consecration of Conrad II, journeying across the Continent with a wallet and a pilgrim's staff. These are names culled by chance from the long line of noble pilgrims who visited St Peter's in the days of its youth, when it was already the greatest church in Christendom. A book could be written about the pilgrims who visited Rome in the days of the Empire and the Middle Ages—shadowy personalities, whose great names illuminate the dark pages of history with the radiance of a noble life, or flash like meteors across them,

ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF ST. PETER

leaving a lurid trail of smoke and fire. Rome is one of the chief figures in the lighted chamber through which the souls of men pass as they wing their way to the outer darkness of eternity. Almost all the great of the earth have paused to look at her before they plunged again into the darkness, and all who came that way turned their feet to where St Peter's rose from Nero's Circus, whose earth was red with the blood of martyrs.

At the foot of one of the four vast piers, which uphold the dome of St Peter's, a winding stair leads down to the crypt, where a vision of Old St Peter's breaks upon your eyes. The circular passage of the Grotte Nuove, lined with saints and apostles and the exquisite reliefs of the *confessio* of the old basilica by that rare master, Matteo Pollaiuolo, leads you to the Chapel of the Tomb, from which a flood of light pours on to the glorious sarcophagus of Junius Bassus. This tiny chamber in the heart of the great temple glows with rich marbles and gilt reliefs; you see nothing of the Tomb of the Apostle, because it is walled up behind the altar of Clement VIII, but the silence which fills this holiest place in Rome is full of echoes of the past.

> The careless prayer of passers-by
> Will sanctify a wayside shrine,
> Buffeted by wind and rain,
> A nesting-place for birds.

The prayers of multitudes who have come from all the corners of the earth with tears and sighs, on bended knees, with proud humility and simple joy, have sanctified this shrine, standing at the junction of the many

roads that lead to Rome. It is screened from the eyes of the devout as it was screened from the eyes of barbarians in the early days of Christianity, when the boat of the Church breasted storm after storm, only to cast her anchor more firmly in the harbour of the Eternal City.

The Grotte Nuove, Bramante's enlargement of the old basilica, which was not broad enough for the ground-plan of his design for the new St Peter's, is a treasure-house of the ancient church. Pollaiuolo's reliefs are so full of spontaneity that, as you search out the details of the panel of the execution of St Peter, you seem to hear the silver notes of the laurel-wreathed heralds above the voices of the horsemen and the clash of their armour. Beyond them are Mino da Fiesole's gracious designs for the tomb of Paul II. The reliefs of Charity and Faith are as exquisite as any of the flowers of Florentine architecture treasured in the Bargello. They are the virtues of a dreamer—ideal women, pure and sweet, inscrutable and wise, aloof and tender.

The Grotte Vecchie are all that is left *in situ* of Old St Peter's. The long, shallow vaults are lined with the sarcophagi of Popes and Cardinals, Kings and Emperors and Queens—the great ones of the earth gathered together in the silence, hardly a tithe of those who rested in the old basilica before Bramante demolished it. A goodly company!

Nicholas III, the Orsini Pope, and Julius III, who held the reins of the Holy Roman Empire so loosely

in his beautiful villa near the Ponte Molle, lie under plain sarcophagi. Paul II, the handsomest of all the Popes, and the vainest, who instigated the carnival races in the Corso, and through all his gay life waged endless war against the Turks, rests in a tomb which groans beneath his effigy. Hadrian IV—Nicholas Breakspear of England—lies in a huge red granite sarcophagus as strong and rugged as himself. Close to Hadrian are the tombs which once held the Piccolimini Popes, Æneas Sylvius and his nephew, whose bodies now lie in S. Andrea delle Valle; and the sublime tomb of Boniface VIII, the splendid and defiant enemy of the Colonna. Otto II, the poor young Emperor who died when he was but nineteen, lies in a plaster leviathan painted to resemble porphyry. He was despoiled of his ancient sarcophagus in the seventeenth century, when it was converted into a fountain for the cortile of the Quirinal Palace; its porphyry lid, which had originally been taken from the mausoleum of Hadrian, is still used as the baptismal font of St Peter's. Christina of Sweden's plain tomb is opposite Pius VII's; and the last of the Stuarts, James, the Old Pretender, Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, and Henry, Cardinal of York, lie in hideous plaster chests, and not under Canova's spiritual monument in the upper church, erected by George IV to the memory of that unlucky family. Here and there are fragments of the pavement of the old basilica, which Constantine built in the days when Christianity was in its infancy as the religion of the Empire. Pilgrims have kissed these stones and knelt here in the glory of

Old St Peter's, ablaze with mosaics and rich with frescoes from the hand of Giotto, in an age which we speak of as dark, but in which the flame of faith illuminated men's lives, and was the very fountain-head of inspiration. In the shadows of this silent, low-vaulted crypt Popes and Cardinals rest in state below their carven images; they seem to have found peace, those urgent old men, in the darkness of the ancient church, where night and day are as nothing, unless the songs of Matins and Vespers, which filter like an echo through the gratings of the magnificent basilica overhead, measure the march of Time.

The temporal kingdom of the Pope is the smallest kingdom in the world, but it embraces the largest palace and the largest cathedral. In addition, it comprises the Lateran, the mother church of Rome, which takes precedence of St Peter's, and Castel Gandolfo, to which His Holiness, in theory, can retire in case of ill-health, for the Vatican Hill has always had an ugly name for fevers, and Martial's epigram, "*Vaticana bibis, bibis venenum*" (If you drink Vatican wine, you drink poison), was too often verified for its dangers to be disregarded.

In the early days of Christianity the Popes dwelt in the Lateran Palace, but when Leo IV fortified the Vatican Hill after the Saracens sacked the old basilica, they recognized that they were safer within the walls of the Leonine City, in case of riots and insurrections, than they were in the undefended Lateran. But it was not till the return of the Papacy from Avignon in 1377 that the Vatican was regarded as the official pontifical residence.

PORTA ANGELICA

From that time onwards the Palace of the Papacy spread across the Vatican Hill, gaining fresh impetus with the occupation of each Pontiff, till within its long irregular walls were stored not only the associations of the most magnificent democracy the world has ever known, but some of the greatest treasures, both in art and literature, that the centuries have yielded to mankind.

Piled up above the colonnades of the Piazza of St Peter's, and dominating the Borgo, is Sixtus V's wing of the cortile of S. Damaso, in which the Pope lives to-day. From his window he can look over the entire city to the Quirinal, where the tawny walls of the Palace of the King, the summer residence of his predecessors, rise above a sea of roofs close to the lofty monument of Victor Emmanuel I, the first landmark of the new Kings of Rome.

Till March, 1909, you passed into the Vatican through the bronze doors which are the state entry to the Papal apartments, and ascended Bernini's magnificent Scala Regia to view the treasures of the storehouse of the Papacy. Now you are obliged to enter it through the Sculpture Gallery, which entails a walk or drive of three-quarters of a mile. It was more impressive to enter the palace by the Portone di Bronzo, because it was more intimate ; and because you received the impression of passing into the precincts of a city within a city. You were conscious that in his elaborate apartments overhead, the Pope, the being round whom the whole vast system of the Vatican revolves, was living his busy life, with no attempt to hide his peasant birth—a simple old man clad

in the white robes of a *pontifex maximus*, and possessed of the tact and dignity of a monarch. And as you ascended the Scala Regia, with its colonnades and richly coffered roof, perhaps your thoughts would turn to the two old women who live in their humble lodgings over a shop in the Piazza Rusticucci, so that they may look up at the windows of the stately rooms where their beloved and holy brother is a voluntary prisoner.

The halls and galleries and chapels and libraries which make up the vast ensemble of the Papal palace are filled with memories of great courts held by men who were priests after they were rulers, who thought more of their temporal kingdom than they thought of their priesthood, and who garnered, from the genius of the Quattrocento and the Renaissance, treasures which, while they last, will be the wonders of the world. Afterwards, too ; for when the inconceivable has happened, and in the course of centuries the hierarchy of the Papacy has vanished, and St Peter's and the Vatican are like the Palatine or the Baths of Diocletian, and the frescoes of Michelangelo and Raffaelle and Pinturicchio are faded fragments on broken walls, men will point to them and talk of their ancient beauty, while they walk over the ruins of the Empire without having dreamt of their existence. Or it may be that the house, founded upon the rock of Peter, will outlast the years, like the tombs and temples of the Egyptians, to an unknown antiquity, changing only its outward features; for the second millennium is as near to the present generation as the first was to the builders of the tenth century.

The Swiss Guard, with pikes and halberds over their shoulders, pace backwards and forwards before the Doors of Bronze. In the winter their long powder-blue coats only reveal their striped black-and-yellow stockings. On their heads they wear medieval-looking caps, and as the warm weather advances you see them in their motley of red and black and yellow, with wide breeches and close-fitting short-basqued tunics.

Bernini's magnificent Scala Regia was a fitting approach to the glories of the Sixtine Chapel, or the *stanze* which the warlike and art-loving Della Rovere commissioned Raffaelle to fresco because he would not dwell in the gorgeous apartments of Alexander VI on account of his hatred of the Borgia.

The Sixtine Chapel is one of the marvels of the world. But in the compass of the present volume it is not possible to give more than a glance into the great vault where Sixtus IV gathered together the artists of the Quattrocento, and Julius II and Paul III imprisoned the genius of Michelangelo for nearly twelve years. After the almost gaudy brightness of the Sala Regia the Sixtine Chapel is a gloomy place—a vast and barn-like structure, with nothing to break its plain lines but Mino da Fiesole's beautiful screen of marble, wrought like lace. Before the eye can take in any detail, before the mind can think coherently, the stupendous central figure of "The Last Judgment" looms up from the shadows of Michelangelo's altarpiece. It strikes the opening chord in the symphony which follows ; it is the chorus of the great drama translated into colour

on the vault above. It is no matter that Perugino and Pinturicchio, Sandro Botticelli and Ghirlandajo and Rosselli, have painted pictures of exquisite beauty on the walls of Sixtus IV's chapel ; it is no matter that every fresco, notwithstanding the dampness of the plaster, shines with grace and loveliness, or that each one is instinct with poetry and fantasy. For these Quattrocento idealists are lyricists, whose sweet songs are drowned in the clarion-call of Michelangelo's genius. If the Loggie is Raffaelle's Bible, the Sixtine Chapel is the Bible of the sombre and unhappy Florentine, who knew less joy in his eighty-nine years than gay young Raffaelle threw away in one summer of his short life.

As you stand in the Palatine Chapel of the Papacy it is impossible not to feel the spirit of Michelangelo —not only the stupendous genius of the man, his indomitable courage, his almost superhuman endeavour, but his gloomy faith, his spiritual wrestling, his loneliness of soul. "I live meanly, nor do I care for the life or the honours of this world. I endure great weariness and hopelessness, as it has been with me fifteen years never an hour's comfort !" he wrote to his father during the last year of his work on the vault of the chapel. Twenty-two years later he crossed the threshold of the Sixtine again, to paint "The Last Judgment" over three of Perugino's panels.

The paintings of the Sixtine Chapel are the most awe-inspiring and majestic of all the treasures of the Vatican ; but they bear the seal of a tempestuous spirit, which did not bow to any of the powers or principalities of this

THE GARDEN OF THE COLONNA

world; they were the outcome of the teachings of one who was a thorn in the side of the Papacy—Savonarola, the gloomy prophet of the Middle Ages.

The little chapel which the Blessed Angelico painted for Nicholas V is the antithesis of Michelangelo's vault of sorrows. There are no shadows in the small square chamber illuminated by the masterpieces of the Florentine monk, as there were no shadows in the simple faith of Brother John of Fiesole. He has clothed its walls with the soft yet brilliant colours which rejoiced his soul; he has painted immortal pictures full of piety and gentle youth; he has drawn prayerful women and holy saints, and beggars with the sharp profiles of the fifteenth century; and he has filled his backgrounds with flowers of early architecture. The splendid Court of Nicholas V, the founder of the magnificence of the Papacy, and the greatest humanist of his day, made no mark on the work of the simple old man, who was not a scholar and did not seek wealth, and who had so little in his nature of the stern *domini canes* among whom he dwelt in Florence and in Rome.

After the masterpieces of these two men—the one struggling to the end with his unruly genius, the other passing through life as simply and naturally as a flower—the *stanze*, where Raffaelle's genius soared its highest, seem impregnated with the spirit of youth and the Renaissance. Fra Angelico stands for the Middle Ages; Michelangelo for eternity: Fra Angelico sang of faith and the beauty of worship; Michelangelo enunciated creeds, philosophy and science, through one

medium—the form of man. Raffaelle does neither. Raffaelle, the well-beloved, the happy-hearted, Raffaelle, the pagan boy, Raffaelle, with his joyous court, his loves and his ambitions, caught the inspiration of the Renaissance, and turned it into gold in the crucible of his genius. In the glorious Stanza della Segnatura, where his Art was at its apogee, you are translated to the Courts of the Renaissance. Here you see the lovely youths, Francesco Maria della Rovere and Federigo, the son of Isabella d'Este, dreaming and studying in the "School of Athens," with the genial, bald-headed Bramante, and Sangallo, and Raffaelle himself. In the "Triumph of the Church" you see among the Bishops of the world, its poets and its preachers, Savonarola, whose harsh voice had only been silenced ten years before Raffaelle went to Florence; and in the "Parnassus" are Ariosto and Boccaccio, and the lovely women of the Renaissance who were the inspiration of the humanist age. It has been well said that if the genius of Botticelli, the genius of Filippino Lippi, the genius of Pinturicchio, were the flowers of the Renaissance, Raffaelle's genius was its perfect fruit, though in the *stanze* of the Vatican, where he was painting from the year of his arrival in Rome to the year of his death, its bloom was marred by the canker which was to be the sign of the decadence of art. The Stanza della Segnatura is untainted, but the sign-manual of decadence is over the work of his pupils in the adjoining *stanze*, and it can even be traced in the later works of the master himself, whose fatal gift of adaptability led

him to emulate Michelangelo's great work in the Sixtine.

Beyond the *stanze* are Raffaelle's *loggie*, whose walls Giovanni da Udine covered with the fantastic arabesques and plaster-work he had studied in the Golden House of Nero, then newly excavated. It is a gay and beautiful place, and though the little scriptural scenes which have given it the name of "Raffaelle's Bible" are mostly the work of his pupils, the effect of the gallery, with its glowing pictures framed in blue sky, and its delicate arabesques above da Udine's *amorini* and hippocamps and faded Pompeian walls, is gracious and lovely.

Just as Raffaelle has caught the spirit of the Renaissance in the *stanze* of Julius II, Pinturicchio has imprisoned the radiance of the afterglow of the Middle Ages in the apartments of Alexander VI. The vaulted, square, and badly-lighted rooms are filled with the mellow brilliance of his frescoes, and enriched with gilded stucco and crimson tapestry and panels of *intarsia*. As much as Sandro Botticelli, Pinturicchio was a poet of the Quattrocentists. What grace and tenderness, what purity, he shows in his lunettes of the life of the Virgin! In what a gay and luxurious court does S. Catherine, the fair Lucrezia herself, dispute theology, while knights and courtiers and pages listen to the graceful girl, and Prince Djem, the captive of the Vatican, with jewelled turban and magnificent mien, reins in his white charger to listen with the rest! Everywhere the artist has depicted the little domestic details of the life of his day. In the Visitation the Virgin is a sweet and humble girl, Eliza-

beth a holy woman. They meet outside the loggia of her house, where Zachariah, leaning against a pillar, is intent upon a book; near his feet a beautiful girl is spinning, and a child is playing with a pet animal. Through the arches of the loggia you see the gay travellers of the Middle Ages, on horseback and afoot, passing along a winding road; and in the distance the sun shines on a river disappearing among blue hills in the clear pale light of Umbria. Again, in his lunette of Susannah, rabbits nibble the flower-starred grass, and gazelles look with gentle eyes at Susannah and the angry elders. In the foreground is a monkey on a golden chain, and a quaint fifteenth-century fountain full of fantastic details; in the distance are horsemen and slender cypresses, and the birds which fill his pictures with the flash of their plumage and the gay echo of their songs.

But not even the dim splendour of Pinturicchio's frescoes can lighten the rooms where Alexander VI held his Court, and where at the last he died the death by poison, which he and his terrible son Cæsar had meted out to so many prelates and courtiers of Rome.

Vital memories are stored in the vast treasure-house of the Popes—the successors of the Roman Emperors. But it is a monument of the temporal power of the Papacy, not of its spiritual power. In the simple apartments where Pius X spends his days, or in the lovely gardens where he walks after his frugal midday meal, there is an air of sanctity bred of holiness and repose. Here the "Servant of the Servants of God," to use the formula with which even the proud Popes of the

Renaissance prefaced their Bulls, dwells in the simplicity of a recluse ; his life has little in common with the magnificence of the rest of his temporal kingdom.

For the Vatican is a real kingdom. Besides the treasures of its chapels and its *stanze* and its world-famous library ; besides Raffaelle's tapestries and *loggie ;* besides the noble Roman candelabra and the Sixtine and Paoline treasures, and the Papal museums, it has a population of more than 2,000 souls. In its labyrinth of rooms, estimated by Baedeker at 1,000, and by Murray and Hare at 11,000, you may lose sight of the spiritual aspect of the Papacy, but you can never for a moment forget that it is the throne of the greatest organization the world has known.

After the dome of St Peter's, the statue-crested pediment of the Lateran is the most noticeable feature in the landscape of Rome. As you draw near Rome her skirts encroach upon the hills of the Campagna, with white villas in cypress gardens ; and soon you see the Lateran with its apostles shining in the dawn above the long line of Aurelian's Wall. It dominates the east of the city, as St Peter's dominates the west. These ancient cathedrals are the guardians of Rome ; their saints and apostles keep watch over the march of Time, and behold the mystery of night and day from the roofs of the Eternal City.

In the piazza of the Lateran, the largest of Rome's obelisks, and the oldest, points to the changing sky with the grim aspect of an oracle. It is almost a thousand years older than Rome, and more than two thousand

years older than the Lateran as it stands to-day. For the Lateran, in spite of its associations with the early life of Christianity and the Papacy, has suffered more than any church in Rome at the hands of the restorer. It is like a tree which has been struck by lightning; it ceased to bear fruit when it had been blasted by the flight of the Popes to Avignon. The old palace where Gregory the Great lived and composed his antiphonary, and the old basilica where St Dominic and St Francis met on their mission to Innocent III, to ask for the confirmation of their Orders, were almost entirely destroyed in the fire of 1308. Of the beautiful garden of the Popes, which stretched from the Lateran to S. Croce in Gerusalemme, nothing remains unless the old garden of the Villa Wolskonsky, which has been sadly encroached upon by tenement-houses, may be counted as a link with the past. The baptistery alone has retained the form of the Constantinian building, and it holds more memories than the renovated basilica, or the Palace of Sixtus V, which the Popes never inhabited.

It is an octagonal building, with glorious porphyry columns, from whose architrave springs a smaller colonnade of white marble supporting the cupola. The walls and roof of the ambulatory have been spoilt by the excesses of baroque art; but within the monoliths of precious marble, which, tradition claims, were presented to the early Church by Constantine, is the font of green basalt where the Emperor himself was probably baptized, and where Rienzi, in one of his mad moods, bathed before he appeared to the citizens of Rome vested with knightly powers.

SANTA CROCE IN GERUSALEMME

Each of the oratories of the baptistery bears traces of its ancient beauty, but the whole building was ruined, artistically speaking, by Urban VIII, the Barberini Pope of whom Pasquino wrote, "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barberini." In the portico of S. Venanzio, the Borgia chapel, the porphyry columns and marble entablature of the ancient portico are walled up; but the oratory of S. Venanzio still has its seventh-century mosaics, and is fragrant with the scent of cedar-wood, for the roof, which the *custode* claims to be the work of Michael Angelo, is made of Cedar of Lebanon. The most beautiful oratory is the tiny sanctuary of St John the Evangelist, whose vault glows with fifth-century mosaics, and whose bronze doors, belonging to the old Lateran Palace, have pictures of the ancient façade of the basilica. Opposite this is the chapel of St John the Baptist, whose heavy doors were brought from the Baths of Caracalla. When they move slowly on their hinges, a ghost-voice of pagan Rome seems to echo through the baptistery of Constantine. It is as though the silver clarions of Rome, low at first, then of piercing strength and sweetness, swelled up and trembled into silence before they were succeeded by the harsh roar of the second portal. Perhaps Dante was thinking of these doors when he described the Gate of Purgatory:

"When, on the hinges that the portal bear,
Slow turn'd with grating sound the sacred door,
Whose bolts their deep metallic voice declare,
Less harshly roar'd Tarpeia's gate of yore,
When good Metellus all in vain had found
Resistance, and the treasure was no more.

At the first note, intent I turn'd me round,
And then *Te Deum* did it seem to me
I heard in music mingled with the sound.
Even such an image it appear'd to be
As when ye hear sweet voices sing ; and they
Join with the organ's notes in melody :
And now the words are heard, and now they die away."

The Lateran is rich in bronze doors ; the splendid gates of the eastern portico were once the doors of the Senate-house of Rome.

The interior of the Lateran is in the worst possible taste. Gigantic statues of the Apostles emerge with dramatic gestures from grey niches flanked with columns of ugly modern serpentine, and rob the nave of dignity and repose ; the over-gilt ceiling and the garish frescoes of the transept emphasize the white plaster with which everything is covered. Only the inlaid pavement of Martin V, the good Colonna Pope whose bronze effigy rests in the *confessio ;* the mosaics of the tribune ; the beautiful Gothic canopy over the high altar, a few tombs, and one picture by Giotto, remain of the basilica of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The fires of 1308 and 1360 wiped out all traces of the Basilica Aurea —the Golden Basilica—which was the wonder of the world in the early days of Christianity.

But the little thirteenth-century cloister of the Lateran is purely lovely. The sunlight lingers in the palm-garden, which long ago was the pleasaunce of the Benedictines, after their expulsion from Monte Cassino. It pours through the low arches of the colonnade, whose delicate coupled columns have softened to the colour of ivory. Some of them are miniature Corinthian

columns; some are spiral; and some gleam with ribbons of Cosmatesque mosaics. Above them is a frieze of porphyry and serpentine, inlaid with the jewelled art of the Cosmati; and the inner walls are lined with fragments of the old basilica and monuments of the Middle Ages. This cloister is one of the sunny retreats scattered through Rome, where silence and peace wipe out the stormy memories of the years they have passed. The steep brown wall of the mother church of the world towers above the northern side; there is no sound save the rustling of the palm-trees, and the thready music of far-off wine-carts. And if the earliest date assigned to the cloister is correct, St Francis and St Dominic, while they were waiting the pleasure of the all-powerful Innocent III, may have come to watch the artists of their day polishing and carving and beautifying with mosaics the little cloister, which was to be the only fragment of the great basilica and palace to survive the centuries with any semblance of its original grace.

Rome is one of the most crowded cities in the world; yet the ancient garden of the Popes has never been encroached upon. From Galileo's splendid eastern portico the hill slopes away to S. Croce in Gerusalemme, with the old brown wall of Rome linking one basilica to the other. Across the valleys of the Campagna is the long line of the Anio Novus aqueduct, and in the distance are the Sabine Mountains, blue, silvered with snow. On the other hand the eye glances past the mosaiced apse of the Chapel of the Holy Staircase to the gardens of the Villa Wolskonsky, where the arches of Nero's aqueduct

are hidden beneath masses of ivy. Electric trams jangle up to the Porta San Giovanni; modern tenement-houses crowd upon the Villa Wolskonsky; the hillside, once the Garden of the Popes, is bare and dusty; the Mother church of Rome is never visited by her Bishop, because he is the prisoner of convention in his palace on the other side of the Tiber; but pilgrims still flock to the eastern spur of the Cœlian as they did in the days of Prudentius; and in the silence of the chapel of the Scala Santa, men and women, looking in the dim light like shadows of the past, ascend the Holy Staircase on their knees. The steps themselves, which S. Helena brought from Jerusalem, from the house of Pilate, would have been worn away long ago by the knees of the faithful if they had not been encased in wood, for any day and any hour when you enter the shrine you may witness the difficult upward progress of those who seek to ease their souls with prayer and tribulation on this relic of the Passion of Our Lord.

VIA S. PIETRO CARCERE

CHAPTER VII
Of the Tiber and Trastevere

THE Tiber is an ineffective river. Now that it has ceased to have floods, it exercises no influence on the life of Rome. The turgid stream flows swiftly under the many bridges which link the City of the Cæsars to the City of the Popes; it seems preoccupied and full of frowning thought as it rushes past the gentle shadow of the city, which was once the greatest capital in the world. It has none of the smiling breadth of other rivers, that slip round the piers of their bridges, as though they longed to stay and gather secrets from all the towns and villages upon their banks.

The Tiber has not lost its links with the past; it is still the "tawny flood" of which Horace wrote, and if it is not the "Father Tiber to whom the Romans pray," it is still a fierce stream, whose torrent it may well be that few would care to stem, as Horatius did in evil case. Perhaps it hides too many secrets under its swirling mantle to stay and hold converse with the city on its banks; perhaps it hastens by, fearful that the citizens of Rome may fling more victims and more treasures into a maw which has long been satisfied. For from the beginning the Tiber has only known the tragedies of Rome, not its joys, its loves, its high hopes, its ambitions. It has been the mirror of many fires; it has cradled many bodies on its troubled waters; it has swallowed

many treasures and silenced many hopeless shrieks; and yet the sun shines brightly when you emerge from the shadowy streets on either hand; and nowhere is Rome more gay and beautiful, more full of grace and gentleness, than by the river, which seems to have repudiated her for ever, now that it can no longer rise in anger to drive her from its banks.

When Romulus was to the living memory of the Latins what Victor Emmanuel is to the men of Italy to-day, it may well be that the swiftly-flowing river received human sacrifices on its yellow flood. We know that in the days of the Republic, puppets of rushes, bound, according to Dionysius, to resemble men tied hand and foot, were thrown by the Vestal Virgins from the Pons Sublicius. There have been human sacrifices enough since then—priests and princes, citizens and soldiers. The boatmen of the Tiber have carried many a strange story to their homes in the blue dawn—of horsemen riding to the river-side with nameless bundles on their cruppers, or of mercenaries swinging a limp form into the dark waters. There would be a gleam of steel in the uncertain moonlight, a splash, the ring of retreating footsteps, and silence; and the boatmen would cross themselves and mutter prayers to whatever saints they looked to.

Since the great flood which stranded the immortal brothers, Romulus and Remus, the Tiber has inundated Rome on one hundred and thirty-two occasions, and the low-lying districts as often as three or four times a year. The river, swollen with countless corpses, some-

times burst its bonds and surged even to the cliffs of the Capitol, dealing death on either hand, and leaving behind it fatal pestilences. But this has passed. The modern rulers of Rome have apparently solved the question which exercised the minds of Julius Cæsar and his Imperial successors. They have enclosed the unruly flood in high embankments, which, although they are not an improvement from the artistic point of view, guard the city from flood and infiltration. And they have taken an equally necessary step, and have diverted the main sewers, so that the Tiber is no longer the *cloaca maxima* of Rome.

At least four of the bridges, which span the Tiber to-day, date from the Republican era—Ponte Rotto, Pons Fabricius, Pons Cestius, and Pons Milvius. The Ponte Sant' Angelo or the Pons Ælius of Hadrian is of Imperial times, but the others are all either medieval or modern.

The ancient Pons Sublicius, the wooden bridge attributed to Ancus Martius, the fourth King of Rome, disappeared in the fifteenth century, when the diary of Infessura tells us that " Pope Sixtus sent into camp 400 large cannon-balls made of travertine from the remains of a bridge at La Marmorata, called Il Ponte di Orazio Cocles," referring, of course, to the solid masonry piers sunk in the stream. This ancient bridge at the foot of the Aventine, near the quay where most of the precious marbles brought to Rome were landed, is said by Pliny to be the bridge Horatius defended against Lars Porsena of Clusium.

It is no more; but the waters of the river still swirl round the solitary arch of the Ponte Rotto, the Pons Æmilius, which Æmilius Lepidus, and after him Scipio Africanus, built when Rome was beginning to tighten her grasp upon the Empire of the world. Tawny is the Tiber as it eddies round the piers of the ruined bridge, and tawny are the old stones which have spanned its flood for over two thousand years. So it stood when the butchers of Rome sold their meat in the Forum Boarium close by; and the bronze roof of the little temple which was built in honour of we know not what god gleamed in the sunshine as the leaves of the maples gleam in December along the embankment. This ancient bridge of the Republic, which has seen the Tiber run red with the birth-pangs of the Empire, has a leonine dignity. Green creepers sprawl over its golden stones, and the ancient dragon carved on one of its piers is softening under the hand of Time; but even the modern iron bridge, which spans the river not a stone's-throw away, fails to destroy its atmosphere of repose.

You may well dream of the strenuous days of the Republic as you stand on the embankment of the immortal river, and see the island of the Tiber resting in midstream, linked to the mainland by the golden arches of the Pons Fabricius on the one hand, and the Ponte San Bartolommeo, which still preserves an arch of the ancient Pons Cestius, on the other. The river sweeps round the base of the Aventine, whose slopes are clothed with the cypresses and ilexes of the Knights of Malta. In front you see the pale-tinted, box-like houses

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of Trastevere; behind, in the hollow of the Forum Boarium, you see the round temple of Vesta, or Mater Matuta, the Goddess of the Dawn, and the beautiful Temple of Fortune, which archæologists identify with a temple originally built by Servius Tullius, the Etruscan. It will often happen that, near the prow of the ship-like Isola Tiberina, fishermen in tiny boats with large square nets will be fishing, not for the *lupus*, which the historians of Ancient Rome praised for its excellence of flavour when it was caught "inter duos pontes," but for an inconsiderable fish not as large as a sardine.

It is strange that, of all things, the bridges over a fierce river should be the most perfect and authentic relics of the Republic. The Ponte Fabricio is narrow, and its stones are worn into a groove by the feet of two thousand years. On its parapet are the two hermæ of the four-headed Janus, which give the bridge its name of Ponte dei Quattro Capi, and who smile sardonically from the four points of the compass upon a Rome so changed and new. Romans strolled over this bridge in the days when three temples overlooked the Tiber instead of the Church and Convent of S. Bartolommeo, and a cluster of uneven brown houses; mercenaries sauntered insolently across it in the Middle Ages from the stronghold of the Caetani on the island. The old tower of the Caetani still frowns down upon the bridge as though it possessed the power of guarding the Island of Healing as it did in the thirteenth century, albeit it was not a place of healing then. At its southern

extremity is the Morgue, a dreary-looking building, which has never become reconciled to its old brown neighbours. The site of the resting-place of the poor unknown dead is even more incongruous than it appears, for it was once occupied by a temple to Æsculapius. In the year 293 B.C. a plague had raged in the city, against which nothing could prevail. The oracles told the community, knowing well that only time could lessen its grip, that the plague would not stop unless they set sail to Epidaurus and brought back with them the statue of Æsculapius. As the vessel sailed up the Tiber with the statue, a serpent, which no one had observed during the voyage, slipped overboard, and landed among the reeds of the island near this spot. The Romans, thinking the augury a fortunate one, raised a temple to Æsculapius, and formed the island into a ship in honour of the sage. The stones of its prow are still visible below the staring yellow walls of the Morgue.

In Trastevere the streets are narrow, and the houses are so closely packed that they always seem to be treading upon each other's skirts. Almost opposite the Ponte S. Bartolommeo is the little piazza of S. Benedetto in Piscinula, where the founder of the great Order lived before he went—at the age of thirteen—into retreat at Subiaco. The tiny church is picturesque and brown, and among the tall houses which have grown up round, it looks very humble—like a tottering friar.

At the entrance of the piazza is an old house which still has remains of Gothic windows, and a shallow loggia under its sloping roof. Here, according to tradition,

lived the Fornarina, the beautiful woman who was loved by Raffaelle. She was a baker-girl, as her nickname implies, but with what happy assurance must she have tripped across the ancient bridges of the Isola Tiberina to him, the gay and joyful youth who loved the brilliant life of his day too well to husband his own, and drank his measure at a single draught, and was laid in his niche in the Pantheon, to haunt the souls of all who visit Rome with visions of pictures, very beautiful and strange, which might have graced her walls if Raffaelle had not been so beloved of the gods.

In the dark *bassi* of the Fornarina's house old women, like the Fates of Michelangelo, spin all day, or weave bright-coloured braids on hand-looms. Their shuttles fly backwards and forwards with ceaseless rattle; and the old crones bandy words with each other, and show their toothless gums over obscure jests. It may have been that Clotho laughed so when she snipped the scarlet thread of Raffaelle's life out of the gorgeous tapestry of the Renaissance.

Trastevere has preserved its medieval character more than any part of Rome. In its narrow winding streets, which hardly ever boast a pavement, are many arches and old brown houses, with upper stories projecting on brackets, and squat loggias under their lichened roofs. There are roof-gardens and little *osterie*, with bamboos in tubs; everywhere the houses are linked with clothes-lines of snowy linen fluttering in the sunshine. The narrow streets open into small, irregular piazzas, whose ancient houses still have outside stair-

cases, with heavy doors opening on to the street. There are always wine-shops here, whose patrons drink their excellent red wine at rickety tables in the road; dark-haired, tragic-looking women walk about knitting; and cobblers and rope-makers and other humble workmen carry on their trades outside the gloomy holes which are often their only habitation. It would probably look dingy and shabby in another atmosphere; but with the blue Italian sky above, and with the Italian sunshine deepening the brilliant colours of the people's clothes, and bringing out the rich tones of the stucco houses, it is as beautiful as Nature.

The extreme simplicity of life in Trastevere is suggestive of the country rather than of the capital of Italy. In the dark open mouthways of the basements people carry on their trades, singing as they work, stopping sometimes for a jest and sometimes for a fierce argument, which may end in blows. The Trasteverines are still hot-blooded; but they are a pleasant people, very different to the whining, shrieking, begging crowd that inhabits the district of the old Ghetto.

Among the narrow houses of Trastevere you find many churches and hospitals as well as barracks and prisons. In the Borgo there are palaces, but Trastevere is a humbler district, and though there is an orange-garden here and there, and more than one lovely cloister, like those of S. Giovanni dei Genovesi and S. Cosimato, there is little space to spare between the Janiculum and the Tiber. S. Cosimato is one of the most beautiful hospices in the city, for it has four cloistered courts of

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exquisite grace, an antique brick portico—the oldest in Rome—and a glorious fresco of the Virgin with St Francis and St Clare, by Pinturicchio or his favourite pupil. In its sunny gardens old people dream out their lives; and sometimes it may be that you will see dames, who have numbered their hundred years, singing to themselves in the chequered light of a Lombard cloister, and boasting that they, too, can dance a tarantella, although their tired old feet will not let them shuffle longer than a minute amid the admiring plaudits of other centenarians.

Trastevere is full of contrasts. At one moment you find yourself near the hospital of S. Michele, with its fine quay, almost opposite the ancient Marmorata; at another you look up at the inscription which states that Pius IX, an inveterate smoker, was the donor of an immense tobacco-factory. Near the modern Ponte Garibaldi is a group of buildings which covers a large area in the history of Rome. For opposite the ancient church of S. Crisogono, of which Stephen Langton was titular Cardinal in the thirteenth century, is the Excubitorium of the Roman *vigiles*, who acted as firemen and police guards two thousand years ago; and beside it is the medieval *castello* of the barons of Anguillara.

The most human things about the station of the Roman firemen are the scribblings on the walls above the benches of Roman cement, on which they reclined while they were waiting for alarms. In the centre is the core of their marble fountain; and hippocamps and other maritime monsters sprawl fantastically over the mosaic

pavement. During the centuries which have passed since these forgotten watchmen of Rome rested in their guard-house by the Tiber, the earth has risen artificially, till the roof of the Excubitorium, if there was one, would be on the level of the modern road. It is open to the air; ferns and moss grow in the crevices of its brick walls; and when you look up you see fleets of clothes fluttering against the patch of blue sky enclosed by the tall plaster houses of Trastevere.

The house of the Anguillara gives you a different picture of Rome. It has been restored by the Government exactly as it was built by its unruly medieval barons. It often happens that you are greeted by gay strains of music when you enter the courtyard, which is like the cortile of the Bargello of Florence, with its well-head fountain, its square, battlemented tower, its outside staircase, and its loggias. It will be deserted, except for the rampant lions at the foot of the stairway, holding the shield of the Anguillara—the twisted eels which the Orsini removed to their scutcheon when they had crushed their rebellious younger branch; and as you ascend to the loggia, still with the gay music in your ears, the Middle Ages will seem to close round you like a mantle, and you will have a vision of silk-clad pages, and soldiers in chain-mail attending the marriage of one of the beautiful daughters of the proud House of Eversus the Tyrant—till the *custode* appears, and puts your dreams to flight by telling you that it is the Concerto Communale, which has its practice-room in the large dining-hall of the Anguillara barons.

The fields of Sant' Angelo are no more. The Prati have been laid waste by the modern builder, and though many beautiful villas have risen in the new residential quarter, it is nevertheless a desert of white houses and bare and dusty spaces. Perhaps shabby, lovable Trastevere, and the Borgo, with its ancient palaces, are poor neighbours for the brand-new villas of the Prati, making them appear more vulgar and glaring than they are in reality. But surely there were never two such ill-assorted neighbours as the Castle of Sant' Angelo and the new Palace of Justice, which is so white and new that it makes you think of the Paris Exhibition. It is one of Rome's architectural failures, and it throws its reflection into the swift yellow waters of the Tiber with the effrontery of a *nouveau-riche*.

The Ponte Sant' Angelo, the Pons Ælius which Hadrian built to give free access to his mausoleum, is the most romantic of all Roman bridges, for its stones are worn by the feet of the pilgrims of fifteen centuries passing to the shrine of St Peter. Its five arches make complete circles with their reflections in the muddy waters of the Tiber; and on the parapet are Bernini's fluttering angels. Under their guardianship pilgrims and penitents alike have passed to St Peter's, treading the same path as Kings and Emperors, who went with the pomp of great estate to receive their crowns at the hands of the Bishop of the World; they watch over all those who pass under their shadows to and from the Leonine City. There are memories here to last you all your life, for over this bridge, since Boniface VIII in-

augurated the Jubilee of the Papacy in 1300, have passed crowds of which Rome had not seen the equal since the city of Augustus and Trajan went down before the incursions of the barbarians. During the second Jubilee, in the year of grace 1350, pilgrims from all over Europe came to visit the shrine of the Apostle, although Clement VI himself was in Avignon, and Rome was a desolate, depopulated waste which had been laid bare two years before by plague and earthquake. The swaying, jostling throng would make its way on foot, on horseback, in litters, and on mules; it would spread into the narrow streets of the Borgo, and flow like a multi-coloured river into the atrium of Old St Peter's. Petrarch was among the pilgrims of that year, as Dante had been in the Jubilee of Boniface VIII; and Rienzi, who had fled from the city in disguise three years before, returned, and, finding the Romans too contented to think of intrigues and insurrections, had to flee from Rome a second time. The eyes of the swelling stream of pilgrims, forced into the narrow channel of Hadrian's Bridge, beheld the great round tower of the Castle of Sant' Angelo much as we see it to-day, for the fortifications of Nicholas V, which were destroyed in the formation of the new embankment, had not then been built. But it is difficult to conceive that the blue dome of St Peter's, to which we look instinctively when we emerge on to the embankment, was not poised between heaven and earth, the outward and visible beacon of their faith.

The first angel on the parapet of the Pons Ælius, the

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outpost of the Leonine City, bears the inscription, "Hence there is pardon for the humble," which is almost like a message from the gentle old man who lives with the simplicity of a peasant in the great palace on the Mons Vaticanus, amid the treasures garnered by ambitious Pontiffs during a thousand years. Across the bridge the round machicolated castle of Sant' Angelo looms up with stained brown walls ; its bronze angel outlined against the Roman sky, sheathes his sword eternally in memory of the vision of St Gregory the Great, who, as he reached the bridge at the head of a penitential procession to pray before St Peter for plague-stricken Rome, saw an angel putting up his dripping sword over the tomb of Hadrian.

The Castle of Sant' Angelo is the link between the Empire and the Papacy—Moles Hadriani, it was called, the Mass of Hadrian; but the mass has been hewn within and without by the Popes of many generations, until it is only the figure of its former self, concealing in its womb the sepulchral chamber, in which the ashes of the peace-loving and artistic Hadrian were laid. From the fall of the Empire to the last century strife centred round this spot, for in every insurrection and sudden dash for power—and there were many in the stormy Middle Ages of Rome—the first step of the insurgents was to obtain possession of Sant' Angelo ; and later, at the hint of danger, the Popes fled from the Vatican to take refuge in their impregnable fortress through the covered gallery of John XXIII. The luxurious Pontiffs made preparation for a prolonged

residence in Sant' Angelo, so that in its frowning precincts, after climbing the spiral passage where Caracalla used to drive his chariot, you come upon a series of gay and beautiful rooms with delicate Pompeian frescoes and stucco friezes, opening upon sun-bathed courts—pleasure-rooms in sharp contrast with the gloomy prisons which abound in the core of the fort, each with its tragic story of despair. In the most beautiful of the Papal apartments Cardinal Caraffa was strangled by order of Pius IV on the very night that his brother was beheaded in the castle below; and here Caterina Sforza, the intrepid widow of Girolamo Riario, was confined when she was taken prisoner after capturing the town of Forli, and holding it against Cæsar Borgia for six weeks. There are many ghosts in Sant' Angelo—dim shadows who throng round you as you thread your way through the mazes of the ancient fortress towards the angel on the summit, till your mind reverts to the "Purgatorio" of Dante, and you long to stop and listen to the story of these wandering souls and forget your inexorable *custode*.

Between the Castle of Sant' Angelo and the Piazza of St Peter's is the crowded district of the Borgo, whose streets radiate from the great cathedral. The efforts of the Popes to provide a suitable approach to the chief church of Christendom have been unavailing. The Borgo is still a shabby, overpopulated quarter, which presses almost up to the sweeping arms of the great colonnade which Alexander VII built two centuries after Nicholas V conceived his famous scheme for the

aggrandisement of St Peter's. It was Nicholas, the scholar-Pope of humble birth, whose Court was even more magnificent than that of Julius II or Leo X, who first dreamt of making the Vatican Hill a rival to the Palatine, with theatres for spectacles and Imperial coronations, and parks and palaces and triumphal gates. And it was he who put down the first stones of the new basilica, but he did not lay rough hands on Old St Peter's to satisfy a lust for building.

The six great porticoes which he wished to build from the Cathedral to Sant' Angelo were never erected. His successors occupied themselves with St Peter's and the Vatican rather than with the Borgo, till Alexander VI, in the last year of the fifteenth century, opened the Via Alessandrina, and offered certain privileges to the proprietors of the gardens and orchards on either side of the road if they would at once build imposing palaces along the new Papal route. This was the third approach to St Peter's—the present Borgo Nuovo ; but few of the great palaces erected in the lifetime of the Borgia Pope are standing to-day except the Palazzo Giraud, in which he partook of that mysterious supper with Cardinal Adrian Castello of Corneto about which no one knows the truth. Some say the Cardinal himself prepared the fatal dish, others that Alexander and Cæsar originated the plot because they coveted the rich Cardinal's *vigna ;* but the more probable story is that Adrian, knowing what was in the heart of his guests, bribed the Papal cup-bearer, so that the terrible Pontiff and his son partook of the poison. Cæsar escaped with

a serious illness, and while his father was dying in the Vatican palace his troops were thronging the Borgo, and he himself was planning an escape through the passage of the Popes to Sant' Angelo.

Facing the Palazzo Giraud, on the opposite side of the little Piazza Scossa Cavalli, which links the Borgo Nuovo with the Borgo Vecchio, is the enormous palace of the Penitentiaries, where Cardinal Francesco Alidosi of Imola dwelt during the pontificate of his patron, Julius II. Its plain exterior suggests none of its ancient grandeur, but it has the most beautifully painted coffered ceiling in Italy—one of the masterpieces of Pinturicchio—and it has a charming garden in its cloister, where fountains splash and white doves coo in the ivy-covered pergola over an ancient well-head.

But even more romantic interest clings round the plain plastered palace of the Convertendi, for this was once the lovely house built by Bramante for Adriano Caprini, in which Raffaelle held his court, and where he painted his "Transfiguration." The room in which he died, and where he lay in state below his unfinished masterpiece while all Rome mourned for him, is used as a schoolroom now, and every trace of its former splendour has been whitewashed away.

Hospices and hostels have always been an important feature in the Borgo or Borough of the Vatican. More than sixty German inns, says Gregorovius, "are innumerated in old registers in the Borgo as early as the days of Eugenius IV." But by far the most interesting of the ancient hospices is the Anglo-Saxon *schola*, built

PORTA DI SANTO SPIRITO

by King Ina, in 727, as "an institution for the instruction of English princes and clergy in the Catholic faith," which Offa of Mercia enlarged, and for which he instituted the tribute of Peter's Pence as a contribution towards its support. A church was also built by these early Saxons, so that pilgrims who had braved the long and arduous journey to the Holy See might be buried within the Vatican precincts. It was from this church and hospice that the hospital of Santo Spirito arose in the Middle Ages. To-day it is the most unique hospital in Europe, for it is capable of accommodating two thousand beds, besides comprising a lunatic asylum, a foundling hospital, and a fine medieval library. It stretches almost the entire length of the Borgo Santo Spirito; its architecture is severe, and it has none of the grace of the beautiful old hospital of Milan; but it has a rich Renaissance doorway of yellowed marble, exquisitely carved, which leads to the octagonal cupola of Sixtus IV. There is an altar under the dome, and through the glass walls which line the hall you see the immense wards stretching to right and left. Except for the warm tones of the pre-Raffaellite frescoes executed for Sixtus IV between the high windows of the long walls, everything is white—white beds, white-clad surgeons and male nurses, white walls; but the restful spick-and-spanness and daintiness of English hospitals is strikingly absent; the wards have the appearance of being emergency hospitals instead of units of an ancient and time-honoured institution.

The Porta San Spirito, the ancient gate by which the

Saxons entered their "borough," is connected with the Porta Settimiana, the gate of Trastevere, by the Via Lungara, one of the long, straight streets which Julius II rebuilt and widened. The new embankment, with its modern iron bridge, the Ponte ai Fiorentini, encroaches upon the road to the gardens of the Farnesina, but great palaces line the opposite side. Here is the Palazzo Corsini, in which men and women of good and evil fame, but always with great names, have dwelt since Girolamo Riario built his lovely villa under the Janiculum. Later Michelangelo lived here in the house of his patron, the Cardinal di S. Giorgio, Raffaelle Riario; and because he was always sombre and reserved, and held himself aloof from the gay society which flowed through the galleries of the Villa Riario to the beautiful house of Agostino Chigi on the other side of the road, Michelangelo did not make his name quickly, but spent his time drawing rough sketches which the Cardinal's barber amused himself by colouring!

Erasmus writes of Rome during the pontificate of Leo X, and of the Cardinal's beautiful home on the banks of the Tiber, where he welcomed artists and poets, men of letters and philosophers: "What delightful freedom, what rich libraries, what learning among her men of letters, what frank cordiality in their manners! Where can be found so many societies devoted to literature, so many monuments of ancient days? Where else, in one spot, can be found so numerous a gathering of all the geniuses of the earth?" In the seventeenth century the Corsini, or Riario, Palace became again a centre of

men of learning; and poets and artists were gathered together by Queen Christina of Sweden in the villa on the Janiculum where once Caterina Sforza, the daring combatant of the Borgias, dwelt with her magnificent husband, the nephew of Sixtus IV. To-day its galleries contain many gems collected by the Corsini family, and among them is the famous portrait of Henry VIII, "Henry of England," by Hans Holbein, the obese and jewelled King, who aimed the first blow which severed England from the Papacy.

On the other side of Julius II's road, in the midst of its gardens, is the beautiful Villa Farnesina, the pleasure-house of Agostino Chigi, the great Siennese banker, and friend of Raffaelle and Leo X. Chigi, like Leo X, Bibbiena, Raffaelle, and Michelangelo, was a type of the Renaissance. He was not only the most powerful merchant of his day, possessing branch houses all over Italy, with a hundred ships sailing under his flag, and representatives in Alexandria, Constantinople, Cairo, Lyons, and London, but he was a collector, a patron of art, and a sybarite, leading a luxurious life in his villa on the Tiber. Baldassare Peruzzi, Raffaelle, Giovanni da Udine, Sebastiano del Piombo, Il Sodoma and Daniele da Volterra helped to build and adorn the pleasure-house of this prince of merchants, who entertained the Medici Pontiff in his stables, hung with rare carpets and tapestries, and served his guests off priceless gold plate. It is empty now, this villa, once a centre of the splendid life of the Renaissance; and the garden, famed throughout Rome for its beauty, has been encroached upon and

robbed of nearly all its magnificent old trees. But there are few spots in Rome more full of the glow and colour of the Renaissance than the banqueting-hall of Agostino Chigi, adorned with Raffaelle's famous ceiling, frescoed with the story of Cupid and Psyche. It is a lovely room, with the joyous youthful figures of the "young painter's" designs glowing from a Cærulean background. In the days when Chigi entertained his noble friends in his garden and villa this hall witnessed many a splendid feast ; to-day the only person who dines beneath Raffaelle's banquet of the immortals is the buxom Roman woman who has charge of the villa. She wears a blue shawl, almost the colour of the background of the frescoes, and she eats her luncheon and feeds her large grey cat with her back turned upon the glory of Raffaelle's gay young gods and goddesses. Through the open door you have a glimpse of the quiet deserted garden, with its agaves and pines, which seem too listless to whisper of their ancient grandeur. Even the fountain is a ghost of itself, and does not toss its diamond spray into the air to catch the sunlight and sing gaily as it drips back into the old stone basin, but weeps itself silently away. In the villa of his dead patron Raffaelle has imprisoned his eternal youth. There Psyche and her boy lover, and Venus and the *amorini* sing a perpetual song, but the spirit of the past has wandered out of the ruined garden of Agostino Chigi.

In the walled-up loggia facing the river is one of Raffaelle's most charming figures—Galatea driving her dolphins in the midst of her merry court of nymphs and

THE ROOFS OF VILLA MALTA

tritons; and close at hand is Sebastiano del Piombo's desolate Polyphemus. In one of the lunettes of this hall, which Daniele da Volterra adorned with delightful frescoes, is the rough drawing of an enormous head, supposed to have been limned by Michelangelo, who came one morning to speak to Daniele, and not finding him at work, left the sketch as a memento of his visit. What a picture it calls up!—the sunny loggia, the swiftly-flowing Tiber, casting reflections on walls and ceiling, the sombre master searching in the halls of the Siennese banker for his young pupil, probably on the subject of some technicality; and Daniele, of the little Tuscan town, which the Florentines had captured and pillaged within the memory of his parents, drawn from his work by the gay life of the Renascimento.

On the slope of the Janiculum, above the palaces and villas of the Via della Lungara, is the little church and monastery of S. Onofrio, where Tasso died. S. Onofrio is a quiet and restful sanctuary made beautiful with paintings by Pinturicchio and Baldassare Peruzzi. In a dark damp corner of the nave is the humble grave of Tasso, who found peace, after his troubled life, in the monastery of the blessed Nicolò di Forca Palena. The inscription on the beautiful tomb of Archbishop Sacchi—"Labor et gloria vita fuit, mors requies"—fits the memory of the sad poet better than the tardy monument erected to him by Pius IX in the last century. The oak-tree where he dreamed out the last hours of his life stands to-day in the avenue of the Passeggiata Margherita, for the monastery has been robbed of its beautiful old garden. It is

emblematic of the poet's life—broken and blasted by storms; but under the branches of a younger tree, which has grown up close by, you look down on the white city shining in the sunlight, threaded by the winding ribbon of the Tiber. From the Janiculum the hills of Rome seem to be the handiwork of man rather than the handiwork of Nature, but on the horizon are the shadowy Sabine Mountains and the distant Apennines; and across the brown and purple plain of the Campagna are Monte Cavo, and the blue Alban Hills, with little towns, clustered like pearls, climbing their slopes. There is silence and sunlight in the Alma Città till the great bell of St Peter's, near at hand, rings for Vespers, the ancient Christian service of prayer at the Lighting of the Lamps. And with its deep voice in your ears you turn away, as Tasso turned away, and retrace your steps, not to the quiet monastery of S. Onofrio, but through the ancient gate of the Saxons to St Peter's, where long shadows will be already lying on the stones of the piazza. Bernini's giant colonnades will be flushed with the western sunlight, a narrow stream of worshippers, of ant-like proportions, will be flowing up and down the wide steps of the basilica; and, within, the lamps of the *confessio* will be burning dimly in the evening glory which pours through the Holy Dove on the window of the tribune.

CHAPTER VIII
Of the Heart of Rome and its Palaces

IN the network of streets which lead from the Corso to the Tiber you are never out of the shadow of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The Campus Martius of the Romans is still the most crowded district of Rome, as it was when the Goths retreated like a restless tide, and the sparse inhabitants of the city of the Cæsars were driven to the banks of the river for the necessities of life. Their aqueducts were broken, and the plentiful supply of pure spring-water in which their ancestors luxuriated had ceased to splash and tinkle in the baths of the Emperors, or spout from fountains in the courtyards of their houses.

In those days the nobles seized upon the ruins of the Empire and erected them into strongholds. Every man lived for himself, and carried his life in his hand when he ventured into the narrow, insanitary streets, which doubled like a maze between the castles and towers of his neighbours. The Mausoleum of Augustus became a fortress of the Colonna; the Theatre of Marcellus was in turns the stronghold of the Pierleoni, the Savelli, and the Orsini, whose palace it still contains. It was the same all over Rome. The Frangipani were entrenched in the Colosseum, the Annibaldi in the Palace of Septimius Severus on the Palatine; and where there

was no tomb or theatre or palace of the strong masonry of Ancient Rome, men built fortresses for themselves. This was the time when the old brown towers, which are still scattered throughout the city, sprang into being. The Caetani built one on the island in the Tiber at the head of the Ponte Fabricio, where it stands to this day; the Conti built another behind the Forum of Nerva; and the sons of Peter Alexius built the Torre delle Milizie, called by guides the Tower of Nero, which was inhabited by the Caetani and the Annibaldi before the Emperor, Henry VII, occupied it in the fourteenth century, because he dared not live far from the strongholds of his adherents, the Colonna. There are many such towers in Rome, some built into the peaceful courtyards of palaces; some leaning over modern thoroughfares, like the so-called Tower of Babel; and some confronting the traveller in twisting by-streets with more than a shadow of their ancient strength and dignity.

Just as the Capitol has always been the heart of the municipality of Rome, the valley of the Tiber was the heart of the city itself for more than a thousand years. With the exception of one or two modern streets, the district between the Corso and the Tiber—the ancient Campus Martius and the Velabrum—is as unspoilt as Trastevere. Here is it possible to forget the desert of tenement-houses and modern villas which are spreading over the hills of the Campagna to the east and north of Rome; at every turn you find yourself not only confronted with the simple life of the poor, who are

PUBLIC WASH-HOUSE

always the last to feel change, but never out of earshot of echoes of the past.

These narrow streets, on whose stones the sun never shines exept at noon, have tragic memories. Even the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, which cuts through the labyrinth of the ancient city, has ghosts whose presence the jangling paraphernalia of modern traffic cannot drive away ; for it skirts past many an ancient palace where grim tragedies have taken place. On the steps of the Cancelleria the Prime Minister of the Pope, Pellegrino Rossi, met his death by an assassin's hand in the early days of Rome's last Republic; and the grim Palace of the Massimi, not a hundred yards away, which has the eternal honour of having housed the first printers in Rome, was the scene of more than one tragedy in the stormy sixteenth century, when it rose, after the sack of the Constable of Bourbon, on the ashes of the Palace of Domenico Massimo. But there is another ghost more virile than the ghost of Rossi, or of Pompeo Colonna, who dwelt in the Cancellaria un harmed while Rome lay in the grasp of the Bourbon's mercenaries—more virile than the ghosts of the ill-fated Massimi, who cursed and murdered, and murdered and cursed, in their dark palace, which is still decorated with faded frescoes by Daniel of Volterra. For not many paces to the rear of S. Andrea della Valle are the buried fragments of the Theatre of Pompey, where Cæsar met his death in one of the porticoes of his rival's splendid pleasure-ground.

The colossal statue of Pompey, preserved in the

Palazzo Spada, now the Consiglio di Stato, is claimed to be the image to whose feet the Dictator staggered under the blows of his murderers. As it was found in the Vicolo de' Leutari in the sixteenth century, close to the site of the Theatre of Pompey, where Augustus is known to have placed the original under a Janus arch, there is more than a little probability in the tradition. To-day the stern gigantic figure which looked down upon Senators as they sat in their pomp to rule Rome, and saw the body of murdered Cæsar lying at its feet, looks down upon the Council of State in its plush and gilt chairs, and if stones think, must ponder strangely over the old dead days.

But you do not only meet tragedy in the crowded heart of Rome; you meet the pageants of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and not a little of their dirt and sordidness as well. If the long-drawn cry of the water-seller calls to mind the voice of him who brought his load of precious liquid from the Tiber's muddy banks to the stronghold of a medieval baron, the palace which Antonio di Sangallo, Michelangelo, and Giacomo della Porta helped to build for the nephew of Paul III recalls the magnificent Alessandro Farnese. It is worthy of the Golden Age in which it was produced; its mellow blocks of travertine, its tiers of columns, its grand cornice and the Corinthian pilasters of its attic, make it the noblest work of its kind in Rome. At the back of the court, whose entrance has a vaulted ceiling in the ancient Roman style, supported on a colonnade of antique granite columns, is a little deserted garden

where loquats and pepper-trees and oranges and laurels grow in tangled confusion. There is a delightful view from the court, whether you look towards the green sun-bathed trees of the little garden, or towards the busy piazza, with its gay posters and brightly-painted country carts, and its human kaleidoscope framed between the columns of the portico.

The Via Giulia, which runs from the walls of the Farnese to the embankment of the Tiber, was one of the roads built by the ambitious Julius II, who wished to make it the finest thoroughfare in the city. His plans were never completed; but it is a street of palaces; and although nearly all the basements are let to poor people, and although it has no pavements, and from a modern point of view is narrow, it presents a majestic vista, with its diminishing lines of shuttered palaces and its arch springing from the walls of the Farnese Garden.

Close to the Farnese Palace is the Palazzo Falconieri, where Leo XIII lived when he was a Cardinal, and before him Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon, who was so poor that he begged the English Government to buy his collection of pictures, and give him an annuity. They would not accept his offer, and at his death the gallery was dispersed. It is more than ironical that the uncle of Napoleon should have stood in need of an annuity from the English, and more than pathetic that, in spite of his beloved pictures, he could not obtain it. Truly the Bonapartes were a troubled family!

A little farther down Julius's road is the Palazzo

Sacchetti, which Sangallo the Younger built for himself, and in which Zola made the Roman home of his hero. There is a dear little sunken garden at the back, where a fountain babbles to violets and orange-trees, clustered in the shelter of high walls. Underneath the garden is a washing-place below the level of the Tiber —a dark, steamy hole, where the water from the river flows into great stone troughs. Here the Roman women scrub and sing and laugh, and presently come out into the sunshine with piles of snowy linen in their arms.

But in spite of the magnificence and symmetry of Julius II's road, it lacks the character and associations of the Via del Governo Vecchio, the old Strada Papale by which the Popes passed from St Peter's to the Lateran. The Via del Governo Vecchio is not a pretentious street. It is narrow and winding, and the tall palaces which line it have humble shops in their basements. The merchant princes of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance no longer inhabit it, and the district between the Palazzo Gabrielli and the river is given up to-day to narrow houses crowded upon each other, whose inhabitants ply their trades in the streets as often as in the dark *bassi*, which serve them for living-rooms as well as shops. This quarter has always been a busy one, especially since the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Boniface VIII instituted the Papal Jubilee and enabled Rome—a destitute and stricken Rome—to enrich herself by the influx of pilgrims, who poured into her broken gates from every part of Europe.

COURTYARD OF PALAZZO MASSIMO

The Via del Panico, the continuation of the Via del Governo Vecchio, is one of the many streets which converge upon the embankment at the head of the Ponte Sant' Angelo. There are few spots in the whole city where you may better choose to see a vision of the past, while your eyes are feasting upon the beauty of the present, than when you stand at the head of Hadrian's bridge, near the spot where Beatrice Cenci died on the scaffold, and raise your eyes to the great dome of St Peter's above the houses of the Borgo.

Behind you is the ancient inn of the Bear, now a mere tavern for peasants, but once a famous hostelry where Montaigne stayed, and many of the illustrious pilgrims who came to Rome in her first Jubilee years. A fragment of marble frieze and a Gothic window are the only signs that draw the eye of the traveller to the old inn, which was a haven to so many pilgrims of the Middle Ages; and its vaulted and colonnaded basement is powdered with the dust of the stonemasons who use it as a workshop. Close at hand, at the corner of the Via Banco di S. Spirito, is an ancient house with a frieze of lions' heads, and a loggia and a built-up arcade, whose columns are half buried in the modern plaster walls. Not far from here Benvenuto Cellini lived near the centre of the goldsmiths' district, in a house which, he tells us in his Autobiography, had its forepart in the quarter of Banchi, and its back part jutting out several cubits towards Monte Giordano.

The ancient Torre di Nono, the Papal prison of the Middle Ages, has disappeared; and no shadow lies on

the sunny embankment, where so many citizens and nobles of Rome, the innocent as well as the guilty, died on the scaffold opposite the Castle of Sant' Angelo, the impregnable fortress of the Popes. Bernini's angels, poised on the parapet of the ancient Pons Ælius, breathe a message of peace over the thoroughfare between the city of St Leo and the city of the nobles; and the bronze angel on the tower of Sant' Angelo sheathes his sword over the Papal citadel. But the mausoleum of Hadrian has never been a place of peace. Faction after faction has stormed across the ancient bridge to take possession of Sant' Angelo in the warfare of the Middle Ages; and even the seventeenth-century angels fluttering from the parapet have looked down upon one of the most dastardly outrages perpetrated in the memory of Rome. For at midnight on July 12, 1881, the simple funeral cortège of Pius IX, followed by thousands of voluntary mourners bearing candles and reciting prayers, was attacked by a large band of armed ruffians, who boasted that their object was to cast the body of the aged Pontiff into the dark and swiftly-flowing waters of the Tiber.

But although the sunshine is unbroken in the Piazza di Ponte Sant' Angelo, there is none in the narrow streets where Benvenuto Cellini and his fellow-workers evolved jewels and rare chalices, and bowls and vases, for the splendid Princes and prelates of the Renaissance. The shadow of medieval warfare hangs over the whole district; for Monte Giordano was one of the strongholds of the Orsini, and the peaceful little piazza of the

Clock, at the junction of the Via del Panico and the Via del Governo Vecchio, must often have echoed to the flying footsteps of armed men. To-day the Palace of Giordano Orsini, the Palazzo Gabrielli, is a sleepy, sunny place, in whose courts the sound of rushing water fills the ears; for its beautiful fountain tosses a liquid column high into the air to splash with fourfold music over the lips of tiers of basins, pearling the maidenhair which clings to their bowls with shining spray.

Palace succeeds palace in the Via del Governo Vecchio, the Via Sacra of the Popes, up which they rode in pomp and magnificence to take possession of the episcopal chair in the Lateran. They are shabby, these tall brown palaces, with wine-shops or cheap provision-shops in their basements, but some of them have little loggias on their roofs; and some have traces of ancient arcades; and there are often *garofani* in their round-headed, fifteenth-century windows. The Palazzo del Governo Vecchio, in which the Governors of Rome sat till they made the Palazzo Madama their headquarters, has a picturesque court, with double arcades supported on octagonal columns, enclosing the old tower in which Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned. Long lines of clothes drying in the sunshine are strung from the grey tower to the ochre walls of the quadrangle, and pigeons perch in the window of poor Beatrice's cell.

The ancient Strada Papale winds on past many an old palace, like the Palazzo delle Stimmate, whose façade is covered with medallion portraits; and at length its tide of humble traffic is divided by the angle of the

Palazzo Braschi, where the crumbling statue of Pasquino stands at the parting of the ways. Pasquino was the *genius loci* of the city of the Renaissance. This ancient torso, mutilated and almost destroyed, was probably a Greek masterpiece which adorned the Stadium of Domitian, on the site of the adjoining Piazza Navona. It woke to new life "with the name of Pasquino as the humorous Democritus of Rome, the sarcastic enemy of public and private barbarism. The popular name of Pasquino was adopted for the torso as early as the end of the fifteenth century, and was said to be derived from a witty tailor, who had his shop in the neighbourhood, or from a schoolmaster. The name was then extended to the satires which it was customary to affix to the statue." Artists painted and clothed it; literary men pinned their verses to it. Sometimes it assumed the form of Minerva, or the Goddess Flora; at other times it became Harpocrates, the God of Silence. This was the greatest irony of all, for Pasquino was never silent; even to-day his voice is occasionally heard, but not in the sarcastic vein which angered the Popes to such an extent that Hadrian VI and Sixtus V both threatened to throw him into the Tiber. Eventually his companion statue, Marforio, the River God, who reclined at ease in the Via del Marforio, close to the Mamertine Prison, was shut up in the Capitoline Museum, to put an end to a dialogue which was becoming a nightmare to the Papal Government.

When you leave Pasquino, an almost disintegrated block of marble, which seems to make a grim travesty

LA SAPIENZA

even of the human frame, you pass through the great Piazza Navona to the Sapienza, the University of Rome, with Borromini's strange spiral tower of S. Ivo, rising above its stained brown walls. Poor Borromini, whose intellect was twisted by his hatred of Bernini! At last he threw himself upon his sword in a frenzy of rage, because his pupils, horrified at his distraught expression, took his compass and pencils from him when he desired to make a last stand against the genius of his rival! The Churches of S. Eustachio and S. Ivo were the centre of the English colony in Rome in the days of the Renaissance, just as the Church of S. Carlo al Corso was the centre for the merchants of Lombardy, and S. Luigi de' Francesi for the merchants of France.

You glance through many pages in the history of Rome as you thread your way among the streets of the medieval city. Each small piazza has its baroque church; each little roadway has its wine-shop and its gay greengroceries, bright with the vegetables of the South. But at one moment you find yourself in the shadow of the Temple of Neptune, the Roman Chamber of Commerce; and at another you stand in the piazza of the Pantheon, where the pagan temple, which Marcus Agrippa dedicated to all the gods twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ, looms above the tall houses, that crowd round it, like a shadow of the imperishable majesty of Ancient Rome. A maze of streets opening into little three-cornered piazzas; a long succession of palaces, of churches, of ancient brick towers; an endless chain of humble shops; visions of courtyards, with cool colon-

nades, marble statuary, and splashing fountains; an ancient inn; narrow alleys linked with lines of clothes drying in the sunlight, which never seems to penetrate into the street below—this is the Rome of the old days, which presses upon you in her Campus Martius. The air is full of the cries of hawkers, the bells of wine-carts, and the long-drawn call of the driver to his mule; and you are never far from the haunting music of Italian voices, thrilling out songs in the dark hovels under the palaces of nobles, where they ply their trades.

The very names of the streets are an index to romance; and here and there you stumble unexpectedly upon a fragment of the older city, whose inhabitants dwelt upon the hills, and trained their soldiers in the valley as the soldiers of Rome are trained to-day in the new Campo Marzio on the other side of the Tiber.

Only the shadow of the Mausoleum of Augustus is left to tell the long story of its stormy life. Once it stood like a marble hill in the Campus Martius, crowned with a colossal statue of the Inventor of Empires. Tier upon tier it rose above the city, with a cohort of cypresses upon the sloping roof of each retiring stage, and often Augustus sat and watched his workmen as they raised the marble walls of the great tomb which was to hold the ashes of his Imperial family. Perhaps young Marcellus was among the Roman youths, whose voices floated up from the fields below to the Emperor sitting in the cold shelter of his mausoleum, making him smile, and then draw his toga more closely as the chill of premonition swept over him. For Marcellus, the young

husband of the daughter of Augustus, was the first to take his place in this palace of the Julian dead; and for her sins the beautiful and degenerate Julia was not laid to rest here, but was buried in the island to which her august father banished her when he could no longer tolerate her excesses in Rome.

Palaces and houses crowd round the dismantled mausoleum, which has served so many purposes through the ages. Its marble urns were broken or carried away when Alaric and his Goths stormed through Rome; the ashes of its dead had long been scattered to the winds when the Colonna made it a fortress; bulls have been baited within its walls; it has been a circus and a theatre. To-day it is a spacious concert-hall, and men are delving in the foundations of the burial-place of Augustus with the small reverence of a utilitarian age. From neighbouring courtyards you can still see the *opus reticulatum* of the original building; but from the Pincian its new slate-coloured dome, shaming the Pantheon, looks modern and unlovely. The monuments of Augustus have been unlucky. In his lifetime the elements warred against him—he never left Italy by sea without bad storms overtaking him; his house is still buried beneath the earth of the Villa Mills; his magnificent temple to Apollo has vanished into thin air; but the monument he left to Rome was more enduring than the marble city which he would have built.

The Palazzo Doria is the greatest of all the Renaissance palaces which line the Corso. The wealth which Olimpia Maidalchini Pamfili wrested from her brother-

in-law, Innocent X, would have made the Pamfili the wealthiest of Roman nobles without their alliance with the Dorias of Genoa, who were to naval Rome of the Renaissance what the Scipios were to military Rome of the Republic. Generation after generation saw Dorias Admirals of the high seas—conquerors who vanquished the great Italian States and ruled their city like despots; allies of Emperors and Kings and Popes. The walls of the Palazzo Doria-Pamfili are hung to-day with the wonderful silken tapestries which Gian Andrea Doria brought back to Rome after the Battle of Lepanto, the Christian Trafalgar over the Turk.

The gallery of the Doria Palace contains, besides Velasquez's great portrait of Innocent X, many charming examples of the work of seventeenth-century artists, and some of the pictures collected by the infamous Donna Olimpia, on whose name Pasquino made one of his brilliant jests—"Olim pia, nunc impia," which can be translated as "Once pious, now impious," or "Olimpia, now impious."

Here you may study Annibale Caracci and the luminous landscapes of Claude Lorraine, gay and full of phantasy, with dream-cities in the distance and sunlight upon the hills. In a small octagonal chamber at the end of the first arm of the gallery is Velasquez's matchless picture of Innocent X—a masterpiece of portraiture. The steely eyes of the cautious, close-lipped man question you, and seem to regard you with a long and almost calculating stare, as though the brain behind weighed you in a balance. This is the man who bore the nick

THE PIAZZA MIGNANELLI

name of "Monsignor Impossible" when he was employed in the duties of datary because flattery was of no avail against his inflexible will; the man whose army invaded Castro because the Duke of Parma had assassinated its Bishop, and razed its chief town to the ground, writing in bitter irony upon a monument, "Qui fu Castro." It is not the man who was the dupe of Olimpia Maidalchini, whom she robbed to the last penny and left to die a pauper's death in his palace on the Quirinal.

But old Rome is never so much old Rome as it is in the district of the former Ghetto and the Velabrum. Narrow, paved streets make a network between the great palaces of the Faubourg St Germain of Rome, which stretches from the Capitol to the Ghetto. Here is the Palazzo Mattei, with its lovely courtyards, the Palazzi Caetani, Ascarelli, Costaguti, and haunted Santa Croce. The houses of the Ghetto—now no more—crowd upon the backs of them, and spread up to the Forum Boarium, flooding through the so-called Theatre of Balbus and the Portico of Octavia, and sweeping right and left of the Theatre of Marcellus, in whose ruins stands the Palace of the Orsini. The Theatre of Balbus has disappeared, but an ingenious architect of the sixteenth century has built up its fragments, and inscribed a frieze in such excellent imitation of the antique that more than one passer-by has been deluded into reading the inscription as an original. Below the imitation architrave of the descendant of Manlius (*sic*) are the inevitable wine and provision shops, a greengrocer, and a

butcher; between their doors are ancient reliefs. The old stones are a rich tawny colour, although the plaster of the palace above them has become dingy with years; and from the dark portal of the greengrocer vegetables and fruits flaunt their gay colours—scarlet and green and gold—as bright as the kerchiefs of the women who come there to bargain. A constant stream of noisy life flows through the Piazza del Pianto, for it was once a centre of the Ghetto, and the inhabitants are still pronouncedly Jewish in type.

The great brown palace which stands close by is the Palazzo Cenci, where poor Beatrice spent her unhappy life. It is a gloomy place at the best, with an air of desolation and desertion, all the more pointed by its contrast with the shining new synagogue of the Jews near by. The approaches are shabby and evil-smelling; the shouts of the dirty children playing under its walls have a hollow ring; it seems to brood uneasily over the past. You do not need guides or histories to tell you that tragedy has stalked through its gloomy portals.

Across the dusty square of the Ghetto rises the Portico of Octavia, which, fragmentary as it is, has the dignity characteristic of the ruins of Ancient Rome. Only a few broken columns remain of the noble colonnade which Augustus dedicated to his beautiful sister when the whole Roman world knew that her husband Antony was kept in the bondage of the Pharaohs in Egypt by the most brilliant courtezan the world has ever known. Inside the portico is the Church of S. Angelo in Pescheria, so called because the old fish-

market was held under its walls. Its roofs, after the fashion of Roman roofs, peer in a bunch over the stained marbles of the ancient portico. Above them is one of Rome's most charming domes, whose old green-gold tiles shine against the blue sky as though they were lacquered. S. Angelo holds many memories. It was here even in the last century that the Jews were forced to attend a Christian service once a week. They were driven to the church by police, and forced to be attentive while they were there. No church in Christendom has echoed to more unwilling praise than these ancient walls of S. Angelo in Pescheria, where the unhappy Jews sang hymns to the Christ whom they denied.

Here Rienzi summoned the citizens of Rome to a meeting to provide for the good estate of their city; and from its door he issued on the morning of May 21, 1347, to lead them, awed by the majesty of his demeanour, to the Capitol to institute a commonwealth. The ghost of Rienzi, as fair a figure as the Christian knights of old, haunts the little church of S. Angelo in Pescheria. When you stand in the portico of Octavia it is no effort to call up in imagination the pale and earnest face of that strange man, who for a brief space reanimated Rome in the midst of her degradation by the force of his vitality; nor is it difficult to call up before you the troubled features of that other conspirator, Raymond, Bishop of Orvieto, Vicar of the Pope. Rienzi was born near this little church, in the very jaws of his enemy, the Orsini, who were entrenched not only in the Theatre of Marcellus, but in the Theatre of Pompey and in Monte Giordano.

It is impossible to look upon the blackened shell of the Theatre of Marcellus without being moved to something more than a mere antiquarian's interest or an architect's enthusiasm. For this ruin more than any other in Rome is associated with the tragedy of the greatest Roman, and the personal ambitions and disappointments of his successor. Julius Cæsar chose the site and planned the great theatre which was to be capable of holding fourteen or fifteen hundred people. He was murdered long before its completion, and Augustus continued it in honour of Marcellus, the beautiful and beloved son of Octavia. Poor young Marcellus died when he was still a boy, and the vast theatre which the Emperor had opened with such pomp in his honour must have seemed to him the mausoleum of his hopes and ambitions.

The immense circular ruin, with its three tiers of arcades and its ragged blocks of travertine, with fragments of a cornice showing here and there, has withstood the many fires that have swept across Rome like the anger of Jove, but its blackened stones have a sombre, tragic aspect. They frown down upon the cheerful piazza below, where contadini with their gaily-painted carts lounge through the sunny day. The dark mouths of habitations gape on the narrow road; windows are cut in every arch; the upper tier has been entirely rebuilt for modern apartments; and within its old walls stands the Orsini Palace with its zigzag drive, its fountains and orange-trees, and the bears of the family juggling on the pillars of the gate.

THE TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS OF DAWN

But as the tide of small houses flows on either side of the Theatre of Marcellus, so the ghost of Rienzi haunts you as you pass along the embankment or pick your way between the ancient dwellings which crowd upon S. Niccolò in Carcere and the Piazza Montanara. The beautiful ruined house of Crescentius, misnamed the house of Rienzi, is a convent to-day—a peaceful place whose windows are always linked with lines of snowy linen fluttering in the breeze from the river. Here, too, the ancient Temple of Fortune—which had become St Mary of Egypt's Church even in Rienzi's day—sleeps in the sunshine on the edge of the Forum Boarium with the inevitable beauty of decay.

The Forum Boarium is one of the pictures which the sojourner in Rome carries away imprinted on his heart. It does not matter that tall factories tower above the ancient houses of the Velabrum, and that a slim chimney rivals the gracious campanile of one of the most beautiful churches dedicated to the Mother of Christ in Rome. For in this quiet and sunny spot the little round Temple of the Goddess of the Dawn rises with inimitable beauty upon the banks of the Tiber; and a lichen-covered fountain splashes in the centre of the square, singing a pæon of praise to who shall say what deity; while S. Maria in Cosmedin, secure in her beauty, communes within herself; and the Aventine, crowned with cypresses and holy houses, breathes peace over the city.

This is not all. A few paces from the ancient meat-market of Rome you find yourself in a hollow below the

southern slope of the Palatine, in the shadow of the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, one of the ancient entrances to the Forum Boarium. Built in the decadent days of the Lower Empire, when Roman art was showing signs of the moral leprosy which was gradually eating away the heart of Rome, it has nevertheless considerable beauty with its white marble bronzed by the sun to the rich tints of Oriental alabaster. Beside it is the Byzantine campanile of the little brown church of S. Giorgio in Velabro, to whose walls Rienzi fixed his proclamation or prophecy concerning the return of the good estate to Rome: "In breve tempo li Romani torneranno al loro antico buono stato." The thirteenth-century portico is borne on white Ionic columns, and adjoining it is the little marble Arch of the Silversmiths, erected in honour of Septimius Severus and his family, which gleams like silver in contrast to the brown chrome of the façade. Under some low arches of typical Roman masonry, on the left of the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, a passage leads past a mill to an opening in the Cloaca Maxima, the great drain of the Tarquins, which was a matter of amazement to Pliny. Mighty Kings were the Etruscan rulers of Rome: great builders were they, and still greater engineers. The temples they built have vanished before the storms of Rome; only fragments of the wall of Servius Tullius remain in massive blocks of tufa to show Romans for all time the outline of the Septimontium; but beneath the ancient city the drainage system which the Etruscan Kings gave to their kingdom is still the perfect mechanism that it was twenty-six centuries ago. In the

Velabrum the great drain sweeps to the Tiber through an open arch ; the cliff above is clothed with maidenhair and ferns ; there is a sound of water dripping endlessly from damp plants; and, separated from the dark and turbid stream by a narrow ledge, is a well of crystal water—the Aqua Argentina—in whose healing properties Romans believe to this day.

It was not like this when poor young Rienzi, his eyes fired with enthusiasm, stepped back to survey his forceful notice on the walls of the Church of St George. The *Cloacæ* of the ancients had fallen into disuse ; the great arch of Janus Quadrifrons was an outpost of the Frangipani stronghold, although it may be that S. Giorgio was much the same as we see it to-day. And perhaps it was not chance which made Rienzi, the dreamer and the scholar, full of youth and knightly ambitions, choose the Church of St George, the Knight of Cappadocia, for the announcement of the return of the good estate to Rome. He could not know that the noisome breath of his hydra-headed foe would overcome him, even as he mounted in triumph on the fallen dragon's head. He imagined a victory like the victory of St George of England; and though he failed to rescue Rome—it may have been because his genius was too akin to madness—the world will never forget that at least he slew his dragon.

CHAPTER IX

Of the Piazzas, Fountains and Gardens of Rome

PART I

OF THE PIAZZAS AND FOUNTAINS

THE piazzas of Rome are of to-day or yesterday. There are few of them of even medieval antiquity in their surroundings, and the oldest buildings have the least characteristic piazzas. Rome is, comparatively speaking, a small city, yet her piazzas are legion. Many of them conjure up pictures in the imagination, like brilliant illustrations which flash out from the hastily-turned pages of a volume. Of these is the vast Piazza di San Pietro, with its lean brown obelisk, its fountains splashing in the sunlight, and its silent colonnades sweeping in half-crescents to right and left—the shady avenues of a great temple. Of these, too, are the sparkling Piazza delle Terme and the Piazza Bocca della Verità, of which I have spoken elsewhere; the Piazza del Campidoglio, with its soul-stirring view of ancient Rome; and the Piazza Barberini. Of these are the three large squares which punctuate the Corso—the Piazza Venezia, the Piazza Colonna, and the Piazza del Popolo—the vast Piazza Navona, and the Piazza di Spagna.

You find the epitome of Rome in her piazzas,

SAN GIORGIO IN VELABRO

whether you look for it in crowded centres of life, or in the magnificent squares where the great of the earth have left their handiwork, or in the quiet little piazzas shut in by tall Renaissance palaces, which abound in the old quarter of the town.

In the Piazza di Venezia, Modern Rome, Rome of the Renaissance, and Rome of the Middle Ages are blended after the inimitable manner of Rome. It is one of the centres of the tramway system, and life flows noisily into it from the Via Nazionale. But neither the jangling red and white trams massed in the square; nor the haphazard cab-drivers who take their stand below the Palazzo di Venezia; nor the incongruous white umbrella which marks the centre of the ever-shifting crowd of men and women waiting for their cars, can take away the romantic and picturesque aspect of the Piazza di Venezia. It does not matter at what hour you see it; it matters not whether you approach it from the Capitol, from Trajan's Forum, from the Corso, or from the Via Nazionale, it has always a fresh and almost unexpected charm. The brown, battlemented palace of Paul II, the gay Venetian Pope, gives it a medieval aspect; and though the successors of Pietro Barbo no longer watch the Carnival races drawing to a finish below its windows, the scene upon which the Austrian Ambassador looks down is always gay. For across the sunny square is the new block of offices and shops built after the fashion of a Tuscan palace, with the Lion of Venice on its façade; and a constant stream of traffic flows down the hill

behind it, past the bright ochre walls and sun-blinds of Latour's restaurant, or debouches into the piazza between the old grey palaces which stand at the head of the Corso. Facing them, the northern slope of the Capitol towers above the square, crowned with the forest of scaffolding, through which the half-completed monument to Victor Emmanuel is beginning to take shape. But though this monument to the first King of Italy will be magnificent when it is set high on Rome's Hill of History, it will be the means of defacing one of her most picturesque piazzas. For the square Palazzetto di Venezia, which was added ten years after the completion of the Palace of Pietro Barbo, is to be destroyed to allow the monument to command the Corso. The Government will re-erect the cloister stone for stone, so as not to lose so perfect an example of Renaissance architecture; but the garden, with its ancient well-head fountain, its three-hundred-year-old cypresses, its lemon arbour and orange-trees, its palms and bamboos, will vanish in the wake of countless other gardens of Papal Rome.

The Piazza Colonna, at the junction of the Corso and the Via Tritone, is another typical Roman square. In the Piazza Colonna life is always busy; there are no trams here, but there are always crowds of civilians of all sorts and conditions, and officers of the Italian army in their gay and picturesque cloaks, who stand about on the wide pavement before Bocconi's big drapery store, or loiter past the Palazzo Chigi from the Camera dei Deputati—the Roman House of

Commons—on Monte Citorio. The Piazza di Monte Citorio is, in fact, an offshoot of the Piazza Colonna. They are divided by a picturesque building with a portico carried on ancient Ionic columns transported from Veii. It houses the Journalists' Society of Italy, and possesses a clock by which most foreigners set their watches. The lower story consists of two large restaurants. The Piazza Colonna is a square of restaurants; in the summer evenings, when they overflow on to the pavement from Aragni's, a few yards down the Corso, to the Piazza di Monte Citorio, the scene is a brilliant one. A military band plays here, and the cross-lights from the restaurants glitter on the water, splashing over a huge marble basin, veined as delicately as a shell near the Column of Marcus Aurelius. No one but the tourist notices this gigantic milestone of history, with its twisted legend of the wars of the Imperial Philosopher, though it towers above the tall palaces of the piazza. Its railing is the principal stand of the taxicabs in Rome; its marble is stained and mellowed by time, and the twisted script is being slowly obliterated; the bronze saint on its summit stretches his arms in unheeded blessing over the gay and busy life of the Corso.

The Piazza del Popolo has not the same air of modernity as the other piazzas of the Corso. It is a sunny, sleepy place from which the tide of Roman life has retreated in the present century, leaving it in peace with its obelisk, its fountains, its garden terraces, and its churches. But many a stormy page of history has

been written in the Piazza del Popolo : it has witnessed many pageants; many scenes of execution; its wide arms have welcomed many pilgrims as they passed into the city from the north through the ancient Porta Flaminia. Rows of open cabs are strung across the square; the tramway to San Pietro skirts two sides of it; in the centre the obelisk, which Augustus erected in the Circus Maximus in honour of Apollo ten years before the Christian era, points to the blue heavens, and at its base four Egyptian lions spout water to the four points of the compass.

There is an indefinable charm about the Piazza del Popolo which may be accounted for by its three babbling fountains; or by the terrace gardens, whose golden walls, climbing the Pincian Hill, are like a cascade of light; or by the incongruous character alike of its surroundings and its memories. For the two churches, built by a fifteenth-century Cardinal, which stand at the head of the Corso have classical porticoes and squat, black-tiled domes like the turbans of Orientals; and the medieval steeple of the ancient church of S. Maria del Popolo is the most delightful of its kind in Rome. The first two churches were built by Cardinal Gastaldi in a fit of pique because he could not put his arms on a church he wished to build in Bologna; and Paschal II founded S. Maria del Popolo on the spot where the ashes of Nero were supposed to have been laid by two women who loved him.

The Piazza Navona preserves the outlines of Domitian's vast Stadium, capable of accommodating thirty-

PIAZZA COLONNA

three thousand people. You come upon it unexpectedly behind the Università della Sapienza, hidden in the crowded district between the Pantheon and the Tiber. The long, sunny space is flanked with tall palaces whose brown and tawny façades are pierced with innumerable shutters—the embellishment of every Italian palace. No two are of the same height or breadth, but almost all of them have rough tiled roofs tinged with green lichen, the like of which are not to be found in any other European capital. They are very picturesque, seen mounting in echelon towards the crowd of tall and narrow palaces which fill the northern end of the square, and are packed so closely together on the top of each other that, like plants which have not sufficient standing-room, they shoot up above the heads of their companions for breathing-space. Half-way down the piazza the line of shutters is broken by Borromini's baroque façade of the Church of S. Agnese, whose dome and towers rise fantastically above the uneven roofs.

The Piazza Navona is a backwater of the Renaissance, but its days of pageantry passed away with the temporal power of the Popes. Even the market of the peasants of the Campagna is no longer held here, but in the shadow of the Cancelleria of the Popes. It is only during Epiphany that the tide flows back into the noble old piazza. Then it is lined with booths of children's toys, and every child in Rome comes there to buy whistles, ingeniously made of rough pottery; or tin trumpets, with which they blare unmercifully through the squares and streets of the city. The spirit

of carnival that is in every man is still cherished by poor Romans. *Au fond* they are not greatly changed from their ancestors—they do not slay so quickly; there is no need to cry for bread; but their games die hard.

The Piazza Navona boasts three fountains: they are all immense and all baroque; in the enormous construction below S. Agnese, Bernini outshone his many rivals, and created the supreme baroqueness of his river-god fountain, fitly described as a fable of Esop figured in stone. Its strange beasts and stranger human forms have looked down upon many a carnival scene, for during the hot summer months the escape of the three great fountains was closed twice a week under the Papal rule, and the whole piazza was flooded so that fashionable Rome might flock there in its carriages to splash about in the cool water; while the plebeians held receptions in the palaces which looked down upon the frolic.

Of all the piazzas in Rome—and they are legion—the Piazza di Spagna is perhaps the most familiar to the traveller, for it is in the centre of the "strangers' quarter," and it contains the world-famous Spanish Steps. Few things in Rome are more beautiful than the Spanish Steps. They dominate the piazza; their mellowed travertine seems to have absorbed all the sunshine in Rome. With that golden cascade pouring down the hillside, you do not notice the imposing residence of the Spanish Ambassador; you do not notice the gay little shops of Etruscan jewellery and Roman silks which spread out of the Via Condotti; you do not pay much heed to the

quaint fountain which reminds Rome of a river-boat stranded in the piazza during one of her floods. It is an out-at-heel derelict; it might have drifted from fairy-land down the parted waters of the cascade of steps, which are crowned by the golden towers of S. Trinità del Monte, and are hidden with a foam of almond-blossom as they meet the piazza in a bank of lilies, and carnations, and roses, and anenomes. The mingled fragrance of the blossoms is turbulent; the gurgle of the water in the broken barge of the fountain is the music of a brook; you do not need the tablet on the ochre walls of a house climbing the slope to remind you of the young poet who dwelt there with Thomas Severn, his friend, and who passed from this golden world of flowers and sunshine to the silence of the old cemetery below the walls of Rome in the spring-time of his youth. The wide, shallow steps are beautiful in the clear morning when the cool shadows of dawn still linger on them; they are beautiful in the golden afternoon, when the flower-children—relics of the models who once thronged the piazza—slumber on them through the siesta hour; but they are most beautiful of all at the hour before Vespers, when the setting sun envelopes them in a rose-gold radiance, and the towers of S. Trinità del Monte glow. And when the bells sound for Evensong throughout the city, and St Peter's dome is empurpled upon the western horizon, the dusk creeps across the piazza, whose lights are already pricked out in the blue shadows, and climbs the golden steps, drawing them slowly into a chill embrace.

Rome is a city of fountains and sunny piazzas. In every square in Rome, in every court and garden, if you stop to listen, you will hear the happy song of fountains splashing in the sunlight. It may be only a trickle of water into an ancient sarcophagus in an ivy-covered niche; it may be the fierce torrent of the Aqua Paolina, or the cross-sprays of the fountains of the Piazza delle Terme; it may be an obelisk of foaming water flung into the blue sky, or a gentle shower which falls on the gleaming shoulders of a nymph resting in a tangle of arum lilies. There are two sounds which are never out of your ears in Rome—the bells of her wine-carts and the splash of her fountains.

The fountains of Rome are not ancient. There is not one medieval fountain in the streets, although many a garden and courtyard boasts a lichened sarcophagus which has been turned from its original use. But they are more striking than any other fountains, and some, like Bernini's Triton, and the Fountain of the Tortoises in the Piazza Mattei, are things of beauty.

The Triton in the Piazza Barberini blows his conch sitting on two brobdingnagian fluted leaves, supported by the tails of dolphins, whose open mouths lap at the water in the fountain basin. He flings a joyous shaft into the clear air, to fall with ceaseless splash and sparkle on to the upturned leaves and into the basin below. All day long and all night the sardonic Triton holds his conch aloft, and listens to the song of the fountain. At midday the sunlight turns the dripping water into chains of diamonds, and burnishes the bronze and green and

PIAZZA NAVONA

gold of the old Triton who was the work of Bernini's hands; at sunset the low rays from the west turn the twisting spray into liquid amethysts. The traffic of Rome rattles by, and no one takes any notice of the Triton or his silver stream; but the clear mountain water sings the same song which gladdened the ears of the people when it first came into the city over the aqueducts of the Empire.

You hear him in the dawn, and in the siesta hush of noon; even the midnight silence of the square is broken by the eternal music of his singing to the stars. He preserves a sphinx-like indifference to the welfare of the world, and to the passing of time. His chain of song links one year to another. You may lose its rhythm at the stroke of twelve in the boom of cannons on the Janiculum and the jangling bells of Rome which herald a New Year. But when the clamour dies away, and only a few belated squibs splutter in a neighbouring street, you realize his ancient music again. The moonlight glitters on the sparkling thread of water; a cab rattles through the piazza; the flag over the Bristol Hotel flaps in the night wind; but the Triton goes on with his song; and presently the city sleeps.

The fountains of Rome play a definite part in the life of the city. The flower-stall owners in the Piazza Barberini make up their bouquets sitting round the Triton's basin; they come there again before the heat of the day to dip their fragrant bunches of roses or carnations or delicate anemones in the cool water. It is no uncommon sight to see a man making his

morning toilette at the refreshing stream with the simplicity of a child. When he has washed his hands and face and rearranged his collar, he will smooth his crisp hair, and search in the water for his reflection before he strolls away to work.

People come to the fountains for water; they are a centre for the sellers of brooms and roast chestnuts, and the flat brown cakes which are like sweetmeats of the East, and are beloved of the hearts of Italian boys. Women often do their washing at great troughs, which may be relics of Imperial baths. Outside the Porta Maggiore, close to the tomb of Eurysaces the Baker, there is such a fountain, and all through the day the gay voices of the women, toiling at their washing-boards, mingle with the jangle of the trams and the creak of the ox-waggons, as they pass in long procession through the city gates.

The most beautiful fountain in Rome is the Fountain of the Tortoises, under the shadow of the noble Mattei Palace. It is little wonder that the design for this gracious composition was for years attributed to Raffaelle; for the youth of the boyish figures, surrounded by the tortoises, which are the emblems of eternity, is immortal. There is lichen on the ivory marble of the basin; and the great conches, among which the boys are playing with their dolphins and tortoises, are like wet sea-shells, veined with delicate colours. The whole group is full of spontaneous grace; it breathes the very spirit of the Renaissance; it is all song and sparkle.

Less beautiful and more imposing are the huge

Papal fountains, like the Fountain of the Aqua Felice, near the Piazza delle Terme, and the smaller, classical wall-fountains. The first, with their enormous façades, their torrential streams, their impetuous river-gods and Neptunes and prophets, depend for their charm on their magnificence of conception, like the Fountain of Trevi; the last, on their beauty of colour and situation, like the ancient fountain at the Porta Furba.

It is set in old brickwork, where the aqueduct of the Aqua Felice, on its march to the horizon, frames exquisite vistas of the billowy plain and the sapphire slopes of the Apennines and Sabines. Its plaster is as warm as a nectarine; it is stained and reddened by time; women in the simple blue garments and gay kerchiefs of the peasantry are nearly always at work with their washing-boards in its shallow trough. It has an old-world charm, a certain wild simplicity which is akin to Nature; it is the complement to a scene of incomparable beauty.

The Fountain of Trevi is the only successful baroque fountain in Rome. It is not beautiful nor gracious; it is more cramped for space than the Pantheon; but it is splendid and imposing; it is more than satisfying, with its great rush of water, its quivering lake which fills half the small piazza, and its tumbled rocks, which have been moulded by Time to look like the handiwork of Nature.

A hurried visit to Trevi does not repay the traveller, especially if the visit be made when the great fountain is naked in the sunshine of the forenoon. He

may be amazed at its magnificence, but he will be displeased at the baroqueness of its art; if he is afoot, he will realize his eminent danger of being run down in the press of the congested traffic; he will be bewildered by the noises of the rushing water, and the shouts of cabmen and vendors, and the hoot of motors. It is only those who have seen Trevi at the moonlight; or those who have seen it on grey days when the flaming orange of Castellani's palace is reflected on the wet rocks and in the broken waters of the lake; or those who have seen it in the rain, when clouds of steam rise from its cascades, wreathing Neptune and his tritons in mist; who realize the full charm of Trevi.

At night, when the piazza is deserted and only the muffled roar of the water breaks the silence, the strange beasts below Neptune's feet seem to disappear in the torrents which pour over the grey rocks; the tritons do not blow their horns so urgently; Neptune himself yields to the silvered veil of night, and turns into a gentler deity. And while you watch the conflict of the moonlight and the street-lamps in the lake of the fountain; and while the water pours whitely over the rocks and ledges to strike a hundred stars of light into the mirror of the moon, you may see people come and go, pausing a little minute to talk together and drop a coin in the pool, not less than sure that they will return because they have paid their toll to the spirit of Roman fountains. Sometimes they are sad; sometimes they laugh; sometimes they flit silently from the shadows and return to them as silently. They are not more than

shadows to you as you dream on Trevi's shore ; it may well be that they are not more than shadows in truth ; for many men and women have come to drop their coins at Neptune's feet, smiling at their belief, hardly conscious of anything but their hope; and many have known that they could not buy their way back to the Eternal City with the coins of any mintage of this world. It is a place of sighs rather than smiles ; the wings of memory rustle above the voices of the water. You may stumble on the half-truth of many a strange dream as you watch the ever-shifting movement of conflicting lights in the pool of Neptune.

PART II

OF THE GARDENS

A MAN is known by his books and a city by its gardens. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are indexes to London. The Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne are indexes to Paris. Happier Rome has for its indexes the Villa Borghese, and the Pincian, and the Villa Medici. The Pincian is a garden set on a hill ; the Villa Medici is the crown of the Pincian; the Villa Borghese is art run wild with ancient turf and trees.

Before dwelling on these homes of aging peace, there are other gardens to be lightly touched upon. Many of the ancient pleasaunces of Rome have passed away. Of the gardens which once made the Esquiline a rival to the Pincian—the Collis Hortorum of the ancients—apart from the orchard garden of the Palazzo Bran-

caccio-Field, whose wide meadow encircles the Baths of Trajan as it slopes down to the Valley of the Colosseum, there is nothing left but the Villa Wolskonsky. Perhaps this sweet wild place is the last trace of the ancient gardens of the Papacy which lay between the Lateran and S. Croce in Gerusalemme. Broken arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, almost concealed beneath the ivy which pours over them, stumble like blind giants among the flowers and statues, which are allowed to run wild in this forgotten corner of the Esquiline. But the ugly modern tenement-houses of new Rome crowd in even here.

If Mæcenas, whose estate once covered the southern slopes of the Esquiline, was the prototype of the splendour-loving Princes of the Holy Roman Empire, his gardens were the prototype of their magnificent pleasaunces. Both have fallen upon evil days.

The crimson of the Cardinals has vanished from the streets of Rome as completely as the purple of the Emperors. Outside the city gates you may chance upon an aged man, clad in a black soutane, and wearing the beaver hat, with red and gold tassels, which is familiar to Englishmen as the crest of the foundation of the magnificent Wolsey — the Oxford Christ Church. He may be accompanied by a chaplain ; he will be followed at a discreet distance by a silk-hatted servant. He will walk a little while, and presently re-enter his carriage ; the servant will mount the box, and the equipage will be drawn at a sober trot towards the city, in whose streets and parks His Eminence may not set foot. The

PORTA FURBA

splendour of the Papacy has shrunk and faded, and many of the gardens of its Princes are humbled to the dust.

Though they are not apparent to the superficial observer, Rome has a host of gracious cloister and roof and courtyard gardens, where violets open their blue eyes before February has passed. But with the exception of the Villa Hoffman-Mattei, the Passeggiata Margherita, the Vatican Gardens, the Villa of the Colonna and the Garden of the Knights of Malta on the Aventine, Rome has no gardens within her walls but those upon the Pincian Hill.

The Pincian has always been a hill of gardens. It was so when the Acilii Glabriones built the Muro Torto as a substructure for their vast estate; and it was so when Messalina sought in vain to wrest the gardens of the splendid and imperious Lucullus from Valerius Asiaticus, and forced him to die because he would not yield to her demands. It is all garden to-day, from the laurel groves of the Villa Medici and the classical terraces of the Piazzo del Popolo to the beautiful old park which Scipio Borghese laid out in the seventeenth century for the pleasure of the Romans.

It is still the chief pleasure-ground of Romans, and not only of Romans, for all who sojourn in the city carry away memories of this ancient and romantic garden.

The terraces of the Pincian are gay and sunny; they have a superlative view over the city, especially towards the hour of sunset; they have sheltered nooks, where the warmth of the sun can make you forget the *tramontana;* but neither the acacia groves, the casinos, the semi-

tropical foliage, nor the fountains, can make you regard it seriously as a Roman garden. Perhaps it is because the bandstand, where a police band plays on Sunday afternoons to an enormous middle-class crowd, is so aggressively cosmopolitan that it is like a ghost of all the bandstands in Europe; perhaps the terrace is so obviously the loadstone of the loiterer; perhaps it was too Napoleonized for it to have the true spirit of a Roman garden.

It is in her old gardens that the soul of Rome is gathered. Under their ilexes and in their sombre laurel groves you follow more closely on the skirts of that mysterious spirit-matter which is mind or soul, than in her streets or even among her ruins. In the one you are confronted by the pulsing, magnetic life of Rome, full of song and gaiety; in the other you hear the ancient call of her, as though a multitude of voices whispered to you, and multitudes of pale hands drew you into a shadowland of memory more real than the sunlight itself. But in her gardens there is neither voice nor beckoning hand; only a presence more elusive than the fabric of a half-forgotten dream tangled in the loose ends of the day's thoughts.

In the Villa Borghese slopes of emerald turf are threaded early in the year with a "light of laughing flowers"—anemones like purple stars, and tiny crocuses and wide-eyed daisies; its groves of ilexes are breathless with the tragedy which lurks in the dark eyes of men and women of the South; there is an almost passionate beauty in the grace of its magnificent stone-pines. Their cloud-like canopies of foliage float above slender

stems with ruddy bark; their shadows move over the grass with the compact grace of cloud-reflections wandering over distant hills. They hold up their arms to the tender sky.

The Villa Borghese is an enchanted world of sight and song. Its art is so akin to Nature that its beauty is for all time; it has the quaint loveliness of a seventeenth-century landscape mingled with the simplicity of paganism. Its beautiful casino, its miniature temples to Diana and Æsculapius, its *vaccheria*, conjure up a vision of Fragonard's gay youths and maidens. But when you stand in the hollow of the little stadium with its box-hedge and its moss-grown seats, you look for naiads among the shadows which the stone-pines fling upon the emerald sward. There are wild, sweet glades full of sun-flecked shadows, where fountains spin their silver threads among the branches of overhanging trees; there are fantastic ruins whose artificiality has grown ancient; there are mock Egyptian temples and medieval fortresses, modern statues and antique sarcophagi. Time and Nature have softened their incongruities. The flying feet of Spring scatter jonquils in the grass; Summer twines roses round lichened stones; Autumn piles golden maple-leaves round the weed-grown basins of the fountains; and while Soracte is still white with snow crocuses open their fragile petals in the short grass.

When you have wandered in the Borghese, and taken in the full delight of its peaceful solitudes; when you have dreamed your dreams resting on grey lichened benches in cool and shady retreats, where only the

tinkle of water and the irrepressible song of birds breaks the silence; when you have watched the shifting shadows of the stone-pines and cypresses, and have stood by the wall of the little Giardino del Lago, at the point where the fields of Rome stretch to the edge of her gardens, turn back to the Pincian and make your way to the Villa Medici.

The Villa Medici is a garden of dreams. In the hour before Vespers, when the radiance from the west floods the soft yellow walls of its casino, and gilds its box and laurel hedges, it has more spiritual beauty than any garden in Rome. A mellow fragrance hangs about the Villa Medici like the faint perfume of faded rose-leaves. The soft old yellow casino, which is the French Academy of Art, with its towers and its colonnaded portico guarded by Flaminio Vacca's lion, and its garden façade picked out with ancient reliefs and sarcophagi, is a legacy of the Renaissance. It looks down upon a prim Italian garden where jonquils blossom in the spring, and roses and oleanders flame in summer over the stiff box parterres.

This temple of art is a gentle and romantic place whose beauty is ghostly rather than gay. It is the home of peace. Perhaps the reliefs of the Ara Pacis which the Roman Senate erected in the Campus Martius in honour of Augustus, and whose fragments adorn the walls of the Casino, have spread the influence of the goddess in the gardens of Alessandro de Medici. Galileo Galilei, when he was confined here by the Inquisition for his scientific "crimes," may not have sought for her in vain

AT THE GATE OF THE PINCIAN

in its laurel groves; he may have dreamt of other things than alchemy as he watched the sun sinking behind Monte Mario, bathing the city in a golden mist.

But before we stand with Galileo Galilei on the western terrace, and see the gnats and midges flashing in the level golden rays above its fringe of roses, as we look down upon the domes and towers and bronze pinnacled saints of Rome floating above the mists of sunset, it is good to wander in the by-ways of Alessandro's garden.

The old smile wistfully upon its beauty; it is a paradise of dreams to youth. For there are ancient marbles overcast with roses—ancient fountains whose falling spray splashes the glistening leaves of water-plants in lichened bowls; there are ilex avenues full of dusky shade, and laurel groves where shadows only dance at noonday when the sun is high overhead. They are peopled with statues and busts, grown grey with age; the air is full of song; at the intersection of the paths are lichened benches, where you may court Romance in the leafy gloom.

Or you may ascend to the terrace of the Boschetto, and plunge into the shadows of an ancient ilex-grove, which leads to a small belvedere named Il Parnaso. A narrow path tempts you through the song-haunted wood to a flight of moss-grown steps, crowded with flickering shadows. They are steep and long; but when you have climbed them, you come out into the sunlight above the tree-tops and see the city below you spreading towards the hills, and Soracte and the Alban Mounts

melting into the blue horizon beyond the stone-pines of the Borghese.

The voice of Rome is so softened by distance that you are not conscious of it till you listen; the mist pouring over Monte Mario grows more golden as the sun dips to the west; St Peter's dome becomes almost transparent in the limpid glow. A breeze straying through the ilex-groves, laden with the chill of night, may warn you to descend to the terrace.

Then the frieze of stone-pines darkles against the eastern sky, which the reflections from the west have turned to mother-of-pearl; long shadows creep between the box-walls of the silent garden; the slopes of Monte Mario are hidden behind a haze of gold.

In the road below files of young priests pass by on their way to Vespers; the prattle of children is born up on the clear air; every little sound is magnified in the hush that lies over the city before the clamorous music of its bells for Evensong. The faint, far-off line of the sea is lost in a pink haze; the heavy white clouds behind S. Trinita del Monte are as rosy as a snow-mountain in the dawn. For a brief space the twin domes of the church, and the walls of the Casino Medici are suffused with a heavenly radiance. It fades as quickly as it came; a chill breeze rustles through the laurel-groves; lights twinkle in the streets; the golden clouds overhead take the form of an angel flying over the city; and as you descend the hill you hear the *Ave Maria* ringing in all the valleys and hills of Rome.

CHAPTER X

Of the Galleries and Museums

THE Sculpture Galleries of the Vatican contain more treasures than any other museum in the world, and more intimate associations. It is not as a museum purchased systematically for the pleasure of a nation that you are impressed by the vast halls of the Papal Palace ; they are the private possessions of His Holiness the Pope, the inheritance of the art-loving Pontiffs of the Renaissance. The magnificent mosaics, the long lines of statues, the matchless sarcophagi, are the decorations of his palace. Some of them are so beautiful that the best part of an hour will slip away before you can persuade yourself to leave them.

Early in the day you meet the Venus of Cnidus, the perfect type of female beauty, whose fame when she left the studio of Praxitiles spread across Greece till all the artistic world came to view the masterpiece of the Athenian. Not even the ugly metal draperies, with which a prudish Pope disfigured her graces, can mar the exquisite beauty of the Praxitelean Aphrodite, which filled Greece with delight more than two thousand years ago. In the same hall are the huge porphyry sarcophagi of Constantia, the daughter of Constantine the Great, and of St Helena, his mother. Both have been coveted by Popes. Paul II, Pietro Barbo, went to the length of removing the sarcophagus of Constantia from her tomb near the catacomb of S. Agnese, and placing it in the

Piazza of S. Marco—his national church—to await his interment. From the Sala a Croce Greca a stairway leads to the Sala della Biga—a small domed hall, where the youthful Discobolus of Myron, full of grace and energy, is poised in the act of hurling his disc towards the goal. Almost every museum in Rome boasts a copy of a "disc-thrower"; but the best replica of the Myron Discobolus is in the Palazzo Lancellotti, for that statue not only retains the original head, but "has some lingering elements of the archaic scheme of form—a fact in harmony both with the statements of ancient authors, and with the existing replicas of other works by Myron."

The Museo Pio-Clementina was built by two Popes, whose tragic deaths in the eighteenth century trouble few of the people who stream through the halls which they enriched with precious marbles and mosaics. Clement XIV, Francesco Ganganelli, died a mysterious death soon after he had suppressed the Order of the Jesuits. "I am passing into Eternity," he is recorded to have said, "and I know the reason why"; and Pius VI, Jean Braschi, was dragged from his throne and palace by Napoleon, to die in exile at Valence, while his beloved treasures were carried in triumph to the Louvre.

The history of Art and the history of the Papacy have been closely connected since Nicholas V laid the foundations of the Vatican Library, and dreamt of creating a pontifical city on the Mons Vaticanus which should rival the Palatine of the Cæsars. But it was the magnificent Julius II, who commenced the Papal col-

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI

lection of works of art with the Apollo found in his estate near Grotta Ferrata, while he was still Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere.

During his pontificate the Laöcoon was discovered in the Baths of Titus ; and it is a curious point in the history of the Renaissance that during the life-time of Michelangelo not only were the Apollo and the Laöcoon discovered, but the exquisite Mercury of the Belvedere, and possibly the Torso. In the niches and porticoes of Innocent VIII's old summer-house the treasures, which were to form the nucleus of the magnificent Vatican collections, were placed as they stand to-day, although they have travelled across half a continent, and back again, since the artists and sculptors of the Renaissance came there to praise and study in the intervals of their work. They were busy men, the artists of the Renaissance, engineers as well as sculptors, architects as well as painters. Michelangelo would pass along the unfinished galleries, which Bramante was building to connect the Belvedere with the Vatican Palace, from his work in the Sixtine, and perhaps meet young Raffaelle with a crowd of pupils on the same errand. In the sunny octagonal court of Innocent's summer-house, with its bamboos and splashing fountains, its sarcophagi and altars, and grinning masks from the Villa of Hadrian, you see the ghosts of that brilliant group of men who were at work together in the Palace of Julius II. One can picture Raffaelle and Bramante, with the gay youths who did so much to spoil the fame of the Urbinite, in the Cabinet

of the Apollo, whose beautiful angry face and impetuous pose suggest that he has descended from Olympus to wreak retribution on a mortal or a fellow-god. One can picture the Laöcoon and his two sons in their death-struggles filling the vision of Michelangelo with the portentousness of inevitable tragedy. Meleager, leaning on his boar's head, and the dreamy Mercury of Praxitiles, who, like the Venus of Cnidus, is a perfect type of beauty, were not discovered till after Raffaelle had been laid in the Pantheon beside the grave of the sad woman who could not win his love. Later still, Michelangelo, an old man almost blind, would sit in the lovely halls of Innocent VIII's museum and pass his fingers, too weak to work with either brush or chisel, over the rippling muscles of the superhuman torso which he was wont to call his master. Had the flame of life in that impetuous soul burned too low for him to care that, in the Sixtine Chapel, his favourite pupil was painting draperies to the nude figures of his "Last Judgment" at the command of the evil Caraffa Pope, Paul IV?

The Museo Chiaramonti, with its apparently endless vista of marble fragments, none of which are of the first artistic importance, has a different story to tell. For this was the collection gathered together in haste and with difficulty by Pius VII, while the treasures of his predecessors were adorning the galleries of the Louvre. It was for Pius VII also that the Braccio Nuovo, one of the most charming galleries in the Vatican, was built to contain the fruits of his excavations in Rome and the

Campagna. It is a light, bright room, admirably calculated to throw up the ivory tints of the statues; it has a barrel roof in the ancient Roman style, and an effective frieze with reliefs of the triumph of Titus. Emperors and goddesses, standing in narrow niches, line the walls; in one of the *esedræ* which adorn the centre of the hall is the famous group of the Nile; in the other is a gay company of fauns and satyrs; at the far end is one of the gems of the collection—the Apoxyomenos of Lysippus.

These vast galleries, in which the Pontiffs of the Renaissance have stored so much of the pagan grace of Greece and Rome, yield a modicum of their beauty to the sight-seer, who comes to them guide-book in hand, with conscientious desires in his heart. But even the most casual observer will carry away in his mind visions of the Apollo Sauroctonus' delicate purity of line; the dreamy beauty of the Praxitilean Eros; the dignity and nobility of the unknown Roman lady whose portrait has come down to us under the name of "La Pudicizia." He will remember Innocent VIII's Belvedere and the masterpieces it houses, which played their part in the adornment of the ancient city before they delighted the world again in the classic revival of the sixteenth century; he will remember the subtle pleasure he experienced in the Hall of the Muses, where Apollo plays his cithara with divine inspiration among the Nine Sisters. But if he has only visited the galleries once or twice, he will carry away, also, a confused memory of gods and goddesses in bright, sunny rooms, whose

mural decorations are well suited to show up their antique grace. His confusion will not be helped by the remembrance of crowds of visitors poring over their guide-books, the insistent voices of professional guides, and the annoying habit of conscientious German tourists who persist in examining everything in minute detail, and at such close quarters that they block out the view of everyone else. He will be wise if he comes often, and if he is not actuated by a desire to combine the Sculpture Galleries with a visit to the Borgia Apartments or the Egyptian and Etruscan Museums.

The Egyptian Museum of the Vatican is not of much importance; but it is interesting because it includes many Roman imitations of Egyptian sculpture and painting. This gallery, like the Chiaramonti Museum, was founded by Pius VII when the Vatican was denuded of its treasures, and it is another monument to the indomitable courage and resource of that energetic Pontiff. The rooms are arranged to represent the halls of an Egyptian temple, seen at night, with the brilliant star-lit sky of the East above. These are an effective setting for the granite sphinxes and colossi and the painted mummy-cases with which their walls are lined.

The glory of the Etruscan Museum at Rome is not purely Etruscan; it consists *in primis* of a magnificent collection of Greek vases and pateræ found in the Etruscan tombs of the dead city of Vulci. But it is also rich in objects of superlative completeness and beauty, like the golden treasures of the Regulini-Galassi tomb at Cerveteri, which yielded a store of domestic and

CONCIA DE PELLI SULL' AVENTINO

sepulchral jewellery, and a large breast-plate of beaten gold, embossed with figures of sphinxes, panthers, deer, flying horses, winged demons, and goats. Among the bronzes of these mysterious people, treasured by Gregory XVI in the Vatican Museum, are a remarkably perfect chariot, and an unrivalled collection of drinking-bowls and mirrors, as well as some cinerary urns, which are interesting because they give faithful representations of Etruscan temples and houses.

The Vatican Picture Gallery is in a state of transition, and it is inexpedient to write about it in detail until the extensive and valuable collection of small medieval pictures which used to be kept under glass in the library has been adequately catalogued. The Coach-house of the Popes has been taken into the gallery; it has long been only a museum of the state carriages used by former Pontiffs and Cardinals. The most interesting feature in it, in the eyes of the ex-coachman of Pius IX, who acted as the *custode*, was the arrangement for his pipe in Pius IX's carriage.

Until the inclusion of these new pictures the Vatican gallery was not a large collection, but its average was high; and one of the first rooms contained three masterpieces, which are known by reproduction all over the world—the "Transfiguration" and the "Madonna del Foligno" of Raffaelle, and the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino. It was this picture of the Transfiguration which Raffaelle was painting when death overtook him so early in his life; his body lay in state below it in his studio while prelates and princes came to mourn over his departed

genius; it was carried between weeping multitudes at his funeral.

There is no picture in this small but valuable collection that is not worthy of separate study. The Papacy has seldom had a more fortunate windfall than when England forced France, after the defeat of Napoleon's army at Waterloo, to return to Pius VII the pictures they had stolen from churches all over Rome and Italy, along with the Papal heirlooms which they had taken from the Vatican.

The museums of the Lateran, like those of the Vatican, are on Papal territory. They are housed in the great Lateran Palace which Sixtus V—the most energetic of the building Pontiffs—built on the site of the old Palace of the Popes, but which his successors never occupied. In Rome, a city of superlative collections, the Lateran Museums do not rank high. With the exception of some fine sarcophagi and an extraordinary mosaic of life-sized athletes and trainers, found in the Baths of Caracalla, which occupies the pavement of a large hall, the Museo Christiano is given up to Early Christian inscriptions, only interesting to students and antiquarians. The Museo Profano contains many beautiful reliefs from Roman tombs and the Forum of Trajan, as well as some Greek reliefs and the famous portrait statue of Sophocles. This is one of the best portrait-statues in the world—a copy, probably, of the bronze erected to the great tragic poet in the Theatre of Dionysus at Athens. It immortalizes the dignity, the self-restraint, and the well-being of the great Athenian; it might have been modelled on

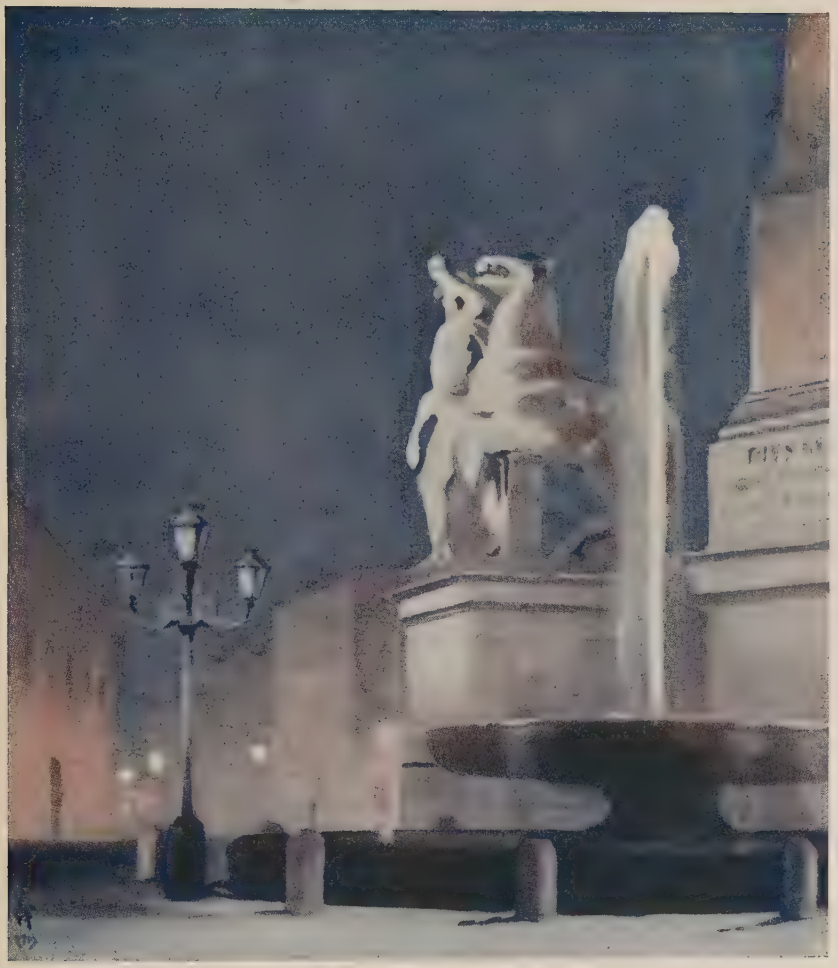
Aristophanes' reference to him in the "Frogs": "Even-tempered alike in life and death, in the world above and in the world below."

The Museo Profano of the Lateran is essentially a Roman collection. Its reliefs on cinerary urns, sarcophagi, and altars, are an index of the life of the ancient city—not only of its beauty, portrayed through the ideals of a poet, like the plaster panels of the Museo delle Terme, but of the crudities as well as the graces of its everyday life. Here you learn something of the pagan Rome besides the strength of its stern heroes, the dignity of its matrons, and the lissom grace of its youths and maidens. You see not only Imperial processions and religious ceremonies; you see the familiar sports of youth; you see the homes of poets, littered with manuscripts and masks and laurel-wreaths; you see the pomp and ceremony of the funerals of patricians; their tombs on the great roads which still cross the Campagna; the temples on the route along which the funeral cortège would pass, the lying-in-state, the minstrels, the weeping relatives, and, last of all, the actual interment.

The Museo delle Terme in the Baths of Diocletian is contained in the buildings round the cloister which Michelangelo designed for the Carthusians. It is a pleasant place, this cloister, with its warm yellow walls and its travertine colonnades. Even in December it is full of flowers—canea and chrysanthemum, rose and iris, heliotrope and purple veronica. Broken statues and columns peep from among the greenery; here the

marble bust of a dead Roman is crowned by a spray of tiny red roses which have not realized in this sheltered pleasaunce that winter has come; there some broken amphoræ are half hidden in a clump of yuccas. In the heart of the garden where the four paths meet is a lichen-covered fountain almost smothered in water-plants, which never tires of singing to a dying cypress, the only one of all the five planted by the hand of Michelangelo himself, which still stretches its tired old limbs in the sunshine. Two young cypresses have been planted in the place of its fellows, but the old tree has bent itself away from them with the mute protest of age to youth, and its gnarled and twisted trunk is bound together with a rusty chain. A strange assembly of beasts, whose heads rest on ivy-covered pedestals, guard the approach to the fountain—a unicorn and a horse, an elephant and a rhinoceros, two bulls and a ram. The broken walls of the Baths of Diocletian, and the clock and bell of S. Maria degli Angeli tower over the western colonnade of the cloister. The hands of the clock never move; but no one keeps count of time in that garden of sleep: the fountain sings through the day and through the night; the ancient cypress dreams of the past; the flowers go to rest when darkness steals into the cloister—the goldfish in the fountain basin are the only links with the present.

Some of the most beautiful *objets d'art* in Rome are treasured round Michelangelo's cloister. The Ludovisi Collection alone contains four gems. The Ludovisi Ares, young and beautiful as Apollo—an



THE HORSE TAMERS, PIAZZA DEL QUIRINALE

ideal Mars; the Sleeping Fury, lovely and angry, scornful even in her dreams; the Ludovisi Juno, immense, magnificent, serene; and an archaic throne with exquisite reliefs of Aphrodite arising from the waves, attended by two *horæ*. This ancient throne, chiselled by the hand of an unknown sculptor, is full of the spirit of Greece. Its spontaneity, its excellent composition, the semi-transparent chitons of the two girls supporting Aphrodite, which barely conceal their delicacy of limb, the gracious, upturned face of the goddess, make the relief, in spite of its mutilation, the most beautiful in Rome. On the sides of the throne are two worshippers of Aphrodite—the *hetaira* and the bride. Their figures are full of incomparable grace: the nude *hetaira* sits with crossed knees, playing a double flute; the *sposa*, veiled and robed, her little sandalled feet showing below the folds of her gown, burns incense in honour of the goddess.

In the rooms overhead there are exquisite stucco reliefs, delicate as the hoar-frost, "with landscapes and scenes from the cult of Bacchus and the Orphic mysteries," winged Victories, ornamental borders of flowers, and hippogriffs, spun out of the fantasies of a poet's mind. There is a fine collection of bronzes and Gallic jewellery; and in one of the rooms, lined with the paintings discovered in the Roman House of the Villa Farnesina, are three gems of sculpture—the head of the Sleeping Girl; the head of the Dying Persian; and the Kneeling Youth, found in the villa of the tyrant Nero, which, for grace and springing life,

has no peer in Rome. There has never been a back so beautiful as his except in nature. The marble is golden, as though the skin of the boy had been kissed by southern suns; the colour completes the illusion of reality, and makes the flesh of this headless, armless youth real and palpitating; the marble itself seems to have veins. It is a miracle in stone.

The twin museums of the Capitol are so much a part of Rome and Roman history that it is most fitting they should be gathered together on the historic hill where the municipal heart of Rome has never ceased to beat. You meet many familiar faces and forms in the Capitoline Museum. In the courtyard is the giant statue of Marforio, the river-god who, in the baroque age, was, like Pasquino, a medium for the wit of anti-Government spirits.

Upstairs, in the hall of the Dying Gladiator the marble Faun leans on his tree-stump in a smiling day-dream. He smiles to himself all day long, this graceful boy of the woods, as though he had fallen into an abstraction while his lips were still curved with pleasure, and smiled on through his dreaming ever since. Just so he may have stolen laughing through a sun-flecked glade to where some daughter of the gods gathered a garland for her head, and smiled to see her fleeing from him through the shadows of the trees. He is perfect of limb, a rounded figure full of spontaneity and easy grace, and withal he is so wise in his pagan philosophy, and so beautiful in his pagan youth, that no one can help loving him—the smiling boy who once

looked down upon the Gardens of Hadrian, who cared more for beauty than all the Emperors of Rome.

Beside him stands the dreamy Antinous with his perfect limbs and beautiful bent head, who also sojourned in the pleasure-grounds of Hadrian. In the centre of the room is the Dying Gladiator. His drawn-up limbs and the tension of the right arm, on which he supports himself, denote his physical suffering; his head is drooping with the heaviness of pain. It is not the smoke of incense ascending from gold braziers which dims his eyes; he has forgotten the arena, the smiling, cruel faces of the people crowding its tiers of seats; the purple silk and crimson roses of the Emperor's throne; he does not shrink from the death which is overwhelming him; he is not overcome with the pain of his gaping wound; he fights it with memories of sweet and tender things, the little half-forgotten joys which fill the minds of men when they suffer most.

But it is in the Hall of Illustrious Men, and in the Hall of the Emperors that you slip away from Modern Rome, and find yourself communing with the masters who lived when Greece and Rome held dominion over the world. Here, in the triple row of marble busts that line the walls, are Homer, the blind bard of the "Odyssey," and Socrates, so unmistakable with his little snub nose; Sophocles and Alcibiades; Democritus, the laughing philosopher; Demosthenes and Æschines, the good genius and the evil genius of Athens. Here, too, are the great Romans: Agrippa, the friend of Augustus, who won his battles; Cato and Cicero, Julian the Apostate and

Marcellus; and, most virile of them all, Scipio Africanus, with his iron regard. You do not wonder that Hannibal's energy spent itself in useless waves against that rock; or that the Senators of Rome were defied in the Senate-house by the conqueror of the Carthaginian brothers.

When you pass from the assemblage of great men gathered together in this hall — statesmen, soldiers, philosophers and poets — you enter the Hall of the Emperors, where "great Cæsar" and the beautiful Augustus, with their lean cheeks and piercing eyes, stand in the van of all the rulers of Rome. Not an unmixed company this, for here Caligula and Caracalla scowl upon the world, and Nero simpers as though the applause which followed the creation of his Imperial odes still echoed in his ears; here murderer and murdered side by side hold their grim counsel; and the infamous Heliogabalus faces the mild Antoninus Pius, whose son, the Imperial Philosopher, had such a lovely face before the weighty sceptre of the Cæsars robbed him of youth.

The Museum of the Palace of the Conservatori is chiefly interesting for the map of Ancient Rome, executed in the time of Septimius Severus, and pieced together by modern archæologists on the wall of a small courtyard garden; but it has an interesting collection of bronzes—including the famous Wolf of the Capitol—and a lovely fresco of the Madonna and Child with angels by Andrea di Assisi. The picture gallery is not of importance except for Lo Spagna's exquisite but unfinished frescoes of Apollo and the Muses, which once decorated the hunting-lodge of the Renaissance Popes at La Magliana.

THE VILLA OF THE QUINTILII

Half a mile along the ancient Via Flaminia, the great north road to Florence, is the beautiful Villa of Pope Julius III, now converted into an Etruscan Museum. The quaint, semicircular cloister of its court is supported on antique columns, through which floods of sunlight pour upon the scarlet and gold Pompeian panels of its walls. The roof is frescoed with trellises of rose, vine and jasmine, where baby-loves silhouetted against a summer sky play with peacocks, and cranes, and parrots, and little gaily plumaged birds, and butterflies. In the rose-garden of an inner court is a tiny Etruscan temple, modelled from some ruins discovered at Alatri. It is very white and gracious; it has a cornice picked out in rich reds and browns; it has battlements of genii; and gilt dragons project from the corners of its tympanum.

There are many courts in the Villa of the Del Monte Pope—little gardens where blue irises flower in the first month of the year, or paved enclosures with sunken fountains where antique hermæ act as caryatides; and jets of water spout up from niches clothed with maidenhair, to break the sunny silence with their tinkling music. The sun plays on the golden plaster of the walls; on the ivory tints of marble columns whose richly sculptured capitals melt into the blue Roman sky. Arcades of airy lightness lead from one sunny court to another. It is no wonder that Julius preferred to spend his days away from the turmoil of political life, in his beautiful home near the Ponte Molle, where Michelangelo and Vasari and Vignola have caught the inspiration of the golden Renaissance, and translated the poetry of light and beauty into marble and stone.

In the rooms of his Villa you glean a little about the lives of the Etruscans—the mysterious people of whom we have no traditions but so many pictures—from their household implements and ornaments, their shields, their jewels, their tombs and the urns for their ashes.

The age of the Etruscans was a Golden Age; their gilt bronze ewers and pitchers, their golden shields finely engraved, the crusted metal of their jewels, were not surpassed in execution even by Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest master of the Renaissance in metal-work. But they did not lack a more practical civilization than the appreciation of beauty: in one of the cases in Pope Julius's Villa is a skull which grins mirthlessly over the gold casing of its false teeth.

They were a nation of importers; and among their rough copies of Greek pottery are found many originals of beautiful design imported from Greece. Blue mummy beads from Egypt and little figures of Egyptian gods, Osiris and Anubis and Bes, the God of Merriment, have been found resting on the bosom of the smiling women of Etruria, of whom we know even less than we know of the Princesses of the Nile.

The mind inevitably connects the Kircherian Museum with the Collegio Romano, which contains it. It is an enormous ethnological museum, but its chief interest lies in its collection of beautiful and antique bronzes, the famous "Cista Ficoroni," and the treasure discovered in an Etruscan tomb at Præneste. The "Cista Ficoroni," the bronze casket, richly engraved with the story of the Argonauts, which used to contain the toilet accessories

of an Etruscan lady, is the most beautiful object in the museum. The strangest, and perhaps the most interesting, is the *graffito* of the so-called "Caricature of the Crucifixion," which was found on the walls of one of the small chambers of the Domus Gelotiana, the house on the southern slope of the Palatine which was converted, in the time of Caligula, into a training-school for the pages of the Imperial Court. There is a curiously human touch about this broken fragment, with its roughly drawn crucifix bearing a man with an ass's head. At the foot of the crucifix is a kneeling figure, with the inscription, "Alexamenos worships his God." That is all. Whether the whole caricature is the work of a scornful page who, knowing that Jews venerated the ass, confused them with Christians, and sought to annoy Alexamenos by the misrepresentation of his God; or the crucifix was the work of his hand, and Alexamenos himself drew the worshipping figure to defy the wit of his companions, is not known.

Of the smaller museums of Rome, all the world visits the Casino Borghese, because it is set in the midst of the beautiful Borghese Gardens, and because it is more like a private pleasure-house than a State collection. The magnificent Borghesi are never far from your mind as you wander through the lovely halls; and in one of them you meet Canova's statue of Pauline Bonaparte herself, reclining like the mistress of the house on her marble couch. It is for its associations, even more than for the intrinsic value of its collection, that you go to the casino of Scipio Borghese, though it contains

pictures of the rank of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love."

The Museo Barracco, on the other hand, is full of beautiful things, and although it is not a large collection, it is arranged so charmingly that at every turn your eye is rewarded with a glimpse of Attic grace. The Museo Barracco itself is a gem—a gay and beautiful house built in the style of Ancient Greece. It stands in a little garden on the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele; the columns of the portico are fluted and faced with travertine; the frescoes on the porch are designed from the paintings on Greek vases. In the two rooms of this unique museum, whose decorations throughout are Greek in character, are many beautiful fragments of the art of Greece, and some interesting antiques from Egypt, Assyria, and Etruria. Here are two ancient replicas of the heads of the Doryphorus and the Diadumenus, the masterpieces of Polycletus, and the torso of his Amazon. Here, too, are many gracious Attic votive and sepulchral reliefs, and more than one bust of exquisite beauty. It is a museum of fragments culled by a scholar from the storehouses of the world; on every hand Attic reliefs speak of the grace and loveliness of Ancient Greece; and the work of Polycletus, the Peloponnesian, emphasizes its strength and classic perfection.

Of the private collections housed in the great palaces of Rome, the first are those of the Albani-Torlonia, to which the public is seldom admitted, and the Barberini Palace. Of the Corsini and the Doria Collections I have

spoken elsewhere. The Colonna Gallery is not so much interesting for its pictures as for the throne of Martin V, and the Hall of the Battle of Lepanto. The throne-room of the only Colonna who ever occupied the Chair of St Peter is preserved in this palace as the great Pontiff left it.

The Barberini Gallery contains Vandyck's "Henrietta Maria of England," and a large collection of valuable fifteenth-century pictures, including a Melozzo da Forli, two delightful pictures by Fra Carnevale, and several portraits by Raffaelle's father, Giovanni Santi; but its chief gem is Guido Reni's exquisite portrait of Beatrice Cenci. Whether Guido Reni painted the portrait or not is still a point under discussion. In any case it is a masterpiece. The sorrowful eyes of the poor sad girl are dimmed with trouble, and are always on the point of turning away. Some strands of her auburn hair have escaped from her head-dress. There is a pathetic simplicity about the folds of her white drapery, and a gentle sorrow in her brown eyes. So she must have looked when she stood before the Castle of Sant' Angelo, and gazed back at the crowd below the scaffold, while she waited for the axe to bring her that peace which had been denied her in her short life on earth.

CHAPTER XI
Of the Streets

ROME is a city of contrasts. In her streets at the same moment you have sunshine and shadow, palaces and ruins, disreputable odours and the fragrance of flowers, the automobiles of Roman Princes and the rolling oxen of the Campagna. Rome is never so lovable, so friendly, so much a woman as she is in her streets, where her delightful irrelevance endears her to the hearts of all who know her as she is—a personality of feminine and unimaginable grace, the consort of the gods of Greece.

It is only in the narrow, twisting byways, which lie like the meshes of a net about her medieval and Renaissance palaces, that Rome is gloomy; in her slums she may be shabby—she is often both dirty and unsavoury—but she is nearly always gay. How could she help it? The sunlight is so bright that if it only gilds the branches of a rose-tree in some roof-garden outlined against the blue sky, you feel the smiling promise of the South, although a bitter wind, laden with the breath of snow from the Apennines, may be holding you in its grip. And at any moment you can emerge from these narrow streets into one of Rome's many piazzas, with its company of oddly assorted palaces and orange-ochre houses, which are like splashes of sunshine on dark days. The brown sun-blinds of Italy are not put away altogether even in mid-winter, and these,

with her multicoloured walls, her inevitable washing-lines strung with scarlet and blue cloths and snowy linen, and the brilliant posters of *osterie* and inns, suffuse a genial gaiety everywhere.

You can never go far in Rome without seeing posters—gay, flamboyant things, sometimes full of artistic feeling, and always full of colour. There are some in particular which rise before my eyes when I think of the Roman streets—a dark-eyed young god and goddess who languorously inform the public of an International Exhibition of Domestic Arts, and a scarlet boy who lightens a dark world with his advertisement of Benedictine.

You find them pasted with a host of other pictures on the walls of churches and on the walls of palaces; but they are not so ubiquitous as the gigantic letterings of municipal elections, or the notices of race-meetings. You get some incongruous effects with the municipal placards. Mr. Markino, in his picture of the Forum of Augustus, shows them pasted over the walls of the majestic temple of Mars Ultor. It would be enough to make that old aristocrat, Boniface VIII, the Caetani Pope, turn in his grave if he could see the name of a Liberal cadet of his ancient and conservative family pasted over the fortress-palace of the Anguillara Barons.

The spring meetings are even better advertised; for on race-days scarlet and gold banners are suspended to the electric-light posts in all the principal squares, and often flap dismally in the hail-storms of a Roman March.

The most humorous of all the advertisements of Rome is painted on the wall of one of the tall, box-like houses at the bottom of the Via Cavour, so near the Curia and the ruined Basilica Æmilia that, as you stand in the Forum, your eye cannot fail to be attracted to it. And who can help a smile at the dear irrelevance of Rome in suffering so comic a legend as the following to intrude into one of the most beautiful vistas of the world?

"See Old England. Close to Trajan's Forum. Where all trams stop. Worth your while."

"Old England" is a new Whiteley's. Rome has more than her share of the pretty playfulness which Goethe held to be woman's greatest charm.

But it is not only the posters which make the streets of Rome as full of colour as a kaleidoscope; there is an almost medieval richness in the costumes of the passers-by. Priests and soldiers, Franciscans and Dominicans; peasants in brown velvet and goatskin breeches; and the blue-clad men of the Campagna, in their gaily-painted carts with bells and scarlet tassels; princes and high ecclesiastics, wind like brilliant threads through the dark tangle of the citizens of Rome.

The citizens of Rome! The phrase conjures up a different picture to that imprinted on the memory of the sojourner in the capital of Italy, for the ancient nobility is not to be found in her streets, unless you catch glimpses of beautiful women as they glide by in sumptuous motors; and the ancient strength of the Roman only survives in the sturdy peasants of the

Campagna. The men who lounge and loiter in her piazzas belong in the main to a middle class which is unbeautiful in all countries, and perhaps most unbeautiful of all in Italy. They have the appearance of artisans and clerks; they have nothing in common with their ancient heritage; and, unlike the peasants, they have a curious predilection for sombre clothing.

There are comparatively few women in the Roman streets during the morning, and these mostly in the neighbourhood of the markets; but they pour out in the afternoons for the *passeggiata*, always *en famille*, since Roman girls in all classes seldom walk by themselves. Even the peasants from the Campagna observe this unwritten rule, and it often happens that you see neat Roman women walking with their humble, bareheaded servants, whose parents have made it a condition that they shall not be sent out to do the marketing, or even to go to Mass, by themselves.

In spite of the great leverage of foreign influence in their society, Roman women are not as emancipated as their sisters in England and America and France. From my window I see young girls passing along the piazza for their daily walk, more often than not, if they are sisters, dressed alike, and walking stiffly on either side of their chaperone. Sometimes one walks with the chaperone and the other follows at a discreet distance with a male escort, but they look extremely conventional if they belong to the class which wears hats.

It is fortunate for the picturesqueness of her streets

that half the women of Rome do not wear hats. Like all Italians, they have glorious hair, burnished by the sun, and piled on their small heads with the sweeping wave which the women of no other nation achieve. But they always carry a mantilla or scarf to put over their hair when they go to Mass, or turn into a church to say their prayers before some favourite saint on the way to market.

The Roman streets retain many of their old characteristics. They are still the paved ways, the *viæ stratæ* of the ancient Romans, which were the first *streets;* but the smooth stones of roads like the Via Appia, which excited the wonder and admiration of Procopius, have been replaced by small squares of lava, which are not only noisy for traffic, but tiring for the pedestrian. Roman streets have never been famous for their peacefulness. Horace complains of them, and Martial; they are still narrow and still crowded, and, with the advent of the motor, they are more noisy than ever. Rome seldom sleeps. Even in the quiet hour before daybreak, when you can "smell the meadow in the street," you hear the creaking carts of the Campagna or the gay and passionate song of an Italian lover singing to the dawn. London has her lively street noises—the quick trot of horses on wooden roads, and the jingle of hansoms, now almost superseded by the ubiquitous *taxi;* but you do not hear in London the sleepy creak of country waggons climbing Piccadilly Hill, or the slow music of the wine-carts which breaks the stillness of a Roman dawn.

PORTA TIBURTINA

Horace took his morning stroll in the Forum, attended by a slave, to gossip, or dream, or perchance to meet his immortal Bore : the modern Roman blocks the pavement in the Corso. There are only a few streets in Rome, except those in the modern quarters, which boast pavements, but for all practical purposes the Italian uses the road. You grow to be very haphazard about traffic in Rome; the cabmen make a point of driving into everyone, especially if they be *forestieri*, on the off-chance of their getting into the vehicle to avoid collision; but on the one snowy day I experienced in Rome they deserted their ranks altogether until nearly noon, when the worst of the snow had disappeared under the warm southern sun. The cabmen of Rome are thoroughly democratic, except in their clothes, for most of them wear coats with heavy fur collars—albeit the fur is only the skin of the humble goat—and the green felt hat of the Riviera lounger is becoming their own.

The Corso is the noblest street in Rome. At night, when its chain of arc-lights are strung, like lanterns for a giant illumination, in the avenue of tall palaces which stretches from the twin domes of the Piazza del Popolo to the forest of scaffolding and lofty columns on the Capitol, it is the most beautiful roadway in the city. It still has the dignity which characterized it when it was a continuation of the Via Flaminia, and bore the proud name of Via Lata, or Broad Street ; when the meadows of the Campus Martius stretched between it and the Tiber; and the arches of Marcus Aurelius and Claudius and Diocletian spanned it as the Arch of Constantine spans

the Via Triumphalis in the valley between the Palatine and the Cœlian. It has been a fashionable street since Paul II., the Adonis of Popes, made it a race-course in the fifteenth century during Carnival-time, when Barbary colts dashed, hot-fire and riderless, between the gaily decorated balconies of its great Renaissance palaces. No street in Rome has heard more laughter, or witnessed madder scenes of revelry, than the Via Lata of the Romans. But the Carnival of to-day is not a brilliant spectacle. The heavy holiday-making of an Italian Sunday-afternoon crowd is only leavened by a few gay spirits masquerading as pierrots, a few masked peasants, and a few wild boys and girls, disguised as mummers, who dash along the Corso in cabs and scatter confetti everywhere. The Roman Carnival is more the expression of exuberant individual spirits than the gaiety of a city. The ballad-singers are the best part of it. They range from one side of Rome to the other the week before Lent, garbed in fantastic costumes; their songs are the old passion-sweet songs of Italy; and their voices thrill with echoes of the laughter and desires and tears of the South.

Even in the winter the Corso is crowded; but as the warm weather advances, and the cafés empty themselves on to the pavements, the loungers increase in proportion. Coffee and vermouth are great institutions in Italy, and when Aragni's overflows on to its wide pavement an air of unrestrained gaiety hangs about the ancient Via Lata. You rarely see monks, or priests, or nuns here; but it is the place *par excellence* to see the gay and picturesque officers of the Italian army, whose flowing forget-me-not

cloaks, flung in operatic fashion over their shoulders, would give colour to a more sombre gathering than that which meets to gossip in the Corso. They are, as a rule, exquisite young people, with lithe, slender figures, and they wear their elegant uniforms with an air of Roman imperiousness that becomes them well. You see the whole army at Aragni's—the infantry in dark blue, the artillery in rich braided tunics pointed with astrakan, and the cavalry, the most picturesque of them all, in cloaks or guard-coats of a bright powder-blue, which fades to the tender shade of the morning mists on distant hills.

There is hardly anything medieval in Rome except her streets. She has an ancient house here and there, some old inns, a few fortified towers, and a scattering of Gothic windows; but many of her streets are as narrow and winding as they were in the dark days when the Colonna and Orsini waged their endless wars in and about the city, making a Pope one day and dethroning him the next; struggling for priority as the people and patricians struggled for rights at the birth of the Republic; and finally sheathing their swords, content to stand on the right and left of the Pope as Hereditary Assistants of the Holy See, only to be worsted by Rienzi, the greatest actor of the Middle Ages.

There are modern streets like the Via Nazionale, the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, the Via Milano, and a score of others, with noisy electric trams, wide pavements, and electric lights; but unless you are in the wilderness of new houses which is stretching out of the eastern gates of the city, you can pass in a hundred

yards from the twentieth century to the streets of the Middle Ages and the palaces of the Renaissance.

The Via Dei Coronari, which still preserves its ancient name as the centre of the makers of chaplets and wreaths, is the most typical street of Old Rome. It is so narrow that there is barely space for two carts to pass each other; its houses are so tall that their roofs seem to incline across the street; the vista of their brown and cream walls is broken by more than one arch, and by whole galleries of clothes hanging in the sunshine. Men work at their trades in the open *bassi* as they do in Trastevere; here you see a man making ropes of hay, there you see stone-cutters and cobblers. The women who live in the tall palaces on either side of the street often do their marketing with pedlars from their upper windows, bargaining in shrill voices, and then letting down their *soldi* in baskets by cords, and drawing up loads of vegetables.

There is hardly any traffic except wine-carts in the Via Dei Coronari, but these jangle merrily up to the small *osterie*, whose brightly-painted notices of *vini scelti* and *ottima cucina*, or the more humble *pane e pasta*, occur pretty frequently among the small shops of the district. There is not an *osteria* in Rome too poor to have its bamboos in wooden tubs, either outside the door in company with a rickety chair and table, or inside the dark and rather stuffy room, kitchen as well as dining-room, whose walls are lined with advertisements of German beers. The wine-shops, like the wine-carts with their red tassels, and long "sporrans" hanging between the forelegs of their mules, their red and blue

CHRISTMAS MARKET BELOW THE QUIRINAL

posts, and their gay painted hoods, play an important part in the colour scheme of Roman streets; but they are less attractive than the vegetable-shops. Here the Italian eye for colour asserts itself, and more than one gloomy by-lane is brightened by the brilliant vegetables and fruits hung by greengrocers outside the dark rooms, which are their simple dwelling-houses, and serve as bedroom, kitchen, and shop. The golden fruit of the South is piled upon the steps; bunches of small grape-like tomatoes hang from the lintel; carrots and turnips and broccoli are arranged in festoons round the portal; and in the gloom of the interior you may catch a glimpse of a woman with bright-flowered shawl and head-dress, nursing her child in the manner immortalized by Raffaelle in his "Madonna della Seggiola."

There are many markets in Rome—little morning affairs tucked away in the corner of some unimportant piazza, like the fruit and vegetable market in the shadow of the great white bastion of the Quirinal, which Mr. Markino has painted in its Christmas splendour. Early in the morning the sun pours a flood of light down the narrow paved street which leads up the hill; it gilds everything it touches, and seems to concentrate upon the fountains of golden macaroni and spaghetti flowing out of bowls and platters upon the counter of a *fabrica di paste*. The stall-keepers arrange their pyramids of oranges and ruddy apples and the little white figs of Italy in steps below the Palace of the King; and at Christmas-time orange-trees, decorated with tinsel and gleaming with fruit, are transported

to the piazza to tempt the eye. The great market umbrellas look like giant mushrooms; and in their shade animated discussions take place between the picturesque *padrone* and the would-be purchaser. You see a good deal of Italian life here, for the street markets are patronized by the fur-coated major-domos of princes as well as the *padroni* of hotels; and poor women with bundles on their heads and dainty knitted shawls over their shoulders come to buy their vegetables and carry them away in large checked handkerchiefs, with much pleasant gossiping.

In the crowded district between the Corso and the Tiber there is a score of these markets, but the chief market of Rome is the Campo de' Fiori, which is held every Wednesday in the Piazza Campo de' Fiori and the streets leading from it to the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. The piazza itself is full of fish and fruit and flower stalls. A splashing fountain makes music at one end of the square, and the bronze statue of Giordano Bruno looks sombrely down upon the gay crowd of peasants. It is as though the monument lately put up to one of the victims of the Inquisition in the seventeenth century had itself seen the merciless mob, which filled the piazza when the holy and innocent philosopher of Nola was burned at the stake for urging the moral purification of the Church.

A gayer scene is not imaginable. The sunlight filters between a forest of enormous white umbrellas on to the brilliant fruits and flowers piled up in their shade; and glitters on the silver fish still lying in the

round tubs in which they were brought to the market. Old peasants in wide-awakes or sugar-loaf hats, with thong-sandals and white socks on their feet, and ragged cloaks of blue-of-the-Virgin on their shoulders, gossip or dream on the edge of the throng. Their sons, less picturesque in conventional dress, hardly restrain their love of colour, and often wear bright blue or even purple suits, and have their black cloaks lined with scarlet or emerald green. If the weather is doubtful, they all carry blue or green cotton umbrellas. The women are as gay as their own wares, with their full swinging skirts bunched up on their hips, and their velvet stays, and brilliant flowered kerchiefs. There are all sorts and conditions of attire—here you see an old woman with a face as wrinkled as a walnut, wearing blue stays over a pink bodice, and a bright scarlet cloth on her head; there a girl, as beautiful as a Madonna, with a *tovaglietta* on her glossy hair, and red stays over a St Anna green bodice. Hawkers thread their way between the busy, gossiping people congregated in the sunny piazza. They have almost everything you want, from haberdashery to the great folding-knives of the peasants with their dangerous-looking curved blades; and the shrill cries of the sellers of watches and chains draw your attention to their wares, which they carry flung over each shoulder, after the fashion of onion-sellers.

Every Wednesday the street below the Cancelleria of the Popes is lined with booths of lace, embroidery, coarse underwear, blankets, materials of every description, and costly vestments for priests. The bright sunshine glitters

on beautiful old chasubles and copes fluttering in the breeze, and ancient albs of fine lawn trimmed with rare lace. They are brushed aside by peasants in ragged blue cloaks, or fingered by poor women who have only a few *soldi* in their pockets, and come to spend them on new cords for their velvet stays. Old peasants, who have brought vegetables to the market from their farms in the Campagna before daylight, saunter along the booths among the curious medley of ugly modern wares, of no intrinsic value, and laces and vestments that have played their part in the pageant of many a noble service. Pedlars cry the goods they carry about on trays slung round their necks; beggars whine for *soldi;* everyone else is gay and busy, shouting greetings to each other, making bargains, and enjoying the genial atmosphere. The court of the beautiful Palace of the Cancelleria opens into the midst of this animated scene, and Mr. Markino's delightful picture presents the sunny, crowded street, from which you see Bramante's graceful double arcades, framed in the wide portal of one of the best Renaissance palaces in Rome.

On Wednesdays the cross street is filled with booths of antiques, where you may still pick up beautiful jewels and fans and purses among the obvious fakes of the Roman dealers. This is the favourite haunt of the foreigner. Beyond it is the Piazza del Paradiso, a veritable paradise to students, with its second-hand bookstalls, where you may, with good chance, stumble upon a treasure. The booths here are crowded with young priests from the different colleges, just as the booths

THE RAG FAIR AND CANCELLERIA

of the antiquity-sellers are besieged by Americans; but it is in the Campo de' Fiori itself that you see the peasants moving under their white umbrellas among the piled-up fruit and flowers, with the swinging carriage and gay, picturesque costumes of the Campagna —Rome's real field of flowers.

There are no church pageants in Rome, although it is the headquarters of the Catholic world; the Pope never crosses the threshold of the Vatican except to pass into St Peter's; the Cardinals never set foot in the streets of the capital of Italy. But its modern processions do not lack the splendour of the ancient régime. When Vittorio Emmanuele III opens the Senate in the Palazzo Madama, the Italian equivalent to the House of Lords, he passes down the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele in the eighteenth-century pomp of an Italian royal procession. Then all the gaping joints of this great street, which was laid out to avoid the destruction of the churches and palaces through which it winds, are filled with a gay crowd, bordered by the scarlet and blue and silver of the *carabinieri*, who are the heirs of the Roman legionaries. Anon you hear the trumpeters; and then, to the strains of the "Marcia Reale," the champagne of national anthems, the magnificent *carabinieri* of the Guard, giants in bright corselets and classical helmets, thunder past, followed by the royal cortège, with the carriages and the liveries, and the stately old-world grace of the Italy that was swept away by Napoleon.

The swing of the pendulum comes when you see a

funeral with military honours halting in the sunny breadth of the Piazza Barberini. The haunting beat of the music warns you of its approach while it is yet far off. The escort comes first with slow and measured tread ; when the rows of blue uniforms line the route across the wide square, they halt. The music ceases, and in the sudden silence the flower-covered hearse, preceded by candle-bearers, enters the piazza. The long line stands to the " Present "; half-way across the square the hearse stops for a minute in the impressive stillness, then passes slowly on its solitary way towards the great cemetery outside the walls, followed only by unoccupied cabs piled high with funeral wreaths. The men, and the officers in brilliant full-dress uniforms, melt away in the traffic which has once more resumed its course.

It is an inspiring sight to see the changing of the Guard at the Quirinal, for the marching tune is invariably a two-step played with a verve which makes it irresistible, and you are conscious that these men, in their serviceable uniforms with full kit on their shoulders, and their spruce officers with bright blue sashes and silver epaulettes, are links with the history of an older Rome. For they are marching from their barracks in the Castro Pretorio of the Ancients to the Palace of Victor Emmanuel III on the Quirinal. It is even more inspiriting to see company after company pouring through the city from the ancient fort, which was the headquarters of Roman soldiers when Aurelian built his wall, and is still the military headquarters of the capital, to the new Campus Martius across the Tiber for review.

You have always beggars with you in Rome; the day of the licensed beggars has passed, and they no longer wear medals given to them by the Pope as a special dispensation to show that they are deserving of charity; but the old people who sit at every church door in Rome have taken their place.

There are no really troublesome beggars in Rome except in the Ghetto and the surrounding neighbourhood. Here they are impertinent as well as importunate. Here everyone begs—man, woman, and child; even tiny babies are sent by their mothers to toddle up and lisp for *soldi*. The appearance of a foreigner in this quarter is the signal for whining and shrieking. Romans are inveterate beggars. In churches like S. Maria Maggiore or S. Maria in Ara Cœli, which are beloved of poor people, old women kneeling on the mosaiced pavement telling their rosaries will stop their prayers to the Almighty to petition the passer-by for coppers, or hobble across the nave to beg for "little money," when they are obviously not in need of it. They are always good-humoured about it; they expect it no more than an Arab expects baksheesh for looking at you.

The beggars at the doors are more urgent; they have you at a disadvantage while you are struggling with the weight of the leather curtains which bar your way; but there is one to whom I would always cheerfully pay a dole—the blind beggar of the Lateran, who is one of the most pathetic figures in Rome. His sightless eyes are always turned with patient hopefulness towards the passers-by; his wife or daughter arrests their attention

and holds back the curtain for them. He has a little smile on his face in spite of his weariness, and often when young priests and tourists are crowding together under the leather curtain to attend some service in the mother church he is buffeted by the throng. He never ceases to smile gently though hardly anyone then drops a coin in his empty box; he has listened to the heedless footsteps of the world for so long that they break in upon his dreaming no more than the rush of the tide breaks in upon the dreams of one who sleeps by the shore.

In Rome it is only Romans who give to their beggars, although all the world gives to the cripple at the gates of the Vatican Galleries; and to the old man with the dog who haunts the top of the Spanish Steps. They give to the beggar of the Vatican, not for charity, but because he has the face of an angel, or the face of a man who has never sought truth in the well of Life, but "has hitched his chariot to a star"; and they give to the beggar at the Spanish Steps because he and his dog in the *bersaglieri* dress have the pathos of real comedy.

But the sellers of post-cards and mosaics are more importunate than any beggar in Rome. Whether you are eluding the dashing cabmen of the Corso, or climbing the Capitol Steps; whether your soul is expanding over the beauty of the sunset behind St Peter's dome, or you are thrilling with the romance of old Rome, as you look down upon the Forum from the Piazza del Campidoglio, you are beset with the shrill

IN FRONT OF SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO

cries of the post-card sellers and the vendors of mosaics. I do not know who buys the mosaics—nobody ever seems to buy them—but the "Want mos-eye-iks?" of the man with the wooden case of cheap jewellery is the sound which will haunt more searchers after the ideal than any other sound in Rome.

The morning and the evening are the times to see Rome; at noon, before the comparative quiet of the siesta-hour, the streets are filled with loungers, for the most part men, who foregather in the Corso to watch the black ball of the Observatory drop at gun-fire; or, if they be of a humbler class, congregate in work-stained clothes and the paper caps of their trades outside bakeries or sculpture yards or whatnot. But in the glare and noise of her streets at midday the grace of Rome is lost for a little while. You find it again in the clear early dawn, when the sun gleams on the palaces of distant hills, clothing them with fantastic beauty, and mounts the billowing waves of Rome's sea of houses, till even her valleys are filled with light. Long before that the city is astir. The streets and piazzas are clean-swept of the garbage of the day before; solitary cabs roll past to their respective ranks; the green-grocers take down their shutters and hang out their vegetables; country carts come in with fresh supplies; flower-men arrive with their fragrant heaped-up baskets; and before eight o'clock the "smoke and the grandeur and the roar of Rome," which occasionally wearied Horace, that prince of grumblers, is established.

The musical cry of the seller of *aqua cetosa* is the

first voice of the city which floats up to you as you luxuriate in bed before the *cameriera* brings you your bath-water with her cheerful *buon giorno*. If you have not deserted Old Rome, and have not buried yourself in one of the comfortable but expressionless houses in the Ludovisi quarter, where you might as well be in Turin, or London, or Paris, as in Rome, you will realize that it is indeed a *bella giornata*. If you are living in one of the houses of the Piazza Barberini, you can go to sleep with the song of the Triton in your ears, to weave visions of Rome into your dreams; and wake to hear him singing to the topaz sky of dawn. And if the Triton's lilting measure calls you to the window to watch the sun gilding the distant Janiculum, and turning the Quirinal, where the morning breeze shakes out the bright folds of Italy's flag, into a palace of gold, you will not tire of watching the pageant of Rome flowing at your feet through the piazza.

The vegetable-woman on the opposite side of the square is the earliest riser. I have never been at my window in time to see her take her shutters down; she is always arranging her stock-in-trade with unfailing care—tying her carrots and turnips into rosettes, and hanging them up in alternate rows. It takes her more than an hour, but this does not matter, because when it is finished it is a *capo lavoro*. The butcher is later; but the poultryman, who is her neighbour, and whose legend runs, "*Polli e cacciagione*," is always up betimes, and hangs his fowls and game and tiny birds in festoons round the circular arch which forms his counter.

After the rival vendors of *aqua cetosa* have shrilled their cries from end to end of the piazza in harmonious discord, the cabs arrive one by one and take up their stand round the Triton. The hawkers arrive soon after the cabs, and mingle with the crowd, shrilling their wares—sponge-sellers, broom-sellers, chestnut-sellers, bean-sellers, sellers of sweetmeats, and the onion-men, who are always picturesque with their long strings of gold and silver onions strung over their shoulders. Blue-hooded country carts, drawn by tasselled and bedizened mules, creak up the hill; and stone-carts, laden with the narrow yellow bricks from the historic brick-fields beyond the Vatican, halt for a space near the fountain to ease the toiling beasts; hotel omnibuses rattle through on their way to the station; a score of Queen Margherita's magnificent horses, ridden by smart grooms and equerries in buff and dark blue, pace across the piazza; and the pendulum of Roman life, once started, swings to and fro throughout the day.

It is a pageant of which you never weary. The German priests, in their scarlet soutanes, come down the Via S. Niccolo da Tolentino, and the grey piazza seems to be lit with flame as they pass across it and disappear up the Via Quattro Fontane. Brown Capuchin monks emerge in twos and threes from their church round the corner of the Via Veneto, which is as famous for its gruesome chapel lined with wreaths of bones as it is for Guido Reni's St Michael. Many of them are old men with long white beards. They are as medieval as anything in Rome, with their bare sandalled feet,

their black skull-caps and their pointed hoods; but they are not as picturesque as the Dominicans, whose black cloaks and white robes and tonsured heads breath the very spirit of the Middle Ages. You may well think of Savonarola when you see a sombre-eyed Dominican frowning in the piazza; for Rome is a city of dreams, where it is easy for the mind to hark back to the past; but your dreaming is apt to be roughly broken when you see him signal to the driver of one of the little red Roman buses, which ply through the square, and clamber into the vehicle with his cloak tucked up round him.

Flower-men come up the hill with great baskets of daffodils, mimosa, carnations, and violets on their heads; the flower-stall at the corner of the Via della Purificazione is already glowing in the clear sunshine with the radiance of roses and narcissi and Roman hyacinths below a canopy of almond-blossom.

From your window high above the square you see the peoples of Rome and of the world passing on their ways through the streets of the city in which they have so little part. Gentle nuns pursue their humble path across the penitential stones of the piazza; Bergamasque nurses gay with flowing scarlet ribbons, and snowy muslins, and silver head-ornaments pass by with the unconscious dignity of the peasantry; file after file of young priests in purple or crimson or blue or black tread the same path as the *bersaglieri*, with their jaunty cocks' feathers flowing down to their shoulders, and the even more fantastic men of the Douane, whose short capes lack dignity, and whose shiny little hats

with yellow rosettes and blatant quills give them a baroque appearance.

You see more priests than soldiers in the streets of Rome; but sometimes the traffic is held up to let the *bersaglieri* march past to the gay music of a two-step, with their white gaiters twinkling to the time, and the regular rise and fall of their plumes glistening in the sunshine like the feathers of a drake. They are all part of the pageant, like the *carabinieri* who patrol the city in couples, wearing cocked hats, decorated on Sundays and *festas* with red and white plumes, and swinging black cloaks which conceal the incongruous swallow-tailed coats of their braided uniform during the winter months.

The scene is even more fantastic on wet days, for the umbrella is ubiquitous in Rome. With the exception of motors, and the wine-carts with their gay painted hoods, every vehicle has its giant mushroom of an umbrella. You see all sorts and conditions of umbrellas, from the shining black shelters over the heads of trim liveried servants to the rusty grey or white umbrellas of the cabmen on the ranks, and the bright green Tuscan umbrellas of the scavengers. They are in all stages of dilapidation; there are few more grotesque silhouettes in Rome than her cabmen, with their weary, ewe-necked horses and their ramshackle open victorias, shrinking under umbrellas which look like old mushrooms.

But although Rome is wonderfully gracious with the dawn lightening over her hills, at nightfall, when the setting sun gilds her palaces and ruins, and turns the

diamond spray of her fountains into tender amethyst, and the echo of Vespers is in your ears, she is the City Beautiful. While the western sky is still red with the afterglow, darkness creeps through her valleys; the white electric globes suddenly open their eyes in the blue dusk, and the gentle Madonnas of the corner-shrines smile on the street over their humble lamps. You do not realize how many Madonnas there are to bless the streets of Rome till you walk home in the sapphire twilight, and see their gracious eyes looking down on the passing stream of toilers.

At the meeting of night and day a city always shows another side of her personality from that which she shows in sunshine or darkness. In Rome's marvellous twilight, when the motors of the wealthy purr across her piazzas, and her cabs drift back to their ranks; when the lamps of the omnibuses are reflected on the faces of the passengers within, and the laundry girls thread their way along the crowded pavements with baskets of snowy linen on their heads; when the children stop their skipping and the boys their wild games, and disappear in the shadows in search of the unseen, the Ancient City seems pervaded by a gentle influence. It is not of the new Rome or of the old: it is something akin to the smile of a mother as she watches her children at play; it is something akin to the suspense with which she watches their pain; it is as though a wise and benign spirit sought to wipe out the trouble of the day's toil with the promise of rest; it is as though the religions of all the world grieved because they could not bring peace.

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